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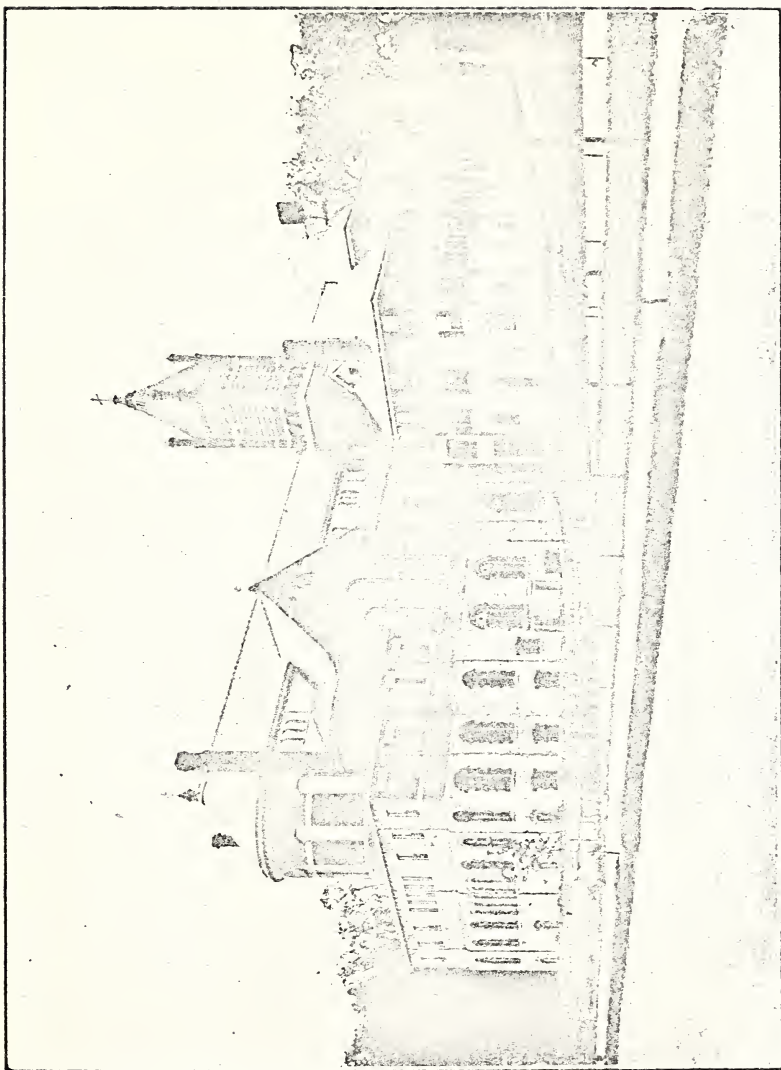
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HISTORICAL REGISTER



JANUARY, 1914

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ST. JOSEPH'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PAROCHIAL RESIDENCE.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1914.

No. 1.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MEDFORD.

By LOUISE F. HUNT.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, November 18, 1912.]

I WAS asked by the Medford Historical Society to write this sketch, as our church in Medford is not recorded in their archives. I found the task of giving a correct statement hedged about with many difficulties, owing to the fact that in the earlier times but few records were kept, and the men and women who began the movement sixty-three years ago have passed away, but I have tried my best.

It will not be unprofitable to compare the numerical strength of the Catholics in the diocese at the time of the establishment of this parish with that at the present time. In 1856 the number of priests laboring in the diocese of Boston was sixty-five, forty-eight in the territory now included in said diocese, and seventeen in what are now the dioceses of Springfield and Fall River. There are now over six hundred priests laboring in this diocese, and four hundred and twenty-two in the dioceses of Springfield and Fall River, while the Catholic population of the archdiocese is nearly one million, and of the remainder of the State about five hundred thousand.

The awful famine which prevailed in Ireland about 1840 drove many of the inhabitants, with their families, to seek a living across the seas. A goodly number settled in Boston, and a few drifted to Medford in the ship-building industry. These stalwart pioneers had held tenaciously to the faith of their fathers, and had been going to Boston to worship in the Moon street church, to Charlestown, to South Boston, and then to North Cambridge, where the Rev. Manasses Doherty officiated in St. Peter's Church.

But in 1849 they felt that they were numerous enough to call for the occasional visit of a priest to minister to them in Medford, so they chose a committee, who waited upon the selectmen of the town, stated their object, and asked that they be allowed the use of the Town Hall for the celebration of the Mass. At first some objection was made, but when the selectmen realized how much in earnest the petitioners were, they granted the request, only stipulating that the janitor's services should be paid for. Father Doherty of North Cambridge then came to Medford once a month to offer up the Mass in the Town Hall, first hearing confessions in the old Wade house on High street (where Small's block now stands), in a room occupied by Mr. Daniel Vaughan. Soon after, in 1852, as children came, the need was felt of a Sunday School to teach the catechism, and an appeal was made to the school board. The appeal was heard, and the room set aside for tramps in the basement of the High School building was appointed for the purpose. Here a class was organized by Father Doherty, the teachers being the men and women of the congregation.

All the territory north of Charlestown and Cambridge was then without the services of a priest, and on the Sundays between the monthly visits of Father Doherty the faithful trudged on foot to Charlestown and back, rather than to be without Mass, in that splendid zeal for the faith which is so admirable. A conveyance owned by Constable Butler of Malden made the trip on these Sundays between Malden and Charlestown, but the round fare was forty cents, a prohibitive amount for the greater number of the immigrant settlers, whose pay was small and whose hardships were many.

In one of these journeys they heard that a priest had newly arrived from the English mission. His name was Rev. John Ryan, formerly curate of the Catholic parish of Ashton-under-Lyne, near the city of Manchester. He was for the present the guest of Father Hamilton, pastor of St. Mary's, Charlestown. He had left his English mis-

sion to carry the comforts of religion to the Irish emigrants, thousands of whom had settled in America since the famine. Without delay the leading spirits of that stalwart generation in Medford and Malden met in council and decided to ask the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick to give them Father Ryan. They waited upon Father Hamilton to present their address to the Bishop, which he did, and the request was granted. Father Doherty discontinued his visits to Medford, and in November, 1854, Father Ryan received his appointment to the new parish. It included Malden, Medford, Melrose, South Reading (now Wakefield), Reading, Stoneham and Winchester. The first Mass was said in Greene's Hall, on the corner of Pleasant and Middlesex streets in Malden. It is estimated that more than two hundred Catholics were present on that occasion. Father Ryan called his people together and told them a building was needed at once for a church. It proved to be difficult to buy land. As Malden was more thickly settled than Medford, it was decided to find a site in or near Malden, and at last the lot in Medford near the Malden line, where the Malden convent now stands, was purchased. At about the same time the zealous Catholics of Medford bought a lot in the heart of that town, but it was found that the united strength of both towns was needed, and so that land was sold. An old building stood on the lot finally bought, and it was determined to fit it up as a place of worship, but the alterations were hardly begun when the owner of the land opposite decided to sell, and the parcel was bought where the Church of the Immaculate Conception now stands. The expense of this was great, but greater still was the problem of how and where to get the money to build a church. Yet out of their scanty means and poverty they found a way. A small brick edifice was soon constructed, the parishioners being the builders, and here, on Christmas morning, 1855, the faithful were assembled for the first Mass in the basement chapel of the unfinished church. Their devotion inspired them to

make fitting preparations for the occasion. There were paper flowers on the altar, which several of the women had made for the day's ceremony. Evergreen and spruce trees, which the young men had cut down and drawn from the hill rising just above the church, reached from the floor to the ceiling and were banked on either side of, and behind, the altar. Father Ryan, having just returned from Reading, where he had celebrated Mass, found the faithful of Medford and Malden awaiting him. We may well imagine the joy of those loyal hearts when their first pastor, on that Christmas morning, offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time, in their first church, for the consolation and the spiritual uplift of the small struggling community.

This was the earliest formal beginning of an organized Catholic society effected in this part of Middlesex County. This same structure is still in use, being a part of the large Church of the Immaculate Conception (then called St. Mary's) which you see today, standing as it does, together with the rectory, on the land provided by those first pioneers.

On April 20, 1877, that part of the town of Medford in which this edifice is located was annexed to the town of Malden by an act of the State Legislature.

In 1873, March 3d, it was voted in town meeting in Medford that "the sum of \$600.00 be appropriated for the Clock on the Catholic Church in Salem street, said clock to become the property of the Town, and the Society to keep the same in proper order and insured for the benefit of the Town."

In 1863 Father Ryan died, borne down by the weight of his toil and labor. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Scully, who had been an army chaplain, and while in the South with the Massachusetts soldiers was captured and confined in Libby Prison. This broke down his health, as it did that of so many others, causing him to resign from the army when he was freed. He was assigned to Medford and Malden, where he remained until 1867, then going to Cambridgeport.

Two brief terms of service of the Revs. John McShane and Michael Carroll were followed by the long and notable pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Gleeson, which extended over sixteen years.

Although the Church of St. Mary was in Medford, it was near the boundary of Malden, and was much better adapted to the wants of the Malden people than to those who lived near the center and on the other side of Medford. As the latter town increased in population and wealth, so did the Catholics increase, and they soon began to desire a church to themselves. Meetings were held, and it was decided either to construct or to buy a church building. Finally, on March 24, 1876, the Trinitarian Congregational Church on High street passed into their hands. It received the name of St. Joseph, and since that time the Medford Catholics have had their own place of worship, although in the dividing up of the town a good number of the inhabitants are still included in the parish of old St. Mary's.

Father Gleeson ministered to the wants of both parishes until 1883, when Medford became a separate parish, with its own pastor. The Rev. Richard Donnelly was sent as the first rector. Father Gleeson had greatly endeared himself to the Medford congregation, and deep was the sorrow that was felt when he bade them good-bye. There was not a dry eye in the church, strong men as well as the women weeping with regret.

Father Donnelly succeeded well in his ministrations; his gentle and kindly ways were appreciated by all with whom he came in contact. He bought the residence of Mr. John Ayres (standing on the same site as the present rectory) for the priests' house. But unfortunately his health was delicate, and in 1886 he was called to his reward, most deeply lamented.

A year or so before he died, as his health began to fail most seriously, Archbishop Williams sent an assistant priest to aid him. This priest was the Rev. William H. O'Connell, who had just completed his theological course and had been ordained in Rome. Many of us can recall

the presence of Father O'Connell at that time and must have followed his very remarkable career. He remained but a few months in Medford after Father Donnelly's death, and then was sent as an assistant to St. Joseph's Church in the West End of Boston. After a few years he was chosen to be the rector of the American College of Propaganda in Rome, of which he is an alumnus. While there he was appointed Bishop of Portland, Maine, from which place he was sent on a papal mission to Japan. After his return he was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Williams of Boston, and at his death succeeded him in the Archbishopric. This office he still holds, with the unique distinction of having been recently raised to the Cardinalate, the first Cardinal ever appointed for New England. His Eminence dedicated our new Catholic Church in Medford last June, and he spoke from the altar most feelingly of his admiration for the saintly character of Father Donnelly, of the privilege it had been to be associated with him, and also most appreciatingly of the kindness he had received from both Catholics and Protestants during the short term of his ministry in Medford.

Father Donnelly was succeeded by the Rev. Michael Gilligan, who labored most earnestly among us for fourteen years. The old church on High street had become inadequate to the needs of the congregation and was falling into decay, so Father Gilligan determined to provide for a new building. He bought property on the river side of High street, belonging to the Gray estate and adjacent to the priests' house. Building was immediately begun, and foundations of the new church were laid. Many problems arose on account of the formation of the ground and the unexpected development of springs of water. But Father Gilligan and his undaunted parishioners were not to be discouraged. The stately and noble church which we now occupy arose, and the congregation moved into the chapel in the basement, finding it most commodious and cheerful. Indeed, it was so much so that Father

Gilligan used to say, "We are so comfortable here I fear it will be difficult to finish the interior of the upper church." Alas! he did not live to see his great work completed, for in 1900 he passed away, after a long and painful illness.

In March, 1900, the Rev. Thomas L. Flanagan came to Medford from the parish of Stoneham, where he had been pastor for some years. He was an intimate friend of Father Gilligan, and he took up the work of completing the new church as Father Gilligan laid it down. And indeed, as we review the twelve years that he has been in Medford, the amount accomplished by his efforts, with the hearty co-operation of the parish, seems quite wonderful. The large debt which he found on the church has been paid off, a handsome and commodious rectory, which is a conspicuous ornament to High street, has been built and is free of debt.

Within the last eighteen months the interior of the upper church has been almost entirely completed. It is really beautiful in its harmony of decoration, its fine stained-glass windows, and in the lofty outlines of its architecture. It is also redolent of the spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity of the people, for the windows, the high altar and the altar to Our Blessed Lady, the pulpit, the candlesticks, the sanctuary lamp, the musical sanctuary chimes, the new golden chalice, the golden communion trays, the stations of the cross, are all donations, the most of them memorial gifts. And it was a happy day when His Eminence the Cardinal came out on Sunday, June 2, 1912, to dedicate the church and its contents to the worship of God.

There are now three priests to minister to the congregation, the Revs. William H. Flynn and Daniel F. Desmond, assisting Father Flanagan. Four successive Masses are celebrated every Sunday morning and are well attended by both men and women. There is a large Sunday School, which meets in the chapel on Sunday afternoons before Vespers, and there are always two, and generally

three Masses said every morning in the week. The parishioners of St. Joseph's number two thousand five hundred, and they are all zealous in their faith and active in good works.

A few years ago the Catholics of West Medford, who were members of St. Joseph's Church, found they had so increased in number as to desire a congregation and Sunday School of their own. So Father Flanagan hired Holton Hall in West Medford for their use, and there served them. But they soon outgrew the hall, and land was bought and a beautiful little chapel was built, the name of St. Raphael being given to it, the Rev. Nathaniel Merritt having been sent to them as pastor. He has since been transferred to Winchester and the Rev. Jeremiah Lyons is now the rector. The congregation has grown from six hundred and fifty to about one thousand, and is most flourishing.

St. Joseph's Church has also contributed its share of parishioners to the new parish of St. Clement, beyond South Medford, which was set apart last spring by His Eminence and placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas McCarthy. It has a membership of two thousand nine hundred. The congregation worshipped all summer in a huge tent, but it is already in its new building, which has been dedicated since this paper was begun.

So the Catholic Church in Medford has increased greatly in numbers, and has adhered most firmly to the faith brought hither by the stalwart and loyal Irish immigrants so many years ago. The spirits of those faithful pioneers must look with loving pride and gratitude upon the result of their labors which have been so blessed of God.

The statistics from which I have compiled this paper were supplied to me by a sketch of the church in Malden, written by Rev. Neil Brennan, a memorandum given by Mr. McGillicuddy and brought to me kindly by Mr. Edward J. Gaffey, and papers kindly lent me by Mrs. M. F. Dwyer from those left by her late husband. The latter part is from my own recollections and dates verified by Rev. Thomas L. Flanagan.

L. F. H.

TOLD ON WINTER HILL.

TO the student of history, as well as to all of patriotic thought, the scenes of the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars have a special interest.

It was with somewhat of patriotic and reverential feeling that the writer strolled along the road from Lake George and past Bloody Pond with his grandson, and told the little boy the story of the old struggle for supremacy in that gateway of the north, and how *his* three times great grandfather had gone over the same route to Fort William Henry, also not omitting the story of Burgoyne's southward march over the same historic ground.

And again, how impressive were the hours spent in the old Marshall house at Schuylerville (the home of a daughter's friend). There the Baroness Reidesel found shelter, descending to the cellar for safety during the cannonade of one of the world's decisive battles.

Then the visit to the Saratoga battle monument, whose lofty shaft fitly commemorates the struggle of an eventful day, will never be forgotten. In enduring bronze on three sides stand the figures of Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, but the empty niche on the fourth speaks eloquently, but sadly, of the one who fought so bravely till wounded. Empty it must ever remain; only the name of Arnold suggests the reason why. Historians accord to Arnold exceptional bravery on that day, and better had it been for him had the enemy's wound been fatal.

Under Arnold's command was an officer whose memory Medford ever delights to honor — John Brooks. Certainly it was with a feeling of satisfaction that we looked across the hills to the scene of the heroic charge, and remembered the part the Medford doctor and the Massachusetts men took therein. Nearly a century ago an episode occurred in Medford that recalled that battle day. It is worthy of record in Medford annals, and we can do no better than to quote it entire, as given by Gen. W. H. Sumner in Massachusetts Historical Collection, Vol. III.

IN the year 1816, General Brooks having been declared governor by the two branches of the Legislature, I was invited out to breakfast with him at Medford on the day fixed for his inauguration. Colonel Hall and one or two others were present. I shall never forget the day, which was one of the pleasantest in June. There was a cavalcade formed in Boston, which proceeded to Medford, under the command of General Sullivan, to escort the popular governor into Boston to the State House, where he was to take the oath of office. The inhabitants of Medford, being desirous of rendering all honor to their beloved townsman, had watered their streets, that there might be no dust, and crowded the windows and tops of the houses to see the cavalcade. They had previously appointed peace officers to serve on the occasion, who stopped all carriages at the ends of the various streets that entered the village, so that the procession should be uninterrupted. It was understood that the escort would arrive at Medford at nine o'clock. We sat down to breakfast at eight. While at our meal General Brooks saw through the window a tall old gentleman, dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a cocked hat and a long cane. He said to Colonel Hall: "Pray look out at the door and see if that is not Captain Bancroft who is passing by. I think it is, and that he is come down to witness the ceremonies of this occasion, and is going by my house, being too modest to present himself. Pray go out and ask him in."

He was right in his conjecture, and Colonel Bancroft (for, after he was discharged from the army, he took command of a regiment of militia, which he held a long time) modestly entered the side door. This was the distinguished officer who commanded a company in the Eighth Regiment, under the command of Colonel Brooks, in the battle of Bemis' Heights, between the armies of Generals Gates and Burgoyne, during the Revolutionary War, on the 7th of October, 1777. After the usual salutations between these two officers, who had so much distinguished themselves on that occasion, General Brooks asked Colonel

Bancroft to take a cup of coffee and remain till the procession came up, and added, "There is no man whom I am more glad to see on this occasion than yourself." To which the other answered (the parties, forgetting their present rank, addressed each other by the titles they held in the Revolutionary army): "There is no one, Colonel Brooks, who rejoices in it more than I do. I breakfasted at Reading, and came down on purpose to witness the ceremonies of this occasion. The choice of a governor which the people have made delights my heart. I can truly say that if you make as good a governor as you did colonel of a regiment, you will render yourself distinguished, and the people will be blessed in your administration." Tears flowed down their cheeks as they clasped each other's hands. To the remarks of Captain Bancroft, Colonel Brooks replied (they still shaking hands heartily), "I thank you, Captain Bancroft, for your kind expressions of confidence. I did not seek the office to which the people have elected me, and I fear I do not possess the qualifications for it; but I can truly say that if, in the office of governor, I have such support as I had as colonel of a regiment in taking Breyman's Fort on Bemis' Heights, I shall hope to do the State some service."

The cavalcade now entered the streets of Medford amid the acclamations of the citizens. General Brooks mounted his charger, and by his request, I rode by his side as volunteer aid. On the way, as we were ascending Winter Hill, General Brooks remarked: "Perhaps you do not know, sir, the reason why the meeting between Captain Bancroft and myself was so affecting. I will explain.

"On the 7th of October, the day of the last battle with General Burgoyne, General Arnold and several officers dined with General Gates. I was among the company, and well remember that one of the dishes was an ox's heart. While at table we heard a firing from the advanced picket. The armies were about two miles from each other. The firing increased. We all rose from the table, and General Arnold, addressing General Gates, said, 'Shall I

go out and see what is the matter?' General Gates made no reply, but, on being pressed, said, 'I am afraid to trust you, Arnold.' To which Arnold answered, 'Pray let me go; I will be careful, and if our advance does not need support I will promise not to commit you.' Gates then told him he might go and see what the firing meant. Arnold lost no time in advancing with his brigade, and finding that the attack was serious, engaged the left of the enemy's right, where, meeting with great obstacles, he ordered me (I was then commanding the Eighth, or Jackson's Regiment, as it was commonly called) to get a position on the enemy's right flank. This was protected by Breyman's Fort, mounting several brass pieces, and was rather a breastwork, or redoubt, with guns mounted on three sides, than a fort. I advanced under cover of the woods, and as the regiment deployed out of them in front of the fort, the enemy, surprised at our sudden appearance, fired a volley of musketry at us. Seeing what they were about to do, as their heads rose above the parapet, the company on the left flank of the regiment, which was most exposed, immediately covered themselves from the discharge by dropping down behind a partridge log. I thought the volley had shot them all down, and rode to them in great haste to ascertain what was the matter. I was greatly agitated, and met Captain Bancroft, who commanded the left wing. He, also, had quit his place to see what disaster had occurred. At this moment the company all rose up and we were relieved from our apprehension. I was still, however, greatly agitated, and speaking sharply to Captain Bancroft I said, 'What business have you here, sir?' The captain said, 'I came to see what had happened to the company on the left.' I said, 'You are out of place, sir.' With the submissive spirit of a good soldier he replied, 'I am ready to obey your orders, Colonel.' With great perturbation I responded, 'My orders are that you advance and enter those lines, sir.' The captain, smarting under the reproof, quickly gave the word, 'Come on, my boys, and enter that fort.' Then,

leading the way himself, he made a rapid movement forward, and his company ascended the parapet. Surprised at the suddenness of the assault, the enemy retired from the fort and the whole regiment entered it.

"General Arnold, whose energy gave spirit to the whole action, having been wounded in the foot, Brigadier-General Learned assumed the command of the brigade.

"As the day was far spent the men threw themselves down to rest, when General Learned called the officers together, and in hearing of the men, said, 'I have called you together, gentlemen, to see whether you agree with me in opinion that it is best to return to our position. I am clearly of opinion that we cannot hold this place till morning; we may all fall a sacrifice in the attempt.' The officers of my regiment were the only ones who dissented from this opinion. I said I thought it was time enough to retreat when the enemy appeared. 'If he does not attempt to retake the fort it will be an everlasting disgrace for us to abandon it; and if he does and we cannot defend it, there will be no dishonor in retreating. At any rate, my men are fatigued, and want rest and refreshment before they can move anywhere.' The soldiers cheered us as we returned from the council.

"Shortly afterwards General Learned (who was a weak man), called another council to advise with the officers again, and as I was going to the meeting my men said, 'For God's sake, Colonel, don't retreat; we have taken the work, and we are able to keep it,' and cheered again. At the second council but one other officer sided with me. Before the council broke up an officer (who turned out to be an aid-de-camp of General Gates) rode up in great speed, and cried out, 'Who commands here?' The answer was, 'Brigadier-General Learned.' As he appeared the officer said, 'My orders from General Gates are that you should retain possession of this fort at all hazards,' and rode back with as much speed as he came up. 'There now, Colonel Brooks,' said General Learned, 'I dare say you like that, and as your regiment had a principal hand

in taking the work, I will commit to them the defence of it.'

"It is sufficient to say that this great trophy of the victory over General Burgoyne's army remained in the hands of the regiment all night, and the American troops were never afterwards dispossessed of it, for, after the battle General Burgoyne fell back, and about a fortnight afterwards surrendered his whole army to General Gates.

"It is somewhat remarkable that, at the dinner at General Gates's that day the chief point of discussion among the officers was, whether we should commence the attack, or receive General Burgoyne behind our breastwork at the lines should he attempt to advance. Arnold contended for the former, saying 'that the assailant had the advantage, for he can always take his own time and choose the point of attack, and if repulsed, he has only to retreat behind his own lines and form again.' General Gates said on the contrary, 'If undisciplined militia were repulsed in the open field, and the enemy pressed upon them in their retreat, it would be difficult to form them again, even behind their own breastworks, for if they were under a panic they would keep on retreating, even after they had passed their own lines.'

"The opinion expressed by General Arnold in this discussion was probably the cause why Gates was afraid to trust him to go out when the firing was first heard, lest he should bring on an engagement in the open field, and contrary to his own opinion of its expediency."

In reading Governor Brooks' story, as thus related by his auditor, we may well raise the query, "What would have been the effect had his regiment fallen back, as his superior officer wished?" and admire his good judgment in remaining and holding the ground thus won. What wonder that in the hour of his honorable advancement (nearly forty years later), that the memory of that crucial time should have so visibly affected those two worthy men!

A BIT OF MEDFORD ARCHAEOLOGY.

IN the summer of 1911 the upper reach of the Mystic River was dredged to a uniform depth, including the portion under Wear Bridge. By means of the gates in the Cradock dam the river was for a time drained to its lowest point, revealing the bottom, never before seen by mortal eyes. As the work progressed some interesting features were noticed, but none more so than the exhuming of a heavy framework of oak timber on the Medford side, about midway between Harvard and Fairfield avenues. It was in a good state of preservation, and though incomplete, enough remained intact to indicate the existence, long ago, of an extensive and substantial structure. Comparatively few people saw it, as the location was not much frequented, and it was, ere long, removed. By the accident of a Sunday morning stroll it was observed by the writer, who returned in the afternoon and secured the visible evidence shown in our illustration,* meanwhile wondering what the structure could have been. As nothing of the kind has been found elsewhere in Medford, a description of this may not be amiss as a matter of record.

The timber in the foreground was twelve inches square and about fourteen feet long. The two extending from it were nearly thirty feet long and tapered from twelve to ten inches. Extending from one to the other of these, and parallel with the first, was a ten-inch timber, and all were mortised and tenoned together. Midway, and parallel with the first, extending toward the river at the right and the land on the left, were two other ten-inch timbers about four feet apart. The framework was thus in the form of a Greek cross, one arm of which was over twice the width of the other. Mortises in the inner sides of

* The writer also made a sketch and measurements, which has been mislaid, and after developing his negative, made another visit, hoping to secure a better, but found it impossible as the water was higher and the timbers, waterlogged and heavy, were partially submerged. Absence from the city for a few weeks followed, and on his return he found it had been entirely removed, the river bank graded and flowed to the normal height.

the timbers showed that the arms of the cross had been timbered for a flooring, while others on the top sides indicated that upright timbers had been set up and sheathed, thus making one trough or sluiceway about ten feet wide, and two smaller ones, at right angles with it, about four feet. From the first mentioned timber there extended into the ground sloping, seven joists four by five inches in size. These were spiked into the notches cut in the large timber. No vestige of flooring or sheathing remained, nor joists to which either were fastened. They were probably of softer and lighter material, like pine or spruce, and therefore more easily removed. The upper mortises at the intersection of the cross were larger than those intervening, while those nearest the large timber in the foreground were nearly double the size of those larger ones. The timber at the farther end was cut two inches longer than the nearer width, thus allowing for the taper of the longest timbers.

Naturally the query arose, "What was this structure of the past?" for its builders must have been artisans of long ago. The History of Medford (Brooks, p. 393) says:

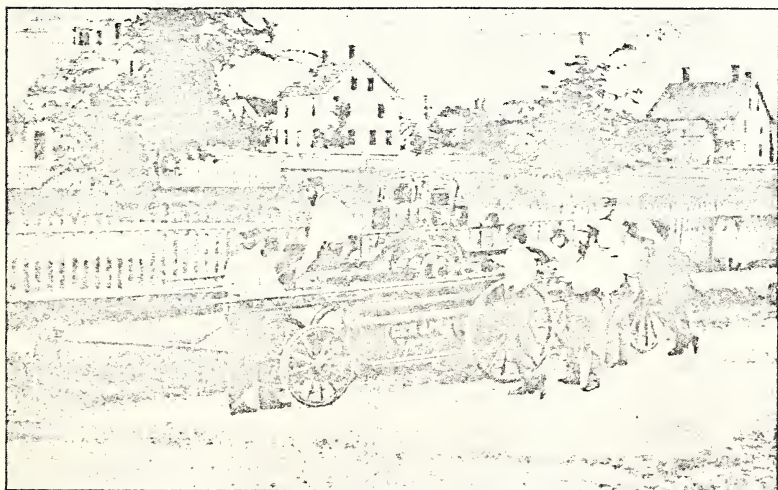
"There was a mill a short distance below Wear bridge, but who built it and how long it stood we have not been able to discover. The place is still occupied." [1855.]

We can but wish that Mr. Brooks had been more explicit in the latter sentence. To the writer's certain knowledge there was no visible structure at this location in 1870, nor yet visible remains that would indicate anything below the surface of the tide-flowed bank. Inquiry among old residents fails to throw any light on the matter. Did Mr. Brooks mean that some remains of a tide-mill still existed at his time of writing, or were known to him in his earlier or boyhood days? In the same section he mentioned a sale of a "grist mill on the Menotomy side" in 1660. This mill was not in Medford, but in Charlestown (now Arlington), and just above the bend of the Mystic and mouth of the Menotomy river. (See Vol. XIII, p. 7, REGISTER.)



REMAINS OF OLD MILL.

Exhumed July, 1911, midway between Harvard and Fairfield Avenues.
Normal height of water is now at top of timber.



MEDFORD FIRE ENGINE "GENERAL JACKSON," 1849-1861.

Location, Park Street.

The ancient map of the Charlestown "Linefeilde" is interesting to note just here, in that it shows two islands in the river directly adjoining the location of this old frame. It, however, shows none just below Wear bridge but one existed there, as shown on the "Fuller Plan," 1855, and was removed a few years ago by the Park Commission. Thus it is evident that the configuration of the river has been subject to some change. Just below this old framework was a broad inlet or bay, which would form a tailrace of the mill's outflow. It is now sixty years since Mr. Brooks wrote his history of Medford and he was then sixty years of age. He doubtless saw some remains of the building (of which this was a part) a hundred years ago, but it was so ruinous as to baffle his efforts to identify the builders or operators. And so arises the query: "How old was this? When was it constructed?"

Two facts are evident: First, it was on land purchased of Edward Collins by Thomas Brooks and his son-in-law, Capt. Timothy Wheeler. Second, it must have been built at a time subsequent to that of the Broughton mill "on the Menotomy side," which was 1656. The highway from Cambridge to Woburn passed over the Broughton mill-dam to present Grove street, and had become disused for some years and was discontinued in 1708, the travel being diverted and crossing made further up stream at Wear bridge. The plan of the "Linefeilde," showing the two islands referred to, was doubtless prior to the building of the mill by Broughton, as no reference to it is found thereon, though it was on the Menotomy side. Again Broughton's mills "he built *in* the river of Misticke," and had a dam extending across the river, which flowed the water backward over the Symmes' meadows in present Winchester. This dam may have become so insecure as to cause its disuse as a roadway and caused its final abandonment. With its disuse came the opportunity for the erection of another mill farther up-stream, with the islands as a favorable site on which

to construct a wing dam. This old mill may safely be set down as having been constructed two centuries ago, and must have served an important purpose in the routine of affairs in that old Medford that lay four miles along the Mystic.

M. W. M.

GOVERNOR BROOKS ENGINE COMPANY.

FROM the formation of the Medford Amicable Fire Society to our motor-driven fire apparatus is a far cry. Midway between, the *Brooks' History of Medford* was written. On page 475 are some sound ideas that, later adopted, make our fire department efficient. By the courtesy of its chief engineer the REGISTER presents (so far as known) the first printed view of one of Medford's engines, in use at the time the history was written. It will be readily recognized by older people; possibly some of the firemen and the locality may be identified.

Allusion has been made in a former issue to several old books of record. Those of the General Jackson are not of the number. The other two engines were of the same type and build, and our illustration may well portray the one in charge of the Governor Brooks Company. There is much in these old books that throws light upon the doings and diversions of some of the men of the time before the war. The apparatus they used is obsolete, the volunteer system a thing of the past, but the records are both instructive and amusing.

The original company of the name was formed in November, 1835. James T. Floyd was foreman and George L. Stearns, clerk. By July 2, 1839, its numbers had been so reduced that it was voted to surrender the engine to the selectmen and disband.

Twenty days later a new company of twenty-nine men was formed, with John T. White as foreman and D. H. Forbes, clerk and treasurer. The town had procured a new engine, to which the same name was given, and had voted to sell the old one. Passing over a period of ten

years, we find that the company celebrated its anniversary on June 6, 1850, which was the ninety-eighth of the birth of Governor Brooks,

in the following manner, To meet at the Engine House at 10 o'clock Precisely, arm and ready to pay all bills. Voted, to Hire Mr Young White Horse to draw the Engine in the porcession around town in the afternoon and in the evening the Company adjourn to the Town Hall where the company will pass off the time with sentiments and a Speech from some one of the Company should we be so fortunate as to get some one to volunteer their Services on the Ocation. Voted that every member have the privilidge of inviting one or more ladyes. Voted to extend an invitation to the Selectmen and Engineers to parade with us.

At another meeting —

Voted to choose A. H. Gardner, tostMaster. Voted that Mr Usher envite as meny of his friends as he thinks proper.

Voted that the cards be distributed at 1 o'clock on Thursday where the Members pay the assesment.

At the next meeting it was voted

to return a vote of thanks to Mr Usher and a five dollar Bill with it.

Evidently the Governor Brooks Company was in good humor, as its committee had reported money received, \$106.00; amount of bills, \$100.52; balance, \$5.48; collected by subscription, \$3.66. The latter is not added to the balance on the record. Evidently some one had "passed round the hat" with an eye to making good with Mr. Usher, which was done by the "tostMaster."

Mr. Young's white horse got no thanks, but instead, "Mr. Ford, for the use of his Colt."

Along with the two books of record is preserved a manuscript of twenty-five pages in Mr. Usher's handwriting — the "Speech" that enabled them to "pass off the time." In its opening sentences we learn that they had "listened to the music of the band and heard the music of the choir," whatever the difference may have been.*

* It would seem that Medford had a band at that time, as a little later the company (through Captain Hutchins) invited the "Medford Brass Band to partake of its clam chowder."

After the usual amount of self-deprecation common to public speakers, Mr. Usher proceeded with a review of the life and public service of Governor Brooks, emphasizing his many excellent traits of character and urging the auditors to emulate them. The episode in his military career, related elsewhere in this issue of the REGISTER, was alluded to, as also his patriotic stand against the disaffected officers at Newburg. In the latter part of his address he mentioned various appliances that had been crudely tried, with partial success, for subduing fire. These have since materialized in the modern chemical engine.

Mr. Usher was then in his thirty-sixth year, and no doubt was at his best, as flashes of wit appear at intervals in the address. The Town Hall where he spoke was not our recently much-maligned and "still doing business at the old stand" edifice, neither was it the first Town Hall of Medford, but the second and larger building, built ten years before. It replaced the one burnt in 1839, and the good judgment (regardless of civic pride) of the Medford people followed the old design of a leading architect of Boston, who planned the former structure. A few months after this anniversary occasion it fell a prey to the devouring flames, but no mention thereof appears in the records of the company.

It appears that despite the excellent lessons of discipline and obedience to authority drawn by Mr. Usher from the life of Governor Brooks, a year had not elapsed when there was a "walk out" of the company, which then formed the "Ex-Brooks Company," and hired a room to meet in for a time.

On September 7, 1852, the record shows a reinstatement of the company by the engineers. Things moved smoothly once more until March 14, 1858, when at a fire at the "Plains" a disagreement arose, and the company was disbanded by the engineers. Then the "Ex-Brooks Association" was formed, a constitution adopted, officers elected and a few meetings held, the records ending with

that of December 4, 1858, when Mr. Palmer was chosen a "committee to get subscribers to a good time generally among ourselves."

Medford had two other engine companies, and there was certain and constant rivalry between these men that "manned the brakes" and "ran with the machines," and mostly of the younger men. Clannish, jovial, they were always in for a good time—oyster suppers, clam chowders, target and fishing excursions—and always ready to help any "Hunneman tub" that was challenged to a trial. The engineers complained that they used too much "fluid," but this was the burning fluid used in the lamps of that period. They were always ready to contribute to the relief of a needy member, or to a member's bereaved family. Several instances of this are on record, also of gravestones erected in memory of comrades.

Yet it is an open question, which was the most important, the subduing of the flames, or the washing of the other tub. As "all was fair in love and war," the spy system was in vogue, as seen by the vote of July 2, 1850,

Voted to choose a committee of two to Study out something to keepe People that have there nose in other folks business from looking into No. 1 Plungers Trying to see what they are pack with.

If the schoolmaster was *abroad*, and some of the records give evidence that he had been, the spirit of invention was rife, as witness the story told of the secret valve in the bottom of the "tub," which the foreman could operate with his foot to prevent a "wash."

An effort was made at a previous time to have two "minitures" taken of the engine, to present to past foremen of the company, but the vote was rescinded. After the disbanding, various extra fixtures were given to members.

One relic of the old hand engines is still in useful service in the Medford Highway Department. It is the four wheels, spire and bottom of the tub, on which is placed a tool box. Is it that of the *old* Governor Brooks engine?

OUR OLD MASTER.

A MEMORY OF THE HATHAWAY SCHOOL.

By an Old Scholar.

Dear childhood's days! Your ghosts come back sometimes
 Like sweet siroccos from the scented isles,
 From far Ceylon, or from those spicy climes
 That greet the god of day with loving smiles.

Today one comes on memory's fleeting breath.
 A spirit with a saintly mien and face,
 Has long been tied behind the doors of death.
 'Tis one who helped ambition set its pace,

And taught us how to try our trembling wings
 As mothers teach young linnets how to fly,
 And showed us, too, where flow the crystal springs,
 And where the tempests thundered through the sky.

Is there, great God, within yon realm of dreams,
 A paradise where men shall meet again?
 An Eden far beyond the sunset's gleam?
 And has it freshest meads and many a glen?

Oh, then, we beg you, let us see our friend!
 No sweeter father learning ever knew;
 No gentler gard'ner helped a twig to bend,
 Nor showed the paths where reddest roses grew.

C. G. F.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

During the past month several vessels, loaded with lumber from the Provinces have come up the Mystic, the first consignment to Medford by water for eighteen years. With three discharging at the same time, Foster's Wharf has something of the old-time look. But the old ship-building days never had over a hundred craft hauled up on wharf and mill-yard for winter quarters, as may now be seen.

The Jonathan Brooks house (at the present writing) is being repaired, and so takes on a new lease of life. With the exception of three windows in the roof no

change is made in the exterior appearance, but new sills and timbers beneath a new floor make the old homestead secure.

This would delight the heart of Medford's historian could he visit his childhood's home. But we fancy he would take exception to the recent statement of a Boston daily that Jonathan Brooks was the founder of the Brooks family in America, and that Governor Brooks was born, lived and died in this house, as was also stated by the same *journalist* who was given the subject to "cover." Upon being told, *prior* to its publication, that the same was incorrect, he replied, "I haven't time to hunt up the facts, but must write *something*."

Molasses rock, above the Fellsway, is said to be in danger of destruction. We have never heard of any *historic* significance attached to it. The peculiar feature whereby it got its "sweet name" is its geological formation. Several sections of a different kind of rock, running perpendicularly through it, give it an appearance not unlike the "we paint the earth" advertising signs. Molasses or paint spilt on its top might look thus, but wouldn't be as lasting.

We regret to record the demolition of the Meridian monument, erected in Medford by Harvard College over sixty years ago,* during recent months. A stone dwelling, of the cottage type, has been erected on the bluff overlooking Winthrop street, and part of the stones of the cairn form a *small* portion of its walls. At a recent visit to the spot, the capstone and a few of the larger quoins lay near its site, as yet disused.

We are told that the owner of the new structure is interested in educational matters, which adds to the surprise and regret occasioned by the seeming needless removal of the old scientific landmark.

* See REGISTER, Vol. XVI, p. 45.

Mr. Dame gave his High School boys at one time as a subject to write on, "The Brooks of Medford," advising an actual search and tracing to their sources. Doubtless the young people found the latter interesting. One brook is today a sort of "lost river" — the tributary of Meeting-house brook, which has its source near Smith's lane between Woburn and Winthrop Streets. We were told to look there for remains of the projected Stoneham railroad, but found instead that Lily pond lane (near the rock-cut) crosses the Albree brook which flows underground for many rods before it emerges to view in another enclosed field, where must have been the mill-pond of John Albree, the Medford weaver.

Some rods from the lane are parallel stone walls, about three rods long, *through* which the brook flows, and in the open space between, the ground slopes in either direction to the brook.

No, this wasn't the railroad at all, but was a drinking-place for cattle, unique but useful, and an arrangement not often seen.

Will some one find for us the boundary lines agreed upon by Caleb Brooks, John Hall, Thomas Willis, Stephen Willis and John Whitmore of Medford, in 1680, or locate the points named?

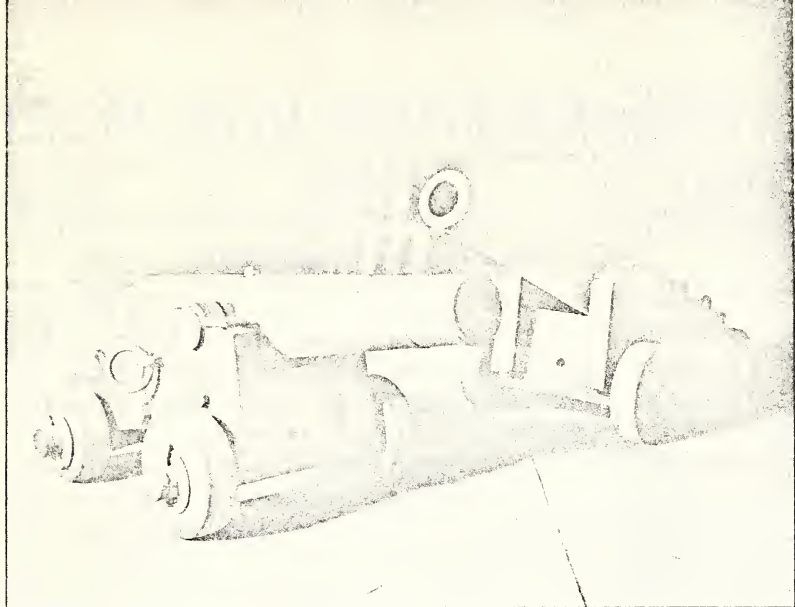
"From a great tree in the orchard, to a black oak tree * * * to a stake standing up in the land between Brooks and Francis * * * to a little black oak * * * to an old stub in clay land * * * to a little black oak bush near the river."

QUERIES.

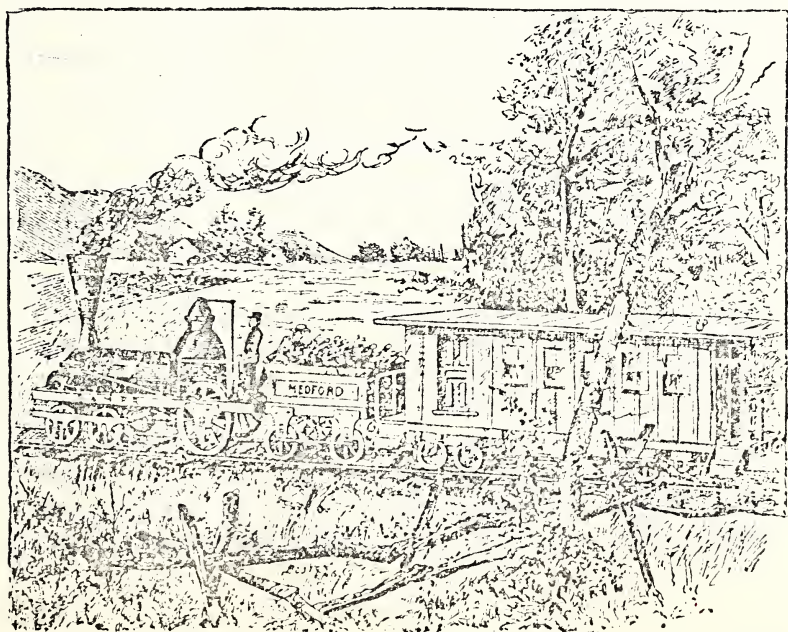
Where in Medford (1854) was Short street?

Where was Snake-hole?

Is there anywhere in Medford a hollowed rock, used by the Indians as a mill or grinding rock?



CANNON PRESENTED TO MEDFORD, 1874,
BY THATCHER MAGOUN.



THE FIRST ON MEDFORD BRANCH.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 2.

MEDFORD ARTILLERY.

ONE organization, of military character, at one time existed that has never found place in Medford annals, though its time fell just previous to the revision of Brooks' history by Mr. Usher. We refer to the Magoun Battery.

In the preparation of this sketch the writer has consulted the records of the selectmen, the published annual reports of the town officers, records at the State House, and the files of Medford and Boston papers. He has also conversed with numerous citizens, some of whom were members of the company, but has been unable to find any trace of the records made by its clerk.

The existence of the company grew out of no military exigency, but from the old-style noisy celebration of Independence Day, which required a salute fired at morning, noon and night. In 1870 and 1871 this was by "George Nichols' old gun" (as we are told), each time at an expense of \$50. In 1872 (see town report) the payment was to Mr. Nichols, "\$55.50, 3 salutes, 37 guns each." In 1873 \$100 was paid the 3d Light Battery, M. V. M., for similar service, and the increasing expense may have been the incentive to the gift of guns to Medford, that at last, disused, disappeared from public knowledge and notice.

Prior to and during the Civil War many vessels carried an armament, for protection in foreign seas and against Confederate cruisers. One of these was the *Swallow*, owned by Thatcher Magoun of Medford, which had two brass cannon (six pounders), mounted on low wooden carriages after the usual manner of ships' guns.

Mr. Magoun, in a letter to the selectmen, signified his desire to present the same to the town, for the purpose

of salutes, if they should deem the gift acceptable. Receiving a favorable reply, a letter of presentation followed and was received by them, as of record of June 27, 1874.

The board voted to receive the cannon and make an acknowledgment with thanks, and further voted "to place the cannon *in charge of the committee on almshouse*" (italics our own). Two days later the committee reported the guns received and stored at the almshouse. Though Medford "had the guns and the money too," they continued to be lodged at the almshouse, and the town paid Battery C \$100 for a salute on the Fourth of July, \$8.90 for cleaning guns, and \$15 to "Uncle" David Simpson for meals for the battery men.

"And now appears" a citizen, Charles Russell by name, and others who urged the formation of an artillery company to take charge of the *Swallow* battery and use it in accordance with the intent of the donor. As such an organization was not a part of the State militia, its status was much like that of the old fire companies, and yielding to their desire, the selectmen on November 7, 1874, record the signing of a petition to the Governor for a license to form an association to care for the guns. Who was to present the same, or whether it ever reached the Governor, is not known, as inquiry at his office reveals nothing. Evidently such an association was or had been formed, as a week later a petition was received from members of the *Swallow* Battery, asking for the guns to be placed in their care and possession. Whether they were so placed, or remained *guests at the almshouse*, is uncertain, as nothing more appears of record until April 5, 1875, when it was voted that the *Magoun* battery be housed in the building of S. H. Pearce & Co. The next week *Captain* Russell appeared again, asking for authority to procure a place of storage for a few weeks. An appropriation of \$850 had been made to purchase equipments for the guns, and all but forty cents was expended therefor. This included gun-carriages, ammunition wagon, and "one artillery saddle." It has been said that the guns,

which were but four feet long, looked, on these carriages, rather diminutive to experts, but by the average layman this was unnoticed.

On April 19, 1875, occurred at Lexington the first of the centennial celebrations. This was attended by the Magoun Battery, which took the place assigned it in the procession, and also on June 17th it attended the centennial of Bunker Hill, in Charlestown and Boston. This last was the company's busy day, as James M. Usher and others had asked for a salute at West Medford, as well as at the center of the town, which was fired at morning and night.

On June 28 some of the East Medford people asked for a share of the noise, and as the western section wanted *more* on July 5, the selectmen settled the matter by directing Captain Russell to fire with *both* guns at the center.

The guns and equipment were housed somewhere temporarily until late in the year, when a building was erected for the town by William Stetson, at an expense of \$600, upon the Swan lot, known as the "Pit," where is now Governors Avenue. The company preferred this location to one on Union street, and the matter was left to the discretion of selectman Hooper, who foreseeing possible exigencies, there placed it, the highway men building the foundation therefor, thus securing a storage place beneath for some of their apparatus. It was a serviceable structure, and the selectmen reported that in the *latter* respect it would prove an entire success. A view of it may be found in the *Medford Mercury*. The company were given leave to finish a room in its second story at its own expense. This was fitted up as a gymnasium, for the men were well drilled, and as one said recently, "We were *it*, and always had a fine, good time, and enjoyed the exercise, drill and public parades to the full." They had their seasons of gayety and pleasure like other organizations, "firemen, military and civic."

It is unfortunate that no files of the *Medford Journal* or the *Chronicle* are to be found, as these covered the

time of the company's history, but a few references to the latter's functions are found in the first volume of the *Mercury*. In those former papers were accounts of things then transpiring of interest to Medford people of today. In 1876 Edwin C. Burbank was in command, in 1878 George T. Sampson, and in 1880 Julian D'Este.

On September 17, 1880, the battery appeared in the third division of the great procession at Boston's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. We have been told that on that, or some similar occasion, its remarkably fine appearance was noted by someone on the reviewing stand, or by the State authorities, who are said to have ordered its dissolution. Certain it is that in September of the next year the battery fired minute guns on Medford common on the occasion of President Garfield's funeral, and this was *possibly* their last appearance in public as an organization.

On June 21, 1882, the selectmen received a communication from the company relative to its disbandment, and of the property in its possession including cartridges for a salute. The selectmen voted that a salute be fired on July 4, using half the cartridges in the morning and the rest at night, the *ex-members* of the battery to do the firing. Next, the clerk of the battery was directed to turn over the keys of the building to the clerk of selectmen after the salute. In the printed report of the selectmen for 1882 the battery is said to have been dissolved by order of the Adjutant-general of the Commonwealth. It was currently reported in Medford at that time that such was the case, as the association was not of the militia, and consequently an illegal organization not entitled to bear arms; that Medford selectmen were liable to, or threatened with, prosecution, etc.

No *record* of any such order appears on the books of the selectmen, nor yet can be found in the Adjutant-general's office. The financial reports of the town show various expenditures for artillery supplies, collations, saddle, powder, silk and flannel—covering a period of eight years.

Meanwhile the people were becoming tired of noise, and when (after the disbandment) some one petitioned for a salute on July 4, the selectmen voted "to do so if some responsible person furnish the powder."

Just before this they had voted "to allow Mr. Allen to use the wheels of the Magoun Battery." Heman Allen was the chief of the highway men, and so it is reasonable to conclude that the wheels of the gun-carriages and ammunition wagon, and the harnesses, were worn out in the more useful service of that department. As to the ultimate fate of the somewhat famous saddle we are unable to say.

Who furnished uniforms, sabres and other military toggery that was used in the public parades we cannot say; probably the company provided itself with such, but the town horses drew the guns on some occasions, on others the town hired horses for the purpose.

It is really true (as has been said) that the men wore coats cut in style of evening dress; by some at times they were called the Swallow-tail Battery. They were at first called the Swallow Battery (from the name of the ship), but the *tail* was simply an appendage, and was applied in the same spirit of banter as was the burlesque "Muldoon Battery" in an Antique and Horrible parade that attracted much attention.

On December 1, 1884, the selectmen voted "that the guns of the Magoun Battery be placed in charge of Captain Clark's command," *i.e.*, the Lawrence Light Guard. May 28, 1888, Captain Clark reported that "the guns were exposed to the weather and ought to be covered." This was referred to "Mr. Clark" (William P. Clark, chairman of the board). On April 2, 1889, Mr. Clark was made a "committee on the care of and placing the guns in position at the library." Two weeks later he reported, "the library committee desired no further action." January 2, 1890, that committee was invited to confer with the selectmen, and on the 28th James A. Hervey appeared thereabout. He stated, "the committee do not consider the grounds a suitable place" (the local press

has quoted him, "the library is neither a fort or an arsenal"), and suggested that the guns be sold and books bought with the proceeds.

The selectmen, in report of 1888, had recommended "an appropriation of \$100 for preservation and care of cannon," the same to be properly mounted and placed on the library grounds. This sum was appropriated, and of the amount \$2.17 was expended. Also on March 10, 1890, the town voted that the gun-carriages, harnesses and other equipments be sold by the selectmen and that the library committee consider what is best to be done with the cannon and report at some future meeting. On February 17, 1891, the selectmen granted the library committee permission to remove the *trucks* of the Magoun Battery from the shop of Dawson & Porter to the library or elsewhere, as they may see fit. The "trucks" were the carriages on which the guns were mounted when Mr. Magoun donated them, and on which they were again placed.

We have failed to find any record of sale of harnesses or equipment as above authorized (nor yet of the famous saddle), and we think our conclusions as to their final disposal correct. But what of the cannon that were placed in Captain Clark's charge thirty years ago? Some three years since we learned of their location. Though not generally known, they remain where the selectmen placed them—in the armory of the Light Guard. They are marked 458 and 459 (probably foundry numbers). They are about three and three-quarters inch bore, five and three-quarters outside at muzzle, nine at breech, and four feet in length. On each is cast the figure of an eagle, and in each is cut the inscription, "Presented to the Town of Medford, Mass., June 17, 1874." No copy of Mr. Magoun's letter of presentation appears in the printed report of town officers, issued February, 1875. We recall it as it appeared in the *Medford Journal* of June, 1874. It was probably overshadowed by the larger and more useful gift of Mr. Magoun of "the Mansion

House of my honoured father," for a library building. Yet the gift of the guns was prompted by a spirit of helpfulness to his town as an economic measure. We scarcely think that the donor expected his gift to become an undue expense to it, or an "elephant" on its hands.

One of the guns shows the effect of an attempt at repolishing, which gives color to the remark, "General Lawrence intended to have them polished and placed in the foyer of the armory."

The library committee evidently removed the trucks "elsewhere" (than the library), but we fail to find any report of its doings "to some future meeting." In the discussion in town meeting some advocated selling the guns and buying books (with the proceeds) that should be inscribed with the name of Magoun, while others dissented. So it has happened that after forty years the guns remain safely stored away in the basement of the armory, and the Medford artillery company that was honorable is now ancient and almost forgotten.

GEORGE NICHOLS' OLD GUN.

This was a brass gun about two and a half feet long, said to have been used in the Everglades in the first Florida or Seminole war by General Jackson nearly a hundred years ago. Because of this it bore the name *Old Hickory*.

In later years it was mounted as a ship's gun on the *Kate Hastings*, one of the vessels of Henry Hastings of Medford. Still later it was given by him to George Nichols, who had it for some years, and who at last loaned it for exhibition in another town. We are told it was to a club, Wild Goose by name. At all events, it went on a "wild-goose chase" and never came back to Medford. After Mr. Nichols got it, it was remounted, Theophilus (Tope) Johnson making an oaken carriage, such as it formerly had.

It was heard often in the ante-bellum days on Fourth of July, election times, and during war time in Medford.

Special mention is made of the racket made one Sunday forenoon, on the receipt of news of the capture of Jeff Davis. The gun was placed on the marsh, where is now the parkway and Armory bridge, and the indignation of the worshipers at the Trinitarian Church just across the river was intense as they hastily retired from the building. It is said that threats of prosecution of the firing party were made, and also that there was one, at least, that stood ready to reimburse the delinquent if fine was imposed by the court, and in the light of then existing sectarian feeling (now happily passed) it is more than likely true.

All the political parties were served by *Old Hickory* (for the gun was non-partisan) in election times, including the Bell-Everett, or Union Party, in 1860. It was an open question which made the most noise, the bell hauled through the streets, or the gun. The latter is heard no more in Medford, but the bell is heard hourly every day and night as the clock on the Mystic Church strikes. The gun, like some small dogs, made a big amount of noise for its size, and even outdid the guns of the State battery the town hired. Some ship launchings were not thought complete without a salute as the vessel slid from the ways.

THE MOLLY STARK.

Some years since the writer was told that there was once an old gun at East Medford called the *Morning Star*. Visions of the missionary vessel the children paid for arose in his mind, and the appellation seemed incongruous. This was at the time of search for the Magoun guns that had been lost sight of.

Inquiry revealed that the said gun was an old iron cannon, possibly a relic of the Revolution, that had been picked up somewhere, but no definite information could be obtained save that it was called *Molly Stark*. It used to be in evidence on special occasions, like others in the old days of noise, "horribles" and uncouth demonstration

of so-called patriotism. It has long since disappeared, probably into the junk pile, and Medford is no loser.

The names *Molly Stark* and *Old Hickory* are examples of the custom that obtained in war times. Military men tell us that battery guns received from their company various names, like *Whistling Tom*, or *Pretty Mary*, and the siege gun at Charleston, the *Swamp Angel*, had a nation-wide notice. We have never heard that the guns of the Magoun battery were thus designated.

By the courtesy of a member of the Historical Society, C. H. Tinkham, we print a view of Medford's artillery.

ABOUT THE POWDER RAID.

In the remarks upon the farm advertised "to be lett" (Vol. XVI, page 69 of the REGISTER) it is stated that the farm was once invaded by the British when they removed the powder from the old powder house in Somerville.

The British troops landed at Temple's, and no doubt marched over the way from the Temple place (now called Temple street) to the main street, and from thence a straight road over what is now called Broadway to the powder house. The landing-place at Temple's, as shown on a map of "Boston and its environs in 1775," was at or near the point where Wellington bridge connects with the shore on the south side of the river in the city of Somerville.

—J. H. H.

ON PAGE 2 OF *Mass. Gazette*, SEPT. 1, 1774.

This Morning a Party of the Troops proceeded to Charlestown, and took Possession of the Powder in the Powder-House there, and are now conveying it round to Boston in Waggon, and then proceeded to Medford Powder House for the like Purpose.

—E. M. G.

QUERIES.—Was the powder house above mentioned the one now in the park near West Somerville (then Charlestown?)

Does "carrying round to Boston in Waggon" mean via Cambridge, Roxbury and Boston Neck?

Had Medford then a powder house, or was the one in the first query the one referred to?

—EDITOR.

THE OTIS HOUSE.

Miss Wild, in her paper entitled "Old Salem Street" (Vol. XVI, page 63 of the REGISTER), makes mention of an old house that formerly stood on Salem street, called in the latter days of its existence the "Otis house" (it took its name from its last tenant, Mr. William Otis, the farmer who occupied the farm owned by Mr. Dudley Hall), and expressed a wish that some one would "write up" the house.

I do not think that much more can be said regarding the house than has already been said in the paper above referred to, but a few facts may be stated in regard to the farm that may be of interest. Under date of November 21, 1721, a portion of the estate of Capt. Peter Tufts, who owned and occupied the so-called "Cradock house," was set off to Dr. Simon Tufts, one of his sons, and was bounded on the Malden road (Salem street) about sixty-five rods, the line extending from near Park street to Spring street. No mention is made of any building on the estate. After the death of Dr. Tufts there was set off to his widow, Abigail Tufts, as a part of her dower, forty-eight acres of land, with house and barn. This house is identical with the "Otis house," and was built subsequent to the year 1721, probably within a few years after the farm came into the possession of Dr. Tufts.

—JOHN H. HOOPER.

MEDFORD BRANCH RAILROAD.

NOW that Medford's railway facilities, and especially the public accommodation by steam trains from the center, is being discussed by the Board of Trade, a sketch of the Branch may be timely.

This railroad was chartered May 7, 1845, on petition of James O. Curtis and others. In town meeting of June 22, 1845, the petition was endorsed by vote, and another vote instructed the selectmen to appear before the Legislature and look after the town's interests. The

Boston & Maine Railroad was in its infancy then, and as late as March, 1842, had no tracks nearer Boston than Wilmington. From that point its trains went to Boston over the pioneer railroad, the Boston & Lowell, some four miles of which lay in the western section of Medford. At about the latter date Edward Smith, who was road master (of Boston & Maine) many years, took an engine across town from the siding at West Medford, through the streets to Malden, to be used there on the construction train.

The Boston & Lowell was also an infant. Chartered in 1829, and six years in building, it had been ten years in operation when the Medford Branch was projected. By the latter's construction Medford had easy access to Boston, with its own terminal at Medford square, then called the market-place. It would have been better if that committee had looked more clearly after the interests of the town than it did, and not have permitted a grade crossing of old Ship street.

Of the Branch, *Brooks' History* says, "It was readily finished and proves to be a productive and convenient road"—and it was, in its infantile days. At the present time it is a problem to the managers, and a small factor in passenger transit.

Of its early days the REGISTER has secured items of interest, mostly from townsman Francis A. Wait, from whom we quote:—

About 1845 a large, fine dwelling house, owned by the heirs of Ebenezer Hall, stood where the B. & M. R. R. Depot on Main street, Medford, stands today. It was the best house between the square and the hotel on South street. The place was sold to the railroad, and James B. Gregg came into the possession of the house and removed it to the south side of the river. It was the second building from Cradock bridge on the west side of Main street. It was burned November, 1850. Passengers passed through the depot into the train shed that housed two cars; extra cars stood outside. The ticket office had a window in the main building and in the shed also. There were three docks from the river to Ship street. The railroad partially closed two of them. Crossing Ship street, it had a fairly clear route to the main line, running under

bridges at Cross and Park streets. At Park street a locomotive tank was supplied with water from an ordinary hand pump mounted on a platform. Spring street and Glenwood were not on the map in 1845-6-7. One old house was at the foot of a lane near the present crossing. The land farther down was swamp and salt marsh. The road was single tracked; engine, built at Lowell, weighed about eleven tons and was without a cab; cars to correspond; small, stuffy depots, and earned a good dividend for the stockholders. Today, with a double track, first-class equipment in all respects, it does not earn its expenses.

ENGINEERS.

Joseph Seavy.
Robert Gregg.
James B. Rice.
George Folsom.
John F. Sanborn.

CONDUCTORS.

John F. Sanborn.
Ralph Smith.
William Crook.
Edward Weymouth.
Albert Hamilton.

John F. Sanborn was conductor a short time and then station agent at South Reading, and later in a provision store, ship-yard, and policeman in Medford; later was engineer on the Medford Branch until the railroad strike in 1877, then to New York Elevated, where he died about 1880.

Mr. Sanborn will be remembered as the engineer who, feeling bound by his membership in the Brotherhood of Engineers, left his engine when the general strike was ordered. He, however, ran it into the engine house and left it in proper order and safe condition, this in contrast to some others. The strike was unsuccessful, and later a company of Medford citizens asked for his reinstatement. The managers bore testimony to his previous excellent service, but firmly declined, saying, "The men who served us in our need at the risk of their lives (meaning more than ordinary railroad risk) cannot be displaced to make room for *any* who deserted us."

In the equipment of the road (the cars, engines and station houses) there has been a change as the years have passed. Our illustration, the first engine and car, shows a marked contrast with the present. Some allowance must be made for old prints, as compared with modern photographic views, but we have seen a drawing, made by one we know capable, that tallies with this, which is

said to have appeared first in *Gleason's Pictorial* and reprinted in some other in later years. The views in *Barber's Historical Collection* almost always showed men and boys under *tall hats*, and even the "first steam train in America" is notable therefor. In our old-time picture the engine men wear the more sensible *cap*, while the fuel shown is wood. There were then no coal-burning engines.

Next there was

Engine *Cocheco*, built at Lowell, on the Branch a long time; weight, twelve tons. And later, and for many years, the engine *Camilla*, that weighed twenty tons and was built in Boston.

We fancy that Mr. Crook, the conductor, with his hat, dickey and resplendent badge would create a sensation on the Medford Branch today.

The Branch has not been without its fatalities, one in its early days —

James B. Gregg, a prominent business man in Medford, was killed on the Branch at Medford Junction April 28, 1848.

Up to the nineties locomotive engines bore names and were resplendent with brass, which made the fireman's task in keeping it bright somewhat onerous. Sometimes a large, new engine would be tried out on the Branch. Such were those mentioned in the *Journal*, Mr. Usher saying, "General Grant and General Sherman were in town last week. A large company followed them to Boston, but on arriving there were glad to get away from their terrible power," etc. Of course people hurried to their business and gladly went out of the smoke and grime of the train house.

We recall that the "flying switch" was discontinued at terminals at the time of the strike as a safety measure, and trains since have been "pulled in." Now the great shed re-echoes with puff and snort, and reeks with hissing steam. Soot-laden smoke, sticky grime and cinder mud make us prefer and use the cleaner electric power.

The engine *Camilla* seems to have inspired a Medford boy to poetic flight, as appears in these verses:—

CAMILLA, 30.

In the golden days of youth,
 Of which many of us know
 Who lived in old town Medford
 Some three decades ago,
 There was a steed attractive
 To the youthful minds aglow,
 'Twas the iron horse "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

This creature, almost human,
 Was astir from morn till night;
 She'd take the road at six-twenty,
 And till dark pursue her flight;
 Was waited for by hundreds
 And seldom ever slow—
 That bright, oid, sleek "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

The bell upon the depot,
 Which is never heard today,
 Would call the many people
 Who wished to go away;
 But there would ring a sweeter one
 As through Park Street she'd go,
 'Twas that of dear "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

We'd hear her on the crossing
 And coming round the curve;
 She'd always make the "fly-switch"
 With very steady nerve,
 And over Mystic River,
 Where tide would ebb and flow,
 She'd make the drawbridge quiver,
 Some thirty years ago.

The pride of all the round-house,
 But especially of John,
 Whose full name was John Sanborn,
 A name so now well known.
 Though not the superintendent,
 He was without a foe,
 And ran this old "Camilla"
 Just thirty years ago.

We loved our old "Camilla,"
 We boys and girls as well;
 We loved to ride behind her
 And listen to her bell.
 That sound was one of welcome
 Where'er we wished to go,
 'Twas our young pride "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

'Twas when Conductor Hamilton
 Would wave his hand, she'd start
 And through the bridge and down the
 track
 She'd travel like a dart.
 Would fly her way to Wellington;
 I'd like to have you know
 That none could beat "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

And on the double track
 She was always found in line;
 Would reach her place in Boston
 In twenty minutes' time.
 But then, the cars were smaller
 And "links and pins" the go
 And air brakes unfamiliar,
 Some thirty years ago.

But things since then have changed
 And also numbers too,
 And engine names have gone,
 While many men are through
 Who used to work and wonder
 And travel to and fro
 Behind dear, passed "Camilla"
 Of thirty years ago.

As boys and girls we are no more,
 As in the days gone by,
 We have grown and scattered,
 And some of us lie
 Awaiting the train—of angels—
 Heaven's bright call, and lo!
 The "reward" long promised
 Of the golden years ago.

—CHARLES E. PRESTON.

New York City.

The *Camilla* was an "insider," *i.e.*, the steam cylinders were inside the space between the forward trucks. The power was exerted upon the cranked axle of the forward driving wheels, a type of locomotive now rare.

Soon after the *Camilla's* retirement three new engines

were put in service, named *Medford*, *Mystic* and *Cradock*, the latter larger than the others. They were outside connection and "double enders," having head-light and "cow-catcher" at the end of the tank, this low enough to allow the driver view of the track as the backward run was made. These did away with the turn-table at the engine house. The turning around of the engine was always of interest to the boys of Medford, as elsewhere.

The names and ornamental brass have gone, but the "double-enders" are still in commission on the Branch. Another thing gone is the bell on the roof. It became cracked and went to the railroad "graveyard." Its ringing was a public convenience missed by many. The station master would deal out his tickets and make change with one hand and pull the bell-rope with the other, and experienced patrons and listeners knew by the sound of the bell how brisk the last minute's patronage was. A time card, probably the earliest issued, October 4, 1847, announces trains

From Medford, 7, $8\frac{1}{4}$ A.M., $1\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$ & 5 P.M.

From Boston, $7\frac{1}{2}$ A.M., 12 M., $2\frac{1}{4}$, $4\frac{1}{2}$ & 6 P.M.

Saturday evening. From Medford, $6\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.

From Boston, 9 P.M.

Fare 12 cts.

There was a time when it seemed probable that the Medford station would become a way-station by the building of an extension to Stoneham (see REGISTER, Vol. XVI p. 90), but the project failed to materialize and a terminal it has remained. It has been remodelled at times, the entrance moved nearer the square, a somewhat pretentious waiting-room made in it, now somewhat dimmed in its lustre but more than equal to the demand at the present writing. The Medford Branch carries people safely, brings freight into the city, carries away a little, but its *palmy* days have passed, unless, indeed, by its electrification or rearrangement in some way it may better serve the people of Medford in their daily travel.

MEDFORD WEATHER.

WE LIVE in a region having a variable climate, and the same season in different years shows either great change or extremes of temperature. January, 1913, had a very light snow-fall, and has been put on record as being remarkably warm. The night of January 12, 1914, with high wind brought a drop in temperature and frozen water pipes that will not soon be forgotten by Medford householders. Two weeks later and spring conditions prevailed, reaching a climax on February 4, changing to winter and first real snow storm of the season at night-fall of the 6th. Today, February 12, 1914, Boston is experiencing the coldest day for eighteen years. New England is the coldest section of the country, and the thermometers in our city have registered from eleven degrees to sixteen degrees below, and a Boston paper gives credit for twenty-three degrees below, probably in the out-lying districts. For days the ground has been covered with a few inches of well-packed snow, furnishing ideal sleighing on the streets off the main line of car traffic, and the creaking of the teams gives evidence that it is winter in earnest.

It is many years since, in this vicinity, that travel by steam or electric car lines has been impeded by great drifts or deep, level snow, or that we have been housed up until roads or sidewalks could be broken out.

Old-fashioned New England winters are so often spoken of it may not be amiss to refer to an account of one in our town nearly two hundred years ago. This was published sixty-nine years ago. The author, then a man over eighty, speaking of facts communicated to him by his father, and of changes noticed by the latter, said:—

“Mr. James Boies, father of the writer, was born in Ireland in the year 1700, and emigrated to this country when only six years old, with the family of his parents, and when a youth lived with a farmer in Medford, Massachusetts bay, who was in the practice of furnishing supplies to the Inhabitants of Boston, by the road to Charlestown ferry.

"The first occurrence worthy of notice is the great change of climate in the winters of that period to those of more modern years, especially in the quantities of snow. I have heard him relate the following fact, to which he was a witness, and happened about the winter of 1715; the snow fell to an unusual depth, with much of drift, causing great distress to the then thinly settled inhabitants; among the number was a Widow, living in a one-story house with her children, who had her buildings situate on the road to Charles-town, called milk row, so deeply covered with snow that it could not be found for many days, until discovered by the smoke issuing from above the snow bank; her small stock of fuel was exhausted, and some of her furniture was also burnt to keep them from suffering, before the snow could be removed."

—ELIZA M. GILL.

THE TURELL HOUSE.

In regard to the statement in the REGISTER (Vol. XVI, page 51) that the Turell, or Jonathan Porter house was built by Mr. Turell, I wish to state that the land upon which the above-named house stood was a deed of gift from Ebenezer Nutting to his son, Jonathan Nutting. Ebenezer's estate extended along High street from Ram's Head lane (Rural avenue) to the stone wall on the westerly boundary of the Puffer estate.

The portion conveyed to Jonathan was bounded southerly on the country road (High street), seven rods easterly on a highway allowed from the country road to the several divisions of the Wade estate, northerly on a highway between said land and land then in the possession of John Albree, measuring on that line nine rods, westerly on the remaining land of Ebenezer Nutting. The lot contained two acres, and no mention of a building was made. The deed was dated March 12, 1717-8. By deed dated February 8, 1723-4, Jonathan Nutting sold to John Giles a tenement and two acres of land, and John Giles sold the estate September 22, 1725, to the Rev. Ebenezer Turell. The house was no doubt subject to many changes during its existence, but the *original* portion must have been built by Jonathan Nutting soon after the land came into his possession. The highway

on the northerly boundary was the way to John Albree's farm and mill.

In the year 1720 John Albree purchased of Percival Hall the following described estate, "Thirty-two acres of land with house and other buildings bounded westerly on land formerly of Deacon John Willis; north on woodland laid out to Major Jonathan Wade's heirs; east on land of John Bradshaw; south on land of Ebenezer Nutting, excepting one-fourth of Mill." This estate comprises a considerable portion of the "Lawrence farm" being that portion upon which the farmhouse and other buildings connected therewith are located. Marble, or Meeting-house brook runs through the southerly portion of the estate, and the mill of John Albree, weaver, must have been located upon this brook near the location of North Winthrop street (formerly Purchase street).

—JOHN H. HOOPER.

ABOUT THE OLD MILL

"To the Editor of the Medford Historical Register :—

"Dear Sir: I wish to add my mite to your bit of Medford archæology, and to try to throw some light upon the remains of the old tide-mill recently discovered on the river bank a short distance below the bridge at the wears, a cut of which appears in connection with the article published in the REGISTER, Vol. XVII, No. 1. I have failed to fix upon the time when the mill was built, but will give brief abstracts of the several deeds that have from time to time conveyed the title to the mill property on the Mystic river on the Charlestown side and in the westerly portion of this city. These conveyances are not so clear as might be wished, and it is evident that some of the transactions affecting the property are not a matter of record, and further, there is not any mention of a mill on the north side of the Mystic river in any recorded deed that I have been able to find.

"The first mill constructed upon the Mystic river was

built by Thomas Broughton on land purchased of Henry Dunster on Menotomy's side (south side of river). In the year 1656 Mr. Dunster sold to Thomas Broughton 'all that parcel of land on which the corn and fulling mills stand, which the said Thomas Broughton built on Menotomie's land and in the river of Mistick . . .' In the year 1659 Thomas Broughton sold to Edward Collins 'two water mills on Mistick river now in the possession of Thomas Eames in said Broughton's behalf . . .'* In the following year (1660) Edward Collins sold to Thomas Brooks and Timothy Wheeler '400 acres of land . . . also one-fourth part of the mill on Mistick river lately in the possession of Thomas Broughton . . .' In the year 1666 Edward Collins sold to Caleb Brooks 'one-fourth part,' and to Timothy Wheeler 'three-fourths parts of the corn mills on Mistick river . . . now in the occupation and improvement of Thomas Fillebrown, and all houses, land, dams and waterways to the same pertaining or in any way appertaining or in any way belonging, also all tools and implements. . . . Excepting and only reserving my rights, interests and claims to the wares on said river for fishing, with liberty to fish as formerly has been wont in and about said mill.' In the year 1684 Timothy Wheeler sold to Ebenezer Prout 'all his right and title to the corn mills bought of Edward Collins, Thomas Danforth and Thomas Brooks.'

"A diligent search of the records fails to show any conveyance to Timothy Wheeler of the mill property except as has been before stated. It is evident, however, that Ebenezer Prout was the sole owner of all the mill property on both sides of the river, as that same year he sold to his brother, Joseph Prout, 'one-half of the corn mills at Menotomy in Charlestown on Mistick river, one-half of the mill yard on Charlestown side containing one acre. Also one-half of dwelling house and out-buildings, one-half of mill dam. Also one-half of two acres on the north side of the river at the end of the mill dam. Also one-

* There were two mills under one roof, a corn and a fulling mill.

half of one and one-half acres of upland at the end of the dam in Medford.' The dwelling house referred to was the old house that stood on the south side of the river and was torn down a few years ago when the Metropolitan Park Commission took possession of the land for a park.

"The next year (1685) Mr. Prout sold the remaining half of the above to Thomas Ward, who mortgaged the same to the said Prout, who in turn assigned the mortgage to his brother, Joseph Prout. Joseph afterward came into the possession of the whole estate. These deeds contain the first reference to lands on the north side of the river as being connected with the mill on the Charlestown side.

"In the year 1710 Joseph Prout sold to Jonathan Dunster 'mill, mill yard, buildings and orchard one acre. Also one and three-fourths acres of meadow land on the north side of the river at the end of the mill dam. Also one and one-half acres of upland on the north side of the river at the end of the *old* dam.' Here we have the first direct reference to the possible existence of two dams across the river.

"At this time it may be well to quote from the report of a committee appointed by the Court of General Sessions of the Peace 'to enquire into the convenience of the Highway and whether it is needful, referring to a County road that is needful to be laid out from Menotomy road, so across Menotomy fields, over the Ware, through Medford, to a place called Mr. Convers mills in Woburn.' July 8, 1709, the committee report 'that having visited the road leading from Menotomy to Convers mill in the township of Woburn, both in the Ancient road *where Wheeler his mill formerly stood*, and also the road leading through Adams his gate. . . . And we do judge it most convenient for the publick and least prejudicial to any private person, that said ancient road leading by said mill, cannot reasonably be made passable. . . .'

"From the foregoing it appears that Wheeler's mill had disappeared or was in a ruinous condition, and that the

road over the dam was so much out of repair that it could not reasonably be made passable without too great an expense. Now although no reference to a mill on the north side of the river is made, is it not reasonable to suppose that the mill whose remains were pictured in the REGISTER, as above referred to, was built sometime previous to the year 1709, especially as the mills on the Menotomy side of the river were out of use, according to the report of the committee above quoted.

"The estate remained in the possession of Jonathan Dunster until his death in the year 1742, when it was divided among his heirs, his daughter Elizabeth, wife of Captain Philip Carteret, receiving the westerly portion of the Medford lands. In the year 1767 Mrs. Carteret deeded all her estate in Medford to her son-in-law, William Whittemore, and her daughter Abigail, his wife, and it remained in their possession until the death of Mr. Whittemore in the year 1818, when the Medford land was set off to Moses Robbins, one of the heirs, then a minor. Moses Robbins sold in the year 1822 to Cyrus Cutter, and the land was described as follows: 'One acre of marshland, bounded southwest on Mystic river, southeast on James Cutter, northeast on Deacon John Larkin, together with all the mill privileges if there be any belonging to the said parcel of land on the north side of the river.' It is on the westerly end of this land that the remains of the old mill were found. Mr. Robbins called his meadow 'Bunker's Meadow.' Why it was so designated is a mystery, as no person by the name of Bunker ever owned the land.*

"The name of Deacon John Larkin (formerly of Charlestown) puts one in mind of the horse ridden by Paul Revere in his famous ride to Lexington on the morning of April 19, 1775. He rode Deacon Larkin's horse. These meadow lands on the north side of the river in Medford are now included in the Metropolitan Park System.

"JOHN H. HOOPER."

* The meadow land known as "Bunker's Meadow" was on the south side of the river, bounded east on Alewife brook and north on Mystic river.

MEDFORD'S LATEST WEATHER.

Unusual weather conditions have prevailed of late. The driving rain, hail and thunder storm of Wednesday (A.M.) March 18, and the brief snow storm of March 26, were marked features. At four in the latter afternoon the western sky assumed the strangest color, rivalling the "yellow day" of 1880, and soon large flakes of snow came. Within a few minutes it grew so dark, there was a general lighting up by everybody and many were deceived as to the hour, scarcely believing their trusted timepieces.

But who can describe the matchless beauty of the scene as at sunset the clouds parted, or yet in the evening that followed!

Possibly over an inch of snow had fallen, or rather come on the wings of a westerly wind.

The writer, out on an errand to Hastings Heights, was impressed with the marvelous scene. Each street was like the long nave of some vast cathedral. All the trees were covered with an immaculate foliage even to their tiniest twigs; their great boles were like marble columns on their windward sides, but dark and sombre as ever on the lee. The over-arching branches were transformed into Gothic arches filled with the most elaborate tracery sculptured in one brief hour.

Looking westward, the stone tower in the park loomed up dark and gloomy like a prison, its cap stones and iron crest all enshrouded. A walk around the park revealed it a shaft of gleaming white, broken only by the window openings and the white barred doorway.

The park was like a glimpse into fairyland; its shrubbery in fantastic forms, the varying shapes of the trees all snow laden were rivalled only by the tall white flag-staff, now a purer white, that seemed to reach the stars.

All the common and ugly looking objects for the time were beautiful. Chicken yards of wire, tennis courts and latticed trellises, all were laces of the most intricate pattern, a delight to the eye. The flashing eyes of the hurrying autos and the brilliantly lighted street cars sent

momentary gleams along the way as the trolleys hissed and burned green, while in all directions the street lamps burned steadily and made the scene one of enchantment. Next morning

“The melting snow wreaths everywhere
Were leaping off in showers.”

As the sun was slow in breaking through the clouds, there was not the beautiful vista of the preceding evening.

At noon the snow had vanished, and at night there came another thunder storm to give variety to a peculiar March.

A MEDFORD SLAVE ROLL

(Not Called on Bunker Hill.)

One of these names has come down to us in the petition to the General Court of “Belinda an Affrican,” see REGISTER Vol. VII, p. 68; the others have been hitherto unknown to fame. It has remained for the REGISTER to make them public, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years.

We have recently examined two leaves,* evidently from the account book of an ancient Medford cordwainer (whose identity is unknown) that gives their names. The paper is of excellent quality, yellow with age, frayed at edge, a little mutilated and the ink black as when written at dates from January 5, 1748 to April 14, 1762. One entire page (8 x 12 inches) contains forty-two charges against Thomas [torn]. Another has items charged to Simon Bradshaw, Aaron Blanchard, James Perry, “Beniamin parker” and Isaac Warren, with both pages of the other leaf filled with charges against “Cornial Isac Rial.” In this we find the names of “Abrom, Jo, peter, plato, Foeby [Phœbe] Bash [Bath-sheba] Cuper, prige [?] Bilander, Cobak, Bill, Forten [Fortune]; twelve in all, in connection with shoes, “soaling and heel taping,” and all names except “Bash” several times repeated.

* Papers of late Horace Hall.

Then there were "two pair for your Negro garl" and "soling your Negro garlls two"; also "two pair your Negro womun shos."

None of the charges are over six shillings, except Cooper's "soling and heeling shos 17s 6d."

Again there are charges for "soling Madam and Daughter shos."

The only item of Colonel Royall's personal use was "soling your pumps 2s 6d."

A different sort of *pump* was "mending your pump box" four pence; this time the word *mending* is used. Probably Jo, "peter, plato" and the others got water more easily from the Royall well because of this "mending" of the pump by this ancient Medford cobbler, who also mended bridle and "chaze harness" several times.

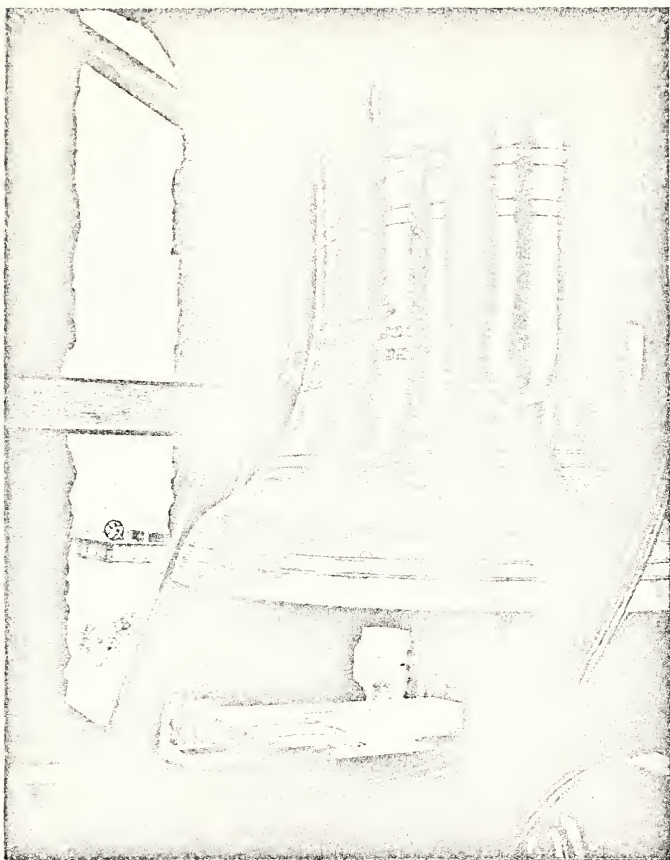
The list of Col. Royall's twelve slaves in Brooks' history gives six of these names, but does not include Belinda. Hagar, Mira, Nancy and Betsy may have been the negro woman and "garls" of the old account.

His charges for making shoes for Thomas — "your wife and garl" was 3£ 10s, the largest amount entered. A pair for "calep" was 2£ 10s.

Simon Bradshaw had "a pair for yourselfe 3£ 5s, a pair for your Negro man 2£ 10s". James Perry was charged with "a pair for yourselfe, 2£ 18s, a pair for your woman 1£ 10s, a pair for your garl 1£ 4s," while "Benjamin parker" had for "yourselfe, wife and garl." Evidently there was a social distinction existing in Medford, shown by the terms Madam, wife, woman; daughter, girl, maid; negro woman; your son and your boy, that was recognized in this ancient Medford book keeping.

One cannot help wondering a little why Col. Royall's slaves were furnished "shos" for from 4s 6d to 6s 5d, while Simon Bradshaw's negro man's cost ten times as much and almost as much as his master's.

Altogether it is a scrap of business history that sheds light on pre-Revolutionary times.



"CONCORDIA."

The new bell in the tower of Goddard Chapel at Tufts College.

The former bell, after over half a century of service, was sold
to founders of the new.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1914.

No. 3.

MEDFORD BELLS.

BY MOSES W. MANN.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 20, 1914.]

THE bells of a town or city possess an interest to many youths, not outgrown in later years. Whether the bells call to school or factory, college hall or church, whether the alarm of danger, wedding chimes or the solemn knell for the dead, they bring a message, reminding of duty or business, pleasure or sorrow.

One of the pleasantest recollections of the town where my boyhood was spent is that of the ringing of the three church bells, morning, afternoon and evening on the Sabbath, and of the noon and curfew bells on week-days. I doubt not there are some in Medford that share the same experience.

With the thought of making record of those of Medford, I prepared a series of articles thereon some thirteen years since, which were published in the *Medford Mercury*, followed in later years by others, in all eleven or twelve.

The earliest record we have of any meeting-house bell in Medford is in 1740, when an effort was made to purchase "a bell that Mr. Dolbear had for sale." Mr. Dolbear was a Boston merchant at Dock square. Nothing seems to have come of this, however. Historian Brooks mentions the fact that the town had a stock of bricks, but as these were not sold the bell was not bought. He records that "some liberal gentlemen provided a bell" in 1744. The ringer was paid five pounds for a year's service. This bell was on the second meeting-house beside Marrabel's brook. The bell was placed in a turret or

cupola that surmounted the pyramidal roof, and the bell-rope hung in the middle of the house in the alley, just as it does today in the old Hingham meeting-house, built in 1681. Medford had then been settled one hundred and fourteen years, and without doubt this *first* Medford bell was brought over sea, and it may have been the one suggested four years before. Of its founder, weight and tone we know nothing. It was probably a small bell, pitched high in the musical scale, weighing but a few hundred pounds, and hung in a cumbrous wooden frame. Its sharp, clear tones were heard up and down the Mystic valley, and doubtless its warning peals rang out after Revere galloped by, one hundred and thirty-nine years ago yesterday morning, on his way to Menotomy and Lexington. But ere this the third meeting-house had been built on another spot, and the bell hung in its towering steeple.

The eighteenth century was old, its last year young (but thirteen days), when Medford people assembled for their tribute of respect to Washington, each wearing the tokens of mourning. His companion-in-arms, Gen. John Brooks, pronounced the eulogy in the black-draped meeting-house, and as the people dispersed, the bell was tolled until the sun went down.

Its echoes are more than a century old, but we of to-day remember the sorrowful tones of the Medford bells at the passing of President McKinley.

Fifty-eight years the *first* Medford bell was in service, and on May 10, 1802, the town voted "to have a new bell, and that the old one be given in part pay." The contract for its casting was given to Paul Revere and Sons, whose bill of \$552.75 was allowed on November 1 of that year. Benjamin Reed was paid \$2.50 for "bringing up the bell," and Fitch Hall, Joseph Hall and B. Farrington were paid sums aggregating \$27.74 for placing it in position. Isaac Floyd was paid \$15.83 for six months' ringing. On April 1, 1805, the town voted not to pay for ringing the bell *every* day.

In March meeting, 1803, the selectmen were directed to sell the old bell when they could obtain a reasonable price, and this is the last information we have of the first Medford bell.

Evidently Medford did not pay cash in those days, as on January 2, 1804, the selectmen gave an order to Revere and Sons for \$31.74 interest on their bill for the bell.

In 1810 this *second* Medford bell had an associate in public service in the steeple of the third meeting-house. Hon. Peter C. Brooks presented the town a tower clock. This was accepted by the selectmen, who communicated to him the thanks of the town, entering the same on the records. Twenty-nine years the clock measured the passing hours and the bell announced them, until on May 12, 1839, Medford people, or rather the Unitarian portion, assembled for the last time in the old third meeting-house.

For six months the Revere bell remained silent and covered on the "green," while the new house of the Unitarian (First Parish) was being built. The clock received some extensive repairs, and both clock and bell were placed in the storied steeple of the new house of worship at its completion. There they remained until their destruction by fire on Sunday, January 15, 1893.

I fancy that attendants at the First Parish Church will listen with surprise to the following —

Fragments of the metal were incorporated in the bell, cast by Henry N. Hooper & Co., hung in the tower of the new edifice built in 1894

especially as said tower does not, and never has, contained a bell. Moreover, Hooper & Co., the successors of Revere, were succeeded by others prior to 1874. Equally fallacious is this inscription, said to have been upon the bell:

Presented to the town of Medford, Mass., by Peter Chardon Brooks as a slight token of the esteem he holds for the people among whom he was born and bred.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Brooks was born in North Yarmouth, Me.

I have quoted the above from *Revere Bells*, by Dr. Arthur H. Nichols of Boston. Dr. Nichols was grossly misinformed in the matter by a Medford man, and only learned of the error after his book had found a place in the library of the Medford Historical Society. He at once conceded the accuracy of the Medford records of selectmen and town treasurer as authority, instead of the letter received by him, which he has on file (the writer of which has passed on).

The long pastorate of Dr. David Osgood ended in 1822. Respect and love for their pastor had held the varying elements together for some years, though the parting of their ways was near.

The Methodist Episcopalians had begun to hold public worship before the separation in the First Parish took place. Soon a new house of worship was erected by the Trinitarian or Second Congregational Church for its use.

Six years later (1830) twenty-two persons contributed the sum of \$640, "feeling that the cause of religion would be promoted by the placing of a bell in the tower." Thatcher Magoun and John Bishop gave \$200 each, the rest was in sums of from \$5 to \$25, doubtless in equal proportion to the means of the donors. This bell was also cast by Revere (and was his 346th) and weighed 1,529 lbs. It cost \$604.93, and the balance of \$35.07 was turned into the treasury of the Second Parish, "on condition that the subscription paper be recorded in the society's book of records." This was done, and thanks given the donors. This was the *third* Medford bell.

The *fourth* bell to come to Medford was in the late '30s, and placed on a schoolhouse on Park street. This was a small one, its sound welcome to the studious, but a terror to the tardy ones. It was rung by the pupils, and Mr. Hooper recalls his juvenile experience at the bell-rope, with the only school bell the town of Medford ever bought.

Next came two other bells, at about the same time, about which we may not be exact. One was the *Old Bughorn*.

Of the significance of such a title I have failed to learn, but such was the name given to the ship-yard bell that, placed on the building of James O. Curtis, was rung at the hours of labor's commencing and close, in the days when times were busy along the Mystic river. When the ship-building business declined, the bell was disused, and for years remained silent. But, in 1877, the town built a schoolhouse near Malden line, which was called the Curtis school, and Mr. Curtis donated to it the ship-yard bell. It hangs in an iron yoke, with a solid wheel of wood for the bell-rope. The tongue of this bell is somewhat peculiar, in that it swings in all directions. This is a small bell, 14 inches high and 19 inches diameter. An ornamental design encircles its crown, and above it is the inscription, "Cast by G. L. Hanks, Cincinnati, Ohio." No mark of weight, tone, or date is discernible upon it, and its weight is probably less than 200 lbs. At present it is, and for many years it has been, the only school bell in Medford.

The other bell referred to was the depot bell. Installed, at the opening of the Medford Branch railroad, at first on a little platform at the end of the roof-ridge, it was later housed in a cupola. The old-time style of ringing was similar to that of church bells—ten or fifteen minutes before the departure of trains, the first bell; the second bell was for about three minutes, in regular strokes, ending at the scheduled time. This ringing was a convenience to the regular patrons of the road, but there were always late arrivals, and sometimes some—*too late*. After some forty years of service this bell became cracked and was removed to the railroad "graveyard," and none other ever replaced it.

The year 1854 saw the opening of Tufts College. Its first building was Ballou Hall, and upon its roof was placed the college bell, cast by G. H. Holbrook at East Medway, Mass., in 1857. The father of this foundry man learned his trade of Paul Revere. If this old bell could talk it might tell many strange stories of the pranks of

the young collegians, or perhaps something of its own history. Whether purchased by the college corporation, or the gift of some friend, may ever remain unknown. That it had a message to the students is evidenced by these words, from *Brown and the Blue* : —

“Arouse to your waiting task, too long
Forgot,” to one came the message strong;
To another “Today still beckons to fame,”
His listening neighbor heard Duty’s name
And went at the work; with eyes on the ground
The plodder knew one day more in his round;
But the brow of his fellow grew bright at the voice,
The chiming called him to toil of his choice.

Clang-clang! Clang-clang!

With mystical meaning the loud bell rang.

In the '50s there were many fires, incendiary or otherwise, in Medford, and the two church bells were in frequent service to give alarm. Whether the violent ringing cracked the Second Parish bell, no one knows. Diligent inquiry of the men of that time now living, fails to reveal why, on July 6, 1860, the Second Parish paid \$463.66 for a bell, as appears in the account book of the treasurer. As the *records* of the parish are utterly silent in relation to it, the only reasonable conclusion we may arrive at is this, that after thirty years of service, the bell having been, in addition to its service in “the cause of religion,” used for the daily ringing at sunrise, noon and sunset, and for many fires, had become damaged and was recast, or exchanged for another. But, two months and three days later, this new bell became itself a prey to the devouring element, the work of an incendiary.

Does any one present remember that October day in 1860, when six white horses came into town, hauling a dray, on which was mounted a bell and several men to ring it? People noticed its similarity of tone to the one on the burned church. It was a Presidential year and the occasion was a rally of the Constitutional Union Party. As darkness drew on the Everett Guards turned out in torch-light parade, with a band of music, and marched

through the streets with the bell ringing. Their campaign cry was, "*All up! All up!*" and because their candidates were John Bell and Edward Everett, this bell found place in demonstrations of the party in various towns in the Commonwealth. The men on the dray would swing the bell and shout at its *Ding-dong*, "*And Everett.*"

This bell was cast by Hooper & Co. in Boston, and bore this inscription, "Massachusetts for the Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws," (fugitive slave law and all), and on the opposite side the words, "Bell & Everett, 1860."

In one of those demonstrations was a transparency that said —

*John is the Bell,
Will toll the knell,
Of all the hopes that Abe built.*

A few days later the country knew that "Honest Old Abe," the rail-splitter, was elected President, and the next year found John Bell among the *enemies* of the Union.

The campaign over, the State Committee of the Union Party had the bell for sale, and it was purchased (with their insurance money) by the Trinitarian Parish, and placed in the tower of its new church on High street. The words, Bell and Everett, were chipped from it, otherwise the inscription remains. After the union of that society with the Mystic Church and the remodelling of the latter's house of worship, the bell and clock were moved thereto and still remain in service.

In June, 1873, the First Methodist Episcopal Church dedicated its new edifice. In the tower was placed a bell, cast by Hooper & Co., that weighed 1,798 lbs., receiving the impact of 40 lbs. of iron in its tongue, and was of the tone of F natural. There were no historical or sentimental associations connected with it. It was bought and paid for at the market price, in an ordinary business way. On the evening of August 19, 1905, there were three incendiary fires, and this church, with all its

contents, was destroyed. After the building by the society of its new church on Otis street, a smaller bell from the foundry of Meneely's Sons of Troy, N. Y., was placed in its tower and is now in service.

In 1888 the Union Congregational Church at South Medford had been erected. For twenty years the sharp, pertinent tones of the race-track bell had been heard by the crowds who gathered at Mystic Park. Since '88 this church bell has been true to the legend inscribed on it, "I call and I warn." It weighs 500 lbs., and it cost about \$200. It was cast by the Meneelys, and was provided by the efforts, and was a gift in trust, of Prof. H. B. Doland and others. Upon the completion of the new and present church building this bell was placed in its tower.

In 1884 the West Medford Congregational Church, by persistent effort, succeeded in paying a burdensome debt, and several gentlemen, not of the church, were moved thereby to assist in the procuring of a bell therefor. It came from the Blake foundry in Boston and weighed 2,025 lbs. Instead of the society's corporate name, the inscription was "Harvard Avenue Church, West Medford, Edward C. Hood, Pastor, 1884. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." On March 4, 1903, the church was destroyed by fire and the bell broken by its fall. To the city of Troy, N. Y., it was sent to the hotter fires of the bell foundry. After eighteen months absence it came back and was placed in the tower of the new house of worship. On one side, near the crown, is the name —

Meneely Bell Co., Troy, N. Y., 1904.

and on the opposite (eastward) —

"We went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us into a wealthy place."

"Oh, come let us worship and bow down. Let us kneel before Jehovah, our Maker." — Psalms 66: 12; 95: 6. A. R. V.

Its weight is 2,200 lbs., and its first Sabbath service was in calling the people to the dedication of the new

church. The hours of the tower clock, the city's property, are also struck on this bell.

Over a century ago the New England Glass Works were established in East Cambridge. After fifty years the business had so increased as to require extensive buildings and a small army of workmen. Clocks and watches were not as numerous or as cheap then as now. For the convenience of its employees, the corporation placed on its central building, in 1854, a bell weighing 505 lbs. This was also from the Hooper foundry. Its 15-lb. tongue sent out the note of C, calling to daily toil about the glowing furnaces for years, until at last the closing out of the business left it with occupation gone. For ten years or more it hung unused and silent, till 1899. Then some one found it could be purchased for \$20, and that \$25 more would place it in the belfry of the Hillside Universalist Church. So, without burdensome effort, the amount was raised by subscription, and it became a Medford bell. With an honorable record behind it at the age of forty-five, it entered the service of the church, and, though with this late beginning, it is the *oldest church bell in the city*.

“Swell, swell, ye waters, swell,
Rang deep and strong the Baptist bell,
While faith in God alone can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world enduring faith
In what the Holy Scripture saith;
Swell, swell, ye waters, swell,
Rang deep and strong the Baptist bell.”

On May 13, 1906, a unique service was held in the room over the carriage porch of the First Baptist Church. The Pastor read a psalm, each of the deacons offered a prayer, then the clergyman followed in one of greater length, and the roomful of people sang “All hail the power of Jesus’ name.” At the appointed time an experienced ringer (Mr. Peak) carefully tilted or “set” the bell, and the rope was placed in the hands of Miss Alice

Curtis by her father, with the injunction to "pull," which she did. Slowly at first, but with gathering momentum, the 2,040-lb. bell swung around, and out on the breezy morning air came its sonorous vibrations in the key of E. Mr. Curtis grasped the rope, gave a few vigorous pulls, and resigned it to the ringer to finish the duty of the time.

The brief service in the tower was a fitting prelude to the morning worship and dedication of the "Curtis Memorial Bell," which came from Meneely's foundry and bears the inscription —

Presented to the
First Baptist Church, Medford,
by Elisha B. Curtis,
1906

In memory of
His Father, Asa F. Curtis,
His Mother, Achsah L. Curtis,
His Sister, Mary Curtis Breed,
His Wife, Lucia Leadbetter Curtis.

The destruction of the Methodist bell in the preceding year and rebuilding farther away by that society, with a different hour of service in the Mystic Church, suggested the need of a bell in the Baptist tower, and after some consideration of the matter, Mr. Curtis felt, "It's up to me to provide the bell." It is safe to say that no bell ever placed on a Medford meeting-house was ever accorded such a reception, both adverse and kindly, as was this. After a time the city clock was arranged to strike each hour on this memorial bell.

The city's bells are mainly those of the fire-alarm service. The one longest in use is that hanging in the graceful tower of the brick fire station on Salem, near Park street. It was purchased in 1856 (to replace the school bell destroyed by fire), but placed instead on the engine house of Washington (No. 3) Engine. Hooper & Co. furnished it at a cost of \$238.42, and for sixteen years it was Medford's only fire-alarm bell. When the new house was built the bell was divested of its hangings

and suspended from a beam in the tower, from which it sends out its warning tones simultaneously with all the others. When this bell was *first* hung, the *first* steam fire engine had just been built and was looked upon with little favor by the volunteer firemen of those days.

The next fire bell to come was the one at West Medford. This weighed 515 lbs., and was mounted on a temporary framework beside the livery stable of D. K. Richardson near Whitmore brook. At the completion of the fire station on Canal street it was placed in its cupola. Complaint was soon made by firemen who didn't hear its ringing, and the engineers procured a larger bell of 900 lbs., and had the cupola roof raised higher to take it in. William Blake, successor of Hooper & Co., took the first in exchange therefor, and the town paid a small charge for damage to its wheel. When installed it was hung in the usual way for ringing, but when removed a year since to the new station on Harvard avenue, was suspended from a steel beam in the cupola of the building.

The newest bells are those on the stations on Spring and Medford streets, these weighing 1,800 and 2,000 lbs. respectively. The former (at Glenwood) was purchased in 1890 at a total cost for bell and striker of \$833.43. The latter bell cost \$385.23, with \$450 for the striking apparatus and setting the same. Both these bells hang suspended by the crown, and though supplied with the usual tongue, are struck by a hammer on the outer surface of the rim by electric action. Unlike all others, they bear the trade-mark of the foundry (a miniature bell on which is the name Hooper) and over which is a wavy ribbon with the words, Blake Bell Co.

The bell in the Central station is the heaviest in the service (and in the city as well), weighs 2,485 lbs., of the key of D sharp, and was purchased by the Town of Medford, on the recommendation of the engineers, as a measure of *economy*. Despite the condition upon which the town supplied the tower clock, in 1870, to the Second Parish Church on High street, which was, that the free use of

the bell thereon should be granted for public ringing, the town had paid for its use, after its removal to its present location, more than enough to buy a bell.

The bell at South Medford has this inscription, "City of Medford Fire Department, Arthur C. Symmes, Chief Engineer, 1894," but the Central bell has none to denote municipal ownership, but around the crown, "Cast by William Blake & Co., formerly H. N. Hooper & Co., Boston, Mass., A.D. 1891." Within a few years it has been suspended as are the others, higher in the tower, but at first was mounted in the usual way, and until the custom was discontinued, was rung at stated hours daily, and also as the curfew bell.

All the city bells above enumerated are struck by the electric-alarm system (installed in 1880), as is also the steam gong or whistle upon the Schenk-Adams factory at the western border of the city and within a few feet of the Somerville *appendix*.

To the *writer* five blows followed by one, and to *others*, numbers contiguous, come the sound of these fire bells with a thrill, lest the destroying element threaten his own or a neighbor's dwelling. More pleasant is their sound to the school children on a stormy day, while the test strokes at noon and evening arouse no fears.

At Wellington, upon Bethany Church, is a small bell, placed there at the city's expense for a no-school signal. It is not connected with the fire-alarm system, orders for its ringing being given by telephone. In return for its housing, the church society has the use of it on Sabbath days.

In the cupola of the stable at the superintendent's residence, Oak Grove Cemetery, hangs a small bell for a call bell. It was purchased from a junk dealer in Boston, who knew nothing of its history, but who said it was perhaps a ship's bell. Possibly it may have been one of *Butler's bells*, but this is only a surmise. At the capture of New Orleans, there were found a lot of bells of various sizes that had come from churches, schools, plantations,

and wherever a bell could be had. They were all donated to the lost cause by a sacrificing people, to be cast into Confederate cannon, but had not reached the foundry fires. These bells were sent north by General Butler and sold, and various town and church committees secured bargains thereby. For several years one interested made inquiry and search therefor, and after a long time succeeded in locating a few of "Butler's bells." Another bell of municipal ownership is the "Town of Medford Bell." This hangs in the belfry of Grace Church, and by the appropriation * of \$600, by vote in town meeting.

Question was raised at the time as to whether or not the town could legally do so, and the legal opinion gotten was, that it would be legal if the bell could be used for fire-alarm or other public service authorized by the town authorities. Of this bell more definite information will appear elsewhere.

As there entered into the possibility of purchase of a first Medford bell the item of bricks, it is fitting to mention the bell upon the boarding-house of the New England Brick Company at Glenwood. At various intervals in the brick-making season it used to wake the workmen and call them to their meals, and mark the hours of working time. It is the only existing Medford bell that the writer has not seen and examined at close range. It has been strenuous work, in some cases, to climb the church steeples and fire towers, but facts absolute and correct are only to be had by painstaking search.

Medford may have had, in the old days, a town-crier. If so, he must have carried a bell—small, of course, and possibly larger than those the schoolma'ams used to shake at the open window, but we have found no trace of one.

Mention has already been made of the college bell. What disposition was made of it we know not, but on June 11, 1908, the class of '98 presented the college with a new bell, placing it in the lofty stone tower of Goddard

* The town had appropriated a like sum five times for clocks on other churches.

Chapel. It can be heard far and near because of its high elevation, and when its *long continued* ringing is heard, be sure that in some athletic contest the Tufts boys have won. At its installation elaborate services of dedication were held in the chapel. The college magazine * says of it —

Professor Lewis grasped the dramatic possibilities of a dedicatory service in which the bell itself should play a speaking part.

The program began with an invocation, and the class song was sung by Frank Lincoln Pierce, who sang it on the '98 Class Day. The president of the class, John Albert Cousins, next presented the bell, which was accepted by President Hamilton. The ode was by Clara Ransom of '98, for Tufts was then co-educational. Passages from Schiller's "Lay of the Bell" were next sung, and at the words, "She is moving, sways, sways," the first stroke of the bell was given by the college president. Then followed the

Act of Dedication — To Prayer, to Mourning, to Work, to Jubilation, and as the Voice of Alma Mater

by the president. At each pronouncement there was response by the choir and *bell*. During all the exercises the audience had been seated. It now arose and joined in singing a stanza of the college song, pausing before the final sentence, when the pealing of the bell was heard. We were somewhat startled a few months ago on reading in the morning paper that this bell had fallen "to the stone floor of the chapel," owing to the vigorous ringing of the Jackson College *girls*, in jubilation about Tufts' victory over Bowdoin in the foot-ball game. But like other newspaper reports, a slight accident was much overdrawn. The girls had two strings to their bow, *i.e.*, the bell rope and the cord of the tolling hammer, and the two do not work properly together.

The composition of this bell is seventy-eight per cent. Lake Superior copper and twenty-two per cent. imported

* *The Graduate*, from which information is gathered.

tin. It weighs 1,011 lbs., is 116 inches in circumference at the sound bow, and its medium tone is A. The inscription cast upon the bell is —

TUFTS COLLEGE
GIVEN IN JUNE, 1903
BY THE CLASS OF 1893
PAX-ET-LUX

The dedication, in which over thirty persons took part, is commemorated by a bronze tablet set in the outer doorway of the chapel tower. All the other bells we have mentioned were, and are, of a similar composition of copper and tin, known as bell metal, which has an intrinsic value, and a bell of such metal, if cracked or broken, can be recast.

The *latest* Medford bell, rung for the first time on Easter Sunday (this year), is in the tower of the Hillside People's Church (Methodist Episcopal). It is from the foundry of the Cincinnati Bell Company (Blymyer & Co.), and weighs 550 lbs. Of what it is made, or the percentage of its component metals we are unaware. We climbed into the belfry on Easter morning to examine it, and listened as it was rung by the sexton. Its tone is unlike any others in the city, and it is probably what is commonly called a "steel bell," but unlike those we have heard elsewhere, this has a pleasing tone. It is a gift to the church by the children of the Junior League, who held, on last Wednesday evening, a dedication service.

Some one, a few years since (and not far away) said "A bell is a relic of a barbaric age." Be that as it may, bells have been used in "the cause of religion" ever since they were placed in the hem of the robe of Aaron, the first Jewish high priest. The tinkling of those little golden bells gave to the people assurance that the high priest, alone in the presence of Jehovah, still lived and moved, and that the divine favor was still theirs.

The skill of the artisan has been employed in all lands, and in some the results have been most gratifying. In old England, in the great cathedral churches, were peals

and chimes of bells, and the ringing of them became an art. After the settlement of New England the bell on the meeting-house became a necessity, though preceded by the drum-beat, or blast upon a conch shell.

The first chime, or "ring of bells," was that on old Christ Church in Boston, cast by Rudhall of Gloucester, England, and still in use.

Whatever I have said, or may say, on the subject of bells (Medford's or others) is on the historical line, and not from any musical knowledge.

I have purposely delayed mentioning the excellent chime of nine bells of Grace Church until now. In 1873 municipal appropriation, parish work, individual or memorial liberality, provided for its expense, which was \$2,700. These nine bells have an aggregate weight of 5,324 lbs. and are attuned to the key of G, that of the largest, or tenor bell. Each bears the inscription "Grace Church, Medford, A.D. 1873," and all were cast by William Blake & Co.

A visit to the belfry reveals an oaken frame some eight feet square and four feet high. Within this frame, suspended at their crowns, are eight of the bells, while upon its top is mounted, in the usual manner for ringing, the "town," or largest bell.

In addition to that before mentioned, each bell has cast upon it its name and an appropriate inscription, scriptural or otherwise, as follows:—

No. 1. Tenor, 1,383 pounds. G.

TOWN OF MEDFORD BELL.

"Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."
Psalms cxvii, 7.

No. 2. 988 pounds. A.

RECTOR'S BELL.

"Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." St. John xx, 23.

No. 3. 725 pounds. B.

MARRIAGE BELL.

Presented by DUDLEY C. HALL.

"What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."
St. Mark x, 9.

No. 4. 637 pounds. C.

HOLY COMMUNION BELL.

"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." St. John vi, 5-6.

No. 5. 425 pounds. D.

HOLY BAPTISM BELL.

"For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." Galatians iii, 27.

Presented by MRS. DUDLEY HALL.

"Peace to the past, joy to the present, welcome to the future."

No. 6. 371 pounds. E.

CHILDREN'S BELL.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." St. Mark x, 14.

No. 7. 296 pounds. F.

BURIAL BELL.

Presented by MRS. GORHAM BROOKS AND FAMILY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Revelation xiv, 13.

No. 8. 217 pounds. F sharp.

CHRISTMAS BELL.

In Memoriam. Presented by JOSEPH K. MANNING.

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men." St. Luke ii, 14.

No. 9. 192 pounds. G.

EASTER BELL.

In Memoriam. Presented by THE CHILDREN OF MARGARET B. BUSS.

"Those who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

I Thessalonians iv, 14.

Just beneath the belfry is the ringing chamber, containing the frame and ropes by which the bells are rung, or rather chimed, the distinction being in the manner of operation.

In the great cathedral churches of England and the continent, with their lofty towers and heavy bells, bell ringing was (and still is) an art requiring much practice and no little skill, as well as strength. There the services of a ringer for each bell are required, and the finest results obtained, as the overtones of the bells from lofty heights are thrown out more fully into the air. It will

be readily seen that with a ringer to each bell of a chime of twelve or sixteen, the service became that of an organized and drilled company, with reserves to depend upon. By the way the Grace Church bells are hung and chimed *one* person, with the music score before him, performs the work. Two upright posts upon the floor, and two crossbars between them, through which the ropes are strung, an attachment for maintaining the proper tensions, together with angle cranks, complete the simple apparatus. With a firm grasp and a quick horizontal pull upon the proper ropes (attached to the bell tongues) the player renders the various airs of his repertory.

Excellent as is this chime, and beautiful as is the architectural design of Grace Church, it is to be regretted that these bells are so near the ground, and below the steep roof of the edifice. Were they in a campanile, like that of Goddard Chapel, at Tufts College (even though not on a hill), their tones might, like the

— “bells of Shandon
Sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river” — Mystic,

and be more plainly heard, and to a greater distance, than they are.

The knells for the dead are tolled on the tenor bell by a muffled hammer, upon the approach of a funeral cortege, otherwise the full chime is used, as the varied music demands. It is said that their first use was on a wedding occasion. The names of the various players are to me unknown, save that on the occasion of my visit of inspection Mr. Clarence Bearse was thus serving. During their forty years of use the work must have been performed by several others whose service deserves recognition.

In all there have been thirty-six Medford bells, of which number twenty-seven are now in service.

The ancient custom of tolling the bell to announce a death in the town (a different number of strokes for a man, woman or child, followed by the number of their

years) has long since ceased. Rarely is any bell tolled as the dead are borne to the silent city. The daily ringing at seven, twelve, one and six o'clock has passed away, but it would be well to re-establish the curfew bell at nine as of old. The fire alarm is more efficient than the old way, and we question whether the bell ropes left exposed outside the meeting-house doors would be left undisturbed by the youth of today as of old.

One hundred and seventy years have the Medford bells been ringing. The quiet town of 1744 has grown to the city beautiful of 1914. Instead of the one meeting-house by the brook and the little schoolhouse near by, are the many and expensive ones, the latter daily thronged with the children of today.

Well would it be if on every schoolhouse there was a bell, and rung as of old. Well if in *every* church tower, in the various sections of the city, there were bells of such size and tone that in sweet harmony the old-time Sabbath custom might be resumed. But may such Medford bells as there are, whether they chime in ivy-mantled tower, or elsewhere singly,

“Ring out their cheerful, earnest chime
And bid each gathering throng
In hallowed walls keep holy time,
With heartfelt praise and song.

“Ring out and let their joyful peal
Resound afar and near,
Let old and young from hill and vale
Devoutly worship here.

“Ring out ye bells with joyful tale
Far over lake and lea,
Make glad our lovely native vale
As it was wont to be.”

MEDFORD SMELTS AND SMELT BROOKS.

THE REGISTER's editor recently received an appreciative letter containing inquiries which suggest two of our following articles. Our correspondent, a former Medford boy, writes "I was familiar with [Meeting-house] brook in 1840. It was a capital smelt brook, and we caught many in our hands." In another letter he says, "I used to catch smelts in Whitmore brook."

Another and older Medford boy, Caleb Swan, has left the following written record of December, 1855:—

Meeting-house brook rises north of Mr. Dudley Hall's land, and east of Mr. Swan's woods called Ram-head. It runs through Mr. Peter C. Hall's farm, and through Mr. Swan's meadow, and unites with the creek from the river by the old meeting-house lot owned by Mr. Swan. In April, immense numbers of smelts come up from the river and creek into the brook. They are taken in scoop-nets by the boys, early in the morning, in great quantities. They are a very sweet and delicious fish, [of] long slender shape and bright silvery sides; 6 to 8 inches long, and 6 to 10 weigh a pound. . . .

Dr. Swan wrote B. L. S.,* April 23, 1855—

Over 5 Bushels were taken today in the brook in your meadow.

And on April 10, 1856, Dr. Swan wrote to his brother Caleb—

Timothy Swan caught a good mess of smelts last night; he says they have come quite plenty.

Mr. Caleb Swan, living in New York, made note thus, January 31, 1863:—

Some very *small* smelts are now brought to market in New York; they are sold to French restaurants. I had a *pound* of them counted this morning by James, my fishman, and there were 55 smelts.

Historian Brooks also modestly mentions another Medford boy who caught smelts in these same brooks, in the same primitive fashion first named.

Those fifty-five-to-a-pound smelts of the New York market were doubtless degenerate in Mr. Swan's estimation, as the "brother doctor's" letters from Medford stirred the memories of boyhood days.

* His brother, Benjamin L. Swan, of Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Though smelts have in recent years been seen in Whitmore brook, it is unlikely that they have come up stream since the building of the Cradock dam. Since the denuding of the hill slopes around Bear meadow, Whitmore brook has shrunk noticeably, and for several summers failed entirely in its lower reach. Should our correspondent, the Medford boy of 1840, visit his early haunts he would find Meeting-house brook but little changed, but Whitmore brook at its best he would not recognize. The city has put some fifteen rods of it below High street in a strait-jacket of concrete. The old wooden bridge and the ford-way for watering horses is gone, and a stone bridge is beneath the street. House foundations border it, and ever and anon it disappears beneath other streets and front-door yards, while in the Playstead it is spanned by several bridges of rubble stone and concrete. "Art and man's device" have there done much to beautify its course, but what it needs most is water.

Different conditions exist along Meeting-house brook, though its head waters of 1840 have long since been diverted by the south dam of the Winchester Water Works. From thence to within sight of Winthrop street it flows through woodland, and a stroll along its winding course will reveal "a beautiful spot" our correspondent refers to. Medford people will do well to become better acquainted with its sylvan retreats.

LOST,

A Medford mill site, formerly occupied by one John Albree, a weaver, who bought land in Medford in 1720. Was seen near "Mr. Noah Johnson's" in 1855. The water supply was small, and failing, the mill fell into disuse. Any information relative to the same will be thankfully received by the editor.

WANTED,

Some one to "write up the story of the Frenchman's mill," whose location was at the "Bower." Inquiry has

been made therefor by a former resident of Medford, and a paper containing facts will be welcome at the REGISTER office.

STRAYED OR STOLEN,

A Medford streamlet known as Whitmore brook. Its usual course lay between Bear meadow and Mystic river. For the last few years it has had times of disappearance; is said to have been abducted by the market farmers, or stolen by the gypsy moth. Any one restoring the same will be gratefully remembered.

WANTED,

Some one with "civic pride," public spirit or private munificence, to "plant a hogshhead of acorns" at the "Rocks" and on the bare hillsides, as was suggested by Rev. Charles Brooks sixty years ago. Any person doing thus may become a benefactor, and add to the beauty of Medford, as well as conserve its water courses.

INFORMATION WANTED,

In relation to a *silver mine*, said to have been opened in Medford at about 1880.

Also, some facts regarding the Medford Salt Marsh Corporation of 1803, its promoters and purposes. Address the editor.

LOST,

On the bank of Mystic River, about six years ago, a swimming place known as "Second beach." When last seen it was near the railroad embankment. Its restoration would be appreciated by Medford boys.

FOUND,

Between Auburn street and the railroad, a stagnant pool of dirty water, said to be the remains of Mystic river. The owner (unknown) will receive the congratulations of the public on proving property and paying the amount needful for filling same and abating the existing nuisance. The same was created by the Metropolitan Park Commission by uncompleted work.

OUR YEAR'S WORK.

THE season of 1913-14 has been unusual, in that the February meeting was omitted on account of a very severe snow-storm. Other meetings have taken place at the regular time. At the annual one in January, for the election of officers, no paper was given. At this time, and also at the opening and closing meetings, light refreshments were served, and social intercourse added to the pleasures of the evening as the various papers were discussed informally by little groups, and friend met friend with happy reminiscences.

Our own members or townsmen have served the Society by giving papers, and only twice have people outside of Medford been called upon for this purpose, and one of these is a member of this Society.

This is proof enough that there are a faithful few in Medford, loyal to their home town, and ready always to give of their time, strength and talents for the preservation of our local history, and for the entertainment of their auditors or readers.

October 20 we were indebted to Rosewell B. Lawrence for the charming account of his summer in Great Britain. He had many varied and pleasant experiences, of which he spoke informally in detail, and so shared with eager listeners his privilege of travelling. All enjoyed the accounts of visits to land of Dickens and trips to quaint London inns, and the recital of a canoe trip on the Thames.

November 17 John Albree of Swampscott, our out-of-town member and the enthusiastic secretary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, gave a most interesting paper upon "Books and Other Things." He illustrated the address by exhibiting a collection of books selected at random from his own library, valuable for historic interest, or as models of the bookmakers' art.

December 15 Rev. Frank I. Paradise of Grace Church, Medford, gave a happy, informal talk (illustrated with maps and pictures) on "Switzerland; A Model Democracy."

March 16 Mrs. Ruth Dame-Coolidge graciously enter-

tained our Society with a paper on the "Rise of the Gothic Cathedral." It was a scholarly piece of work, given without manuscript, and held her hearers with strong interest.

April 20 Moses W. Mann, who has given of himself so much to our Society, and is the indefatigable editor of the REGISTER, read a paper on "Medford Bells," some thirty-six in all, containing, as all his papers do, a fund of information. Mr. Elisha B. Curtis and others gave personal reminiscences on the subject, and also of the Medford family noted for their skill in ringing bells and entertaining exhibitions of the same.

May 18 Charles Edward Mann, President of the Malden Historical Society, gave an informal talk on Sam Walter Foss as he knew him in early life, when both were beginning on journalistic careers and undertaking literary work. This interchange of courtesies with our neighbors is a happy phrase of our work.

Mrs. Augusta A. Brigham, now of Malden, formerly of Medford, a member of this Society, gave a paper before the New England Historic Genealogical Society this season, and she acquitted herself so creditably that we feel honored by the work she has done. Her subject was "The Massacre at Lancaster," the story of the captivity of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson.

At each meeting of the Bay State Historical League one or more of our members have served as delegates.

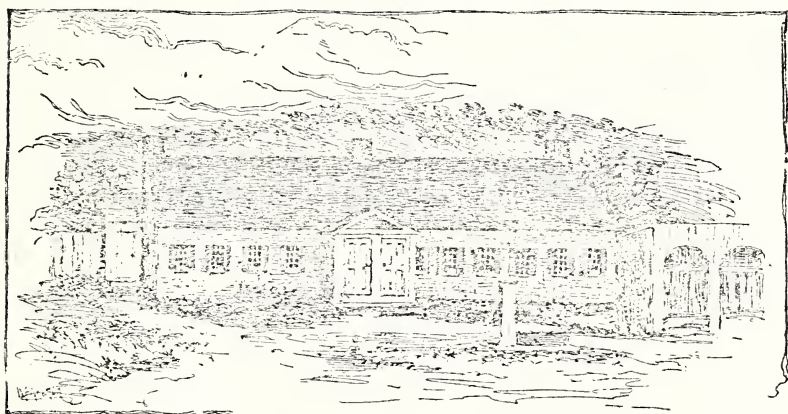
ELIZA M. GILL, *Secretary*.



MRS. ELLEN M. GILL.



CLEOPAS B. JOHNSON.



THE OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.



FRANCIS A. WAIT.



J. EVERETT WELLINGTON.

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No. 4.

AN OLD MEDFORD SCHOOL BOY'S REMINISCENCES.

BY THOMAS M. STETSON, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

EDITOR OF THE REGISTER:

You invite reminiscences of the long ago, when your city was, over seventy years since, a little town with only three or four populous streets; reminiscences of its all important river, of boyish sports in woods and waters, of the vanished canal and especially concerning the territory west of the Smelt brook. You style it the Meeting-house brook, and as both smelts and meeting-house have long since disappeared into the limbo of the lost, perhaps your title is the better.

I ought to know that territory, as I was born in 1830 at the Captain Stickney house on High street at the summit of Marm Simonds hill. My earliest pants were made by Miss Nabby, daughter of Marm. I learned to swim at the end of Rock Hill lane. This was prior to the advent of Mr. Hastings, and my first school was kept by Miss Lydia Symmes.

The Stickney house was later the scene of the charming hospitality of the Misses Elizabeth and Lucy Ann Brooks, sisters of the historian of Medford. Next east stood the ancient homestead of their father Mr. Jonathan Brooks, with its great sycamore trees in front; next farther east was the house where Miss Lyddy lived with her brother Octave. Between her house and the Simonds house lived Noah Johnson. This hill was altogether the best coasting place in Medford, and the Smelt brook to the east of it the best boy fishing place before the diversion of its sources to Winchester reservoir.

Nearly opposite the Stickney house stood an old house at the corner of the lane, where a Mr. Staniels lived at about 1835. He moved to the top of Winter Hill where he built a showy house very near the fork where Governor Edward Everett once lived and where about two centuries earlier Governor John Winthrop built his cementless stone house. The Mystic region has been a good place for Governors, for we may count Governor Cradock and Governor John Brooks and Governor Everett again. Late in life he lived on the west side of Mystic upper lake. To Mr. Staniels, succeeded on Simonds hill Mr. William Russell and his son Frank. These were accomplished gentlemen and carried on in Boston a noted Academy of elocution.

Miss Lyddy Symmes' school did not inculcate the higher branches. It was a sort of parents' assistant. There were a dozen or two of us pupils, all tots. I could not have been four. No desk, table, nor even chair was provided for me. I had only a cubical block of wood (say nine inches) known as the chimney corner seat. She was very good and gentle, and we expected to sit in her lap when she told us about our alphabet. The alphabet class had three in it, and as she made the letter's sound and we repeated, it was all so funny that the rest of the school would laugh, and Miss Lyddy would laugh, and we would laugh, and all was merry. Her teaching was personally conducted. She was not the Medford girl who marked off an inch of alphabet in an infant's primer and told him to take his seat and learn that far. No punishments were feared in Miss Lyddy's school. She did not deem us victims or culprits, but "little dears." She did not give us examination but instruction. I was sorry to leave her, and have never heard of her since.

My next teacher was Miss Foster who kept a private school in the basement of Rev. Abijah R. Baker's church (Orthodox) on High street. She was also good to us, and had a fine set of blocks with which we played a

great deal in school hours and so were less uneasy. These blocks were everything to us. They were our reward of virtue and our safeguard against sin, our "path, motive, guide, original and end." In short, I remember little else about the curriculum in Miss Foster's school. The outside was fine. A high paling protected us from the river, and we could play all round the church and over the pleasant open slope which extended westward as far as the lot on which Mr. David P. Kimball, a Boston merchant, built his home, the home later of Dr. C. V. Bemis. Mr. Kimball was the brother of Moses Kimball of the Boston Museum, and father of D. P. Kimball, Jr., a schoolmate of mine.

Next came Miss Harmon's school. This was in the southeast room of the old fort on Governor's lane. The pupils were a size larger. I was about five, and recall the awe with which we contemplated the two oldest; one was Oliver Wellington, aged ten, and the other was Everett his brother, aged nine. They came from the Wellington farm on the east frontier of the town. Our playground was in the lane and in Mr. Dudley Hall's great barn which stood high up to the westward.

I was next sent to my first public school, not a grammar school. I think it was called a preparatory. It was on the east side of Back street, which perhaps is now styled Union street. On the east the yard was fenced off from the branch canal which brought timber to the river from the Middlesex canal at a point near the Columbian hotel. On the south the yard had no fence except the side of a linseed oil factory, owned by Henry Stearns, brother of Major George L. Stearns. This mill was an instance of abominable heedlessness. Instead of delivering its escaping steam into the upper air by a high chimney, it actually delivered it into the school yard through a level pipe on the ground. The steam was hot, and very hot at the end of the level pipe, and poured out into a flock of forty or fifty little people who knew no better than to dare each other to go into

it. I, being the youngest and the most heedless, went the farthest and was suddenly struck down. At first my life was despaired of, and I was under medical treatment for weeks. I never went to the Back street school again. Fancy such a playground equipment as that steam pipe now.

Later I entered the grammar school in the rear of the Unitarian church on High street. Among the schoolmasters were Mr. Foster, Mr. Gilman and Mr. Tweed, later Professor Tweed of Tufts College. Here I first saw the hard realities of New England instruction. These masters were neither kind nor cruel, just the ordinary style of an ill-paid schoolmaster in a low grade school, and some of the pupils were very big, strong and unruly. Corporal punishment was needed, or thought to be needed, very frequently indeed. Sometimes a very big boy would fight against it, but he never was quite big enough. Andrew Wade was the biggest in school. He was a man grown and was about nineteen years old, not troublesome nor noisy, but deficient. In fact he was underwitted, but we did not know it. He would sit for hours staring at his book, but ideas did not come to his poor brain. He could not learn and had to take the consequences, viz., heavy blows across the shoulders from the master's ferule. He would keep his seat, roaring with pain, and the girls would be teary and shuddery and sometimes make little screams. It was all very horrid indeed. The masters were no worse than usual. It was the so-called method of education in the grammar schools. I remember nothing of the sort in the high school in the east end of the same building. We had a fine large yard between the school and the old church which stood well south and paralleled the schoolhouse. Our sports on it were foot-ball, tag, prisoners' base, etc., with excursions over the west fence into Squire Abner Bartlett's artichoke patch, and over the east fence into the orchard of the Misses Osgood; but at last the terrible Miss Lucy Osgood caught little Gorham Train who

was rather slow in his return trip over that fence, and so our apple hooking came to an end. I can hear even now the lofty eloquence worthy of Antigone or Electra, with which Miss Lucy condemned Gorham's trespass.

I can fix a date at which I was in the grammar school. In 1839 I saw the old church pulled down, and a picture of it in my possession bears that date of its destruction. It had a high pointed spire above its open belfry. At the belfry, carpenters sawed the upright posts through, and by a rope attached high above, the crowd below pulled and swayed. The spire trembled, tottered and fell with a loud crash. The great brazen rooster left its pintle, flew its first and last flight and fell at the feet of Sam Swan, who captured it and carried it home. Where is that bird now? It ought to be in the headquarters of the Historical Society. Sam was the son of Mrs. Peggy Swan who lived in the west half of the Bartlett house. Maybe some Swan may know of it.

Our first teacher in the high school was Mr. Forbes, a good teacher and man. The next was Isaac Ames, the best teacher I ever knew. He was a small man with a club foot, a student at law, and in after life Judge of Probate for Essex County. He was thoroughly amiable and no trouble ever arose in his school. He instructed three of us in Latin and Greek. He did not insist on absolute quiet, and allowed whispering. If the hum was too great he would gently request silence, and always got it. When he forgot to ask for it, old Galen James of the school committee who was often present, would call out in his deep voice, "Oyez, oyez." We did not know what Mr. James meant, and perhaps he did not either, but it sounded sympathetic and so we became quieter. The high school numbered far more girls than boys. I remember well Rebecca, Chastina, Garaphylia and Esmeralda, the four pretty daughters of Isaac Sprague, a leading ship builder; Caroline Blake, daughter of Oliver Blake, a dry goods merchant; Maria Fuller, daughter of George Fuller, a ship builder of South street; Harriet

Stetson, daughter of Jotham Stetson, another ship builder on the same street; Mary Peck and Lucy Peck, daughters of Thos. R. Peck of the hat factory, all nice girls, but I fear none remain to hear me say so.

As the high school did not fit for college James Hervey, Albert F. Sawyer and myself left it about 1843 for the private academy of Mr. Day on Forest street, successor to John Angier. He gave us good instruction, but his school was very small and could not give us the habit of forceful recital and expression which the great Boston Latin school gave its pupils. However, we all got into Harvard (1845), but were for a time astonished and handicapped by the nerve of the little chaps from the Latin school.

Other schools need noting, where we were taught dancing, singing and drawing, all by private tutors. Mrs. Barrymore came out weekly from Boston to teach a class in dancing in the Day Academy. To it came Helen Porter from the George Porter house across Forest street; Catherine and Rebecca Adams, daughters of Deacon Adams, came from the slope of Winter Hill; Susan Emily Porter came from the Royall farm. She was our best dancer. She later married Mr. Cunningham of Baltimore. Amelia and Caroline Blanchard, daughters of Capt. Andrew Blanchard, came from the house shown on the outside of the HISTORICAL REGISTER; Apphia and Mary Fuller, daughters of Dr. Fuller, from the next house east.

The drawing class was instructed by Miss Hannah Swan, daughter of Mrs. Peggy Swan and sister of Sam, he of the brazen rooster.

The singing school was a large affair. It was kept in the Martin Burrage house opposite the Unitarian church. It was attended by many of the Bradbury school girls from across the river. The teacher was Mrs. Peak, wife of our organist and a fine singer. Often in church, she as the soprano and her brother-in-law Horatio, barytone, would sing gloriously Bowring's Antiphonal

“ Watchman tell us of the night
What its signs of promise are ? ”

Later the whole family, including my schoolmate “ Bill ” Peak, were really famous all over New England as the travelling “ Peak family.”

But I must come to our lovely river with its sinuous and graceful course and its bright water, especially bright at flood tide. At low tide it was less so, but twice a day the salt sea water came sweeping by, bringing the real sea air into the town, and in springtides covering the wide marshes. Can it be more beautiful now that it is above the Cradock bridge an artificial basin? But I do not know it now. The great marshes had their beauty even if the grass was salt grass. The old bathing places must be altered now.

The lowest bathing place used to be Blanchard's wharf opposite the Lawrence distillery. This was probably the most valuable wharf in Medford. It had no beach, of course, but there were generally log rafts which sufficed. Crowds of boys came here to bathe at high water, for no well conditioned Medford boy would ever bathe except at the top of the flood. Besides the ordinary water borne freight to Medford, this great wharf had a monopoly of the inward molasses bound to the distillery, and of the outward bound rum. Great casks lay everywhere, almost hissing in the sun heat, and as the molasses casks came without any bungs, its odor went to the skies almost as rummy as the rum itself. The boys did not like it, but the old salts did. Later it had a far reaching effect upon an infant industry started by Mr. Peter C. Brooks a mile and a half off at the extreme western edge of the town. He secured a lot of bees and decided to make his own honey. All went well till a far-roving bee of his happened upon Blanchard's wharf. He knew that the world had nothing better for him, and he lit. He stowed a full freight, went home, and next morning returned with all his sisters, his cousins and his aunts. All loaded, and the same thing went on till the

time for the honey crop arrived and Mr. Brooks then found his honey combs stuffed with rum and molasses. He was furious. He was said to be the wealthiest man in New England, but he could not control this situation.

You will not expect me to expatiate on the merits and glories of old Medford rum. Both Daniel and his younger brother Sam Lawrence were schoolmates of mine, but they were too young to give us any of it. Its fame reached far and wide. It was known where the township was not known. When the Reverend Mr. Learoyd left his Medford parish to join one in Taunton, at the installation feast he spoke of the joy he anticipated in his new connection, but when he added "my affections will for a long time be with old Medford" a titter rippled along the tables of the banqueters.

The last time I saw Mr. Brooks was on High street. Between the parsonage of my father and the tan yard was an orchard, lower than the street and with no road into it. A man named Tufts owned it. He had got his hay cart down to the street wall and had laboriously forked into it his crop of orchard grass over the wall, but there was an upward slope to the roadway, very rough, and the horse could not stir the load. So the usual method for boys and horses was adopted, and he began a long and most cruel beating of the animal. The small boys about, who always were the Greek chorus to any Medford event, were very angry and were about stoning Tufts, till one suggested that we should probably hit the horse. Just then appeared on the north side of the street near the house where Cleopas Johnson once lived, a rather short, elderly gentleman. He was dressed all in black with short breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes and carried a cane. At once he came across the street, went straight to Tufts and said clearly and loudly: "If you strike that horse another blow I'll prosecute you." Tufts stopped, raised the whip, and we thought trouble was coming. If Tufts had struck Mr. Brooks every boy would have let fly his stone. But the king of the Bos-

ton marine underwriters did not scare worth a cent, though the brute was twice his size and not half his age. So Tufts muttered some words, and Mr. Brooks resumed his march westward.

This very region was a lively place in winter. The canal was frozen and the Lowell railroad had not quite begun service, so enormous four horse sleds brought through High street high piled heavy cloth boxes from Lowell to Boston. There was a sloping entrance into the Magoun estate (now the Public Library). This slope extended much into the street and the great sleds would skid southward and bring up against the posts and trees of the parsonage sidewalk. Sometimes two or three were thus wrecked at once. Their high speed began at the Unitarian church, and continued down the hill as far as the orchard. Once I saw one of the big sleds going down at high speed, with a horse towed behind the sled by a halter buckled to his head. The sled passed safely by Mr. Magoun's slope, but the horse did not. He lost his footing and was dragged past the Johnson house by the head. I expected to see his head pulled off. The driver did not know what was up, or rather what was down, till the yells of the chorus made him stop. But the snow was smooth and icy, the original impetus had been useful, and I saw the horse get up with rather a puzzled look, and presently the whole outfit went on to Boston. There was danger in those great swift sleds. Right at this orchard one of them struck a school girl I knew and killed her. I think her name was Edgerly. I saw the blood spatters on the burdocks and rubbish between the road and the orchard wall.

The next bathing place was on the north end of the mead-ford. It was a poor place. It was central, and so far as I remember, had no other *raison d'être*. But between it and High street was a building that deserves mention.

This was John Howe's trunk store. In its rear, looking down on the bathing place, was his workroom where

he utilized his boxes, leather and brass tacks. In the front was a large airy room with some finished goods in it, and an assortment of loafers. It was so convenient that when a Whig headquarters was wanted in 1840, for a presidential campaign, all eyes turned to Howe's front room and he let the Whigs have it. They fitted it up grandly. At least we boys thought so. Pictures of General Harrison, of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, log cabins and hard cider barrels galore hung on the walls, also others ridiculing Matty Van Buren and his Kinderhook cabbages, etc., etc. The secretary of the club was Charles Hall, chosen unanimously, and to be in charge of the place all the time until election. He was a hero in Medford politics, an old bachelor, well dressed, one of the prominent Hall family, deemed himself a ladies' man and had a tremendous voice and good arguments, too. He was *vox et præterea* both. All day long debates went on there, for the Van Buren men came in and talked and the Whigs hoped to convert them. Charles was up in the whole story of "protection to American industry," and having the best arguments and best voice he was always supreme — always but once, and I must tell of that, for soon all the elusive memories of my old acquaintances will vanish. One day he had triumphantly conducted a long discussion in the trunk store, talked his leading opponent nearly blind, when an illogical Democrat sprang to his feet and shouted: "Well, anyhow, I was in Dudley Hall's yesterday. There were some girls there and one of them looked out of the window and said, "There goes *old* Charley Hall." The shot told. Charles collapsed, and even the Whigs were pleased, for Charles talked too much.

The next bathing place was a little stone wharf at the fork of the meeting-house creek, way out in the marsh, and hence private enough. I never knew by whom or why it was built, perhaps for the transit of salt hay, but it had no deck and no roadway. The boys liked it. Maybe it is visible now. If not it may be submerged in

artificial flood waters. Perhaps Winthrop street is on top of it.

The last and best bathing place of all was at Rock hill. This was an ideal spot. No house was about. The fine grassy hill sloped south to a great rock which seemed to deflect the current eighty or ninety degrees. At full sea there was plenty of water for diving off the rock. All about was nice short grass, and near by bushes and trees for a dressing room. Across the Mystic on its opposite bank was a very heavy growth of the tuneful sedge which sounds up so musically in the hands, or rather in the mouths, of a lot of small boys. Two or three rods eastward was a beach, just the place for little boys to learn how to swim. How came this beach there? Our mudbanked river did not have natural beaches. Some said this beach told of the historic *Blessing of the Bay*, and certainly it did look as if scarped out for the launching ways of a vessel. Some said it was the place the early Woburn settlers came to for free alewives. To be sure there was a bigger fishery at the outlet of Mystic lake, but our ancestors did not like paying royalties to Cradock and Winthrop grantees of the upper privilege. Some said this beach was made to help the Woburn people move their water freight to and from Boston through the very direct line of Rock Hill lane and Woburn street northwestward. I cannot answer. "*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*"

An enormous blue pearmain tree stood near this beach and we kept good run of its noble fruit. After Mr. Hastings came, it was on his land, but he was a good soul and never bothered the boys. I should like one of those great apples now.

Perhaps all this beautiful scene is now spoiled by the dam below or by the great sewer construction. I have not seen it for sixty years.

Boating on the river was good. Captain King, who originally lived in the house later of Major Geo. L. Stearns, moved to a house near the river a little off South

street, and set up a fine able boat. She was schooner rigged, a style best for shortening sail in our twisting river. His son George, a schoolmate of mine, was the skipper and would often take the little fellows aboard and go as far as Malden bridge where we caught big fish. Sometimes he would go up into the lower lake, though he disliked the trouble of passing under the canal aqueduct and the Weir bridge. But it all ended when George King went to sea, and later became a shipmaster himself, and then I built a boat of my own when I was about fourteen. She was a sort of flat bottomed scow but had a keel fastened on. A rake tail served as a mast. The sail was a sprit sail, easily twisted round the mast and the sprit, and she had no boom. She would go pretty fast especially with a skipper who made friends with the strong tides, and I had no trouble in getting by the aqueduct and Weir bridge. I often took her into the pond, a beautiful lake with heavy woodlands along its shore and some very high grounds by it. Two points ran out into the lake and (except for about seven feet) nearly met. This was the "parting of the ponds," the extreme westerly point of the grant to Governor Cradock of 1635. The water rushed swiftly through the strait referred to; bushes and trees grew on the two points and very large trees on the high eastern point. Generally a plank served as a crossing over the runway. The whole place was delightful prior to the Charlestown Water Works dam. At this runway I could catch white perch in the swift water. This was a sea-going fish but never caught in the river. He had come all the way from Boston in the salt stream, then the length of the brackish lower lake, and here he got his first taste of the fresh water he had come for.

One word of parting is due to the Parting of the Ponds which no one will ever see again in its pristine beauty. It was a notable spot. Nothing more beautiful was within the perimeter of the first governor's grant. It was his furthest point, as if he had stretched out his

primal choice to secure this spot. It was called the Parting, but it was also the meeting of the waters, in fact of two water systems. To this point came the tidal influence of the salt Atlantic, but never beyond. Its anadromous fishes, however, went further. From above came the rainfall of the whole Aberjona water shed and its great state ponds — Horn, Wedge, etc. The fresh water went on southward but its fishes did not enter the brackish south lake. I never knew of any such there except an occasional clumsy sucker who knew no better and came down from Lexington sometimes as far as Sucker hole at the south side of Weir bridge.

My little boat often took me the whole length of the Menotomy river, clear up to the Concord turnpike and the outlet of Fresh pond, but the scenery in this region was inferior to that of the upper Mystic. I used to note a large, black old house apparently rising out of the salt marsh west of the Menotomy and south of the Mystic, but I never until lately knew it had been the home of Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard.

In winter our river was of no use to the boys or anybody except the eel-spearers. It never froze smoothly and the current was deep and dangerous. Everywhere on both shores there was a space of a rod or more of floating ice masses and sludge difficult and dangerous to cross.

The Middlesex canal in winter was very unlike the river. There was no danger in its currentless four foot water; no unfrozen margin. It always froze smooth and early, so that we were sure of skating on Thanksgiving day. It was the scene of glorious shindies between the Medford maggots and the Charlestown pigs. We never went far into Charlestown as the pigs would at once appear in countless numbers, but when they undertook an invasion of Medford their numbers would be less, and some stout fellows from the shipyards, etc., would join us and help with snow balls, ice chunks and fists. Joe Revaleon, a young colored man, always helped. He could

not hit with a snow ball but his fists were very efficient. But Joe won no glory for he was so much bigger than the pigs. Roars of "take one of your size" always greeted his appearance, but never made him blush. Our true hero was a high school boy named Bela Cushing, whose size was more correct. Bela was our bravest on the field and also our best on the rhetorical platform. I don't believe Cola di Rienzi ever addressed the Romans with more "bir and smeddum" (as Galt the Scotch novelist called it) than did Bela when he poured out Rienzi's words from our school rostrum. I wish I knew of his later life. These fights were really quite serious, and we who were too small to be on the fighting line could shout well and could make more noise than any Greek chorus ever made. Once we corralled a squad of pigs in the upper story of Mr. Peck's hat factory and held them there till we wanted supper, not quite daring to charge up the staircase. This war between these two towns was a strange thing. It was ancient, historic, legendary. No feud ever existed between Medford and Woburn.

West of Main street the winter canal was nicer. It generally was in sight of the river and, for a long stretch, of the Walnut tree hill on which no Tufts College or anything else stood, though I seem to remember the lone walnut tree. Beyond the aqueduct and through the woodlands it was ideal. The heavy oaks kept off the wind. We could look down upon the lovely lake which at times was very near the canal and perhaps twenty feet lower. We could climb down the slope and explore on our skates all its nooks and bays. Some distance above the "parting" there was an apron of plank, the wasteway for the surplus water of the canal. This made a handsome cascade as the water tumbled over the rocks right into the upper pond. Further northwest and nearly up to the Aberjona were two great ice houses very well located, with one end projecting into the lake for the inward coming ice blocks and the other end a little over the canal to send the outgoing ice crop by the cheapest possible freight service to Boston.

In summer the canal was delightful also. No place could be more beautiful than the mile or two of its passage through the lake woodlands. The great boats never charged us passage money and at every bridge one could step on or off a boat. Cleopatra's barge may have had silkier awnings and downier cushions, but it did not have a motion more swanlike. With the eyes shut you could not say there was any motion. The boatmen never bothered us. They had little to do but to talk. Theirs was in general an easy service. The long tow had the horse at one end, and the other was made fast to the top of a slightly elastic pole which stood near but not quite at the middle of the boat's length. Its exact position was scientifically important, for if it was rightly placed the boat would keep the middle of the water, and only at approaching a bridge or another boat did the boatman need to lean against his enormous steering oar.

The fishing in the canal must be noticed. Pickerel were there, and the troller had an easy time loafing along the tow path from which he could cover all the water. Smaller fish were numerous at certain spots, notably at the Lowell railroad bridge which crossed the canal near the arch over the river. Here were bream, perch, shiners, etc., but no pouts. The pouts were about ten feet south of the canal in a little pond at the angle of the railroad and canal, and there they were plenty.

Another good place for float-fishing for small fish was just above the lock at the aqueduct in front of the station house. This spot had a fine prospect to the west and south. To the right the sloping expanse of the green meadow stretched away to the head waters of the Mystic. There were no houses or obstructions to the view. To the left one's vision ranged for miles up the marshes of the Menotomy, and no house stood there except the black spooky old Dunster house fast sinking into ruin and decay. I liked this spot with the operating lock and the life about the *station house, and went there often.

*The tavern or canal house at the canal's landing No. 4, now corner of Boston avenue and Arlington street.

One day a gruesome event happened. I was walking south on Canal street and met a boy who told me something which sent me at once to the basement of the town almshouse which then stood between Canal street and the Lowell railroad. I found a dismal cell, lighted only by one small barred window, and by a feed hole about as large as a brick, in the heavy plank door. Inside was a fixed bunk but no bedding. There was not an article of furniture. The whole place was unutterably foul. And there, howling and roaring, was my old schoolmate Andrew Wade, now a raving maniac. At the grammar school a harmless idiot, neglect and bad treatment had brought him to this. The Medford authorities were not, I think, to be especially blamed, for this sort of thing was then universal. There were no state lunatic asylums. The system of kindness and some simple instruction for the insane was not heard of. It was not supposed that a crazy man had any rights, tastes, capacities for enjoyment or preference between comfort and misery, pain or pleasure. And so this dreadful punishment befell this poor wretch whose only crime was his incapacity for crime. I do not know Andrew's pedigree. Perhaps he derived from leading citizens of Medford. We know that Jonathan Wade who died in 1689 was the largest land holder in the township. What a trist ending was this. I could not bear it long, and said goodbye to Andrew, but he did not know me.

The Lowell railroad crossed Canal street at grade. I remember there was no gate or flagman there, also that the sleepers were of very heavy split granite. We boys used to figure on the number of them necessary to reach from Boston to Lowell. These stone sleepers did not stay long. They were too noisy and unyielding and later gave place to wood. I recall also the preposterous gates at the West Medford railroad crossing. There were two of them, not a bit like the familiar turnpike toll bar but made of heavy planking, box construction and much iron work, and when swung across the rails,

looked as if intended to stay a locomotive. When not swung across the rails they swung across the street. One night, perhaps no train was expected or the station master was sleeping, the gates were left across the track. A high northerly gale sprung up and started an empty gravel car which was standing on a siding, and down it came as if shot from a catapult, and so ended the box gates.

The pleasantest and most productive of the fishing places was at and near Mr. Brooks' granite arch. I hear the beautiful thing has been destroyed. I am very sorry. I do not believe any parkway or house construction can rival the original beauty of that region with its mile of forest arcade, its mighty oaks with their luxurious greenery and the outlook over the shining pond below the winding canal. The arch was perfect in its absolute simplicity. A gravel path from the Brooks mansion led over it and onward along the west bank of the canal to the nearest part of the lake where was Mr. Brooks' grove extending from the canal to the lake, full of similar trees of great size, and with pretty paths and two little stone arches over a bit of a brook which flowed down to the lake. We did not fish in the canal beyond this, but the cool shadow of the granite arch, where no sun ray ever came, was with the adjoining tree shadows, a favorite home of many kinds of fish. Besides the striped perch and bream, we there took cheven, a rather larger fish, all silver and resembling a scup, suckers large enough if not very good, and chub. This last had large silver scales with a sort of purple iridescence, and would sometimes weigh a pound. They were very good eating, too. Another beautiful fish was found at this bridge and only here. It was about as large as a small smelt, silvery but with crimson tipped fins and tail.

There was one more fishing place at the west edge of Medford, or maybe just over the edge. It was Bacon's pond in the Aberjona. Deacon Samuel Train, who lived next west of Mrs. Peggy Swan, was of very solemn

aspect. He was not so portentously solemn as the Rev. Orin Fowler of Fall River, of whom after one of his pastoral visits a tot of a girl said, "Mama, was that Dod?" but he was very grave indeed. He was, however, kindly inside, liked boys and fishing, both very good symptoms in an elderly gentleman. He would come from Boston as the sun began to decline and the best fishing hour to approach, have his wagon hitched up to his quick trotter, get in front with his great pickerel rod, put Gorham, his youngest son, and myself in behind with our perch rods and worms, and whirl away to Bacon's pond just west of Symmes' corner. While Mr. Train was hitching the horse, jointing up and getting his fishing tackle in order, we boys, who could act quickly, were catching him shiners for bait. He then took the east side of the pond where the water was shallow, where the long grass and the rushes, weeds and lily pads grew, and where the pickerel lay, and began his trolling. We took the road causeway and the railroad embankment. Results were good. Small fish were plenty and the deacon would get pickerel often over two pounds in weight.

But this retrospect is growing too long, especially as those who might sympathize with it have departed. Charles II. apologized for his unconscionable slowness in dying, and I feel that an apology for the unconscionable length of this prattle is due you from

Yours sincerely,

THOS. M. STETSON.

New Bedford, July 27, 1914.

We regret our inability to present to our readers a likeness of Mr. Stetson, with those of his contemporaries like him interested in the Historical Society's work. Thanks are due him for his letters appreciative of the REGISTER, and for the many side lights on our local history contained in his interesting reminiscences.

—EDITOR.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE IN MEDFORD.

In the days of the old militia musters some were held in Medford, and on one occasion (about 1830) occurred an action of which we find mention in the account written by W. R. Cutter. The Washington Light Infantry of Woburn was chartered July 5, 1823. Their uniform of the time was very showy—blue coat with narrow skirts trimmed with gold lace, white pants, and leather bell-topped hats surmounted with black plumes twenty-two inches long. This latter would seem to outdo the present style affected by the ladies of today, and afforded an easy mark. But we will let Historian Cutter of Woburn tell the story:—

At one of the musters which the company attended, almost a fight occurred, but no blood was shed, however. The muster was at Medford, near the residence of George Adams. For the better accomplishment of the rather difficult feat of forming a straight line, a furrow was plowed, and this furrow marked the place where each regiment was to stand. One of the evolutions was to march on to field, firing and take up their position. The regiment was at that time commanded by Col. William Winn. Twice as the infantry came up they found it occupied by another company. The captain complained to the colonel, who told him to order his company to load with blank cartridges and when they came upon the line if they found the company there to shoot the plumes off their caps, and then charge them. The company marched around, and their rival was in their place. 'Aim high, shoot nothing but the plume,' said the colonel, and they did aim high, and at the word of command blazed away with such effect that only three plumes remained; they then charged on the enemy and carried the position at the point of the bayonet. That company did not trouble the Washingtons afterward.

The scene of this muster was the Adams farm on Main street, in later years the site of Mystic park, and also for a time, at the beginning of the Civil War, an encampment or rendezvous of early Massachusetts volunteers. Doubtless on the occasion referred to there was a large gathering from all the countryside, but it could not have equalled the number that attended in the early '70s the New England Fair or the horse races there held.

Today the locality from Tufts square to Sayso road (whatever the latter may mean) is occupied by stores and a Medford population of ever-increasing density. The modern pavement has taken the place of the plowed furrow.

DEACON'S DEMIJOHN DESTROYED.

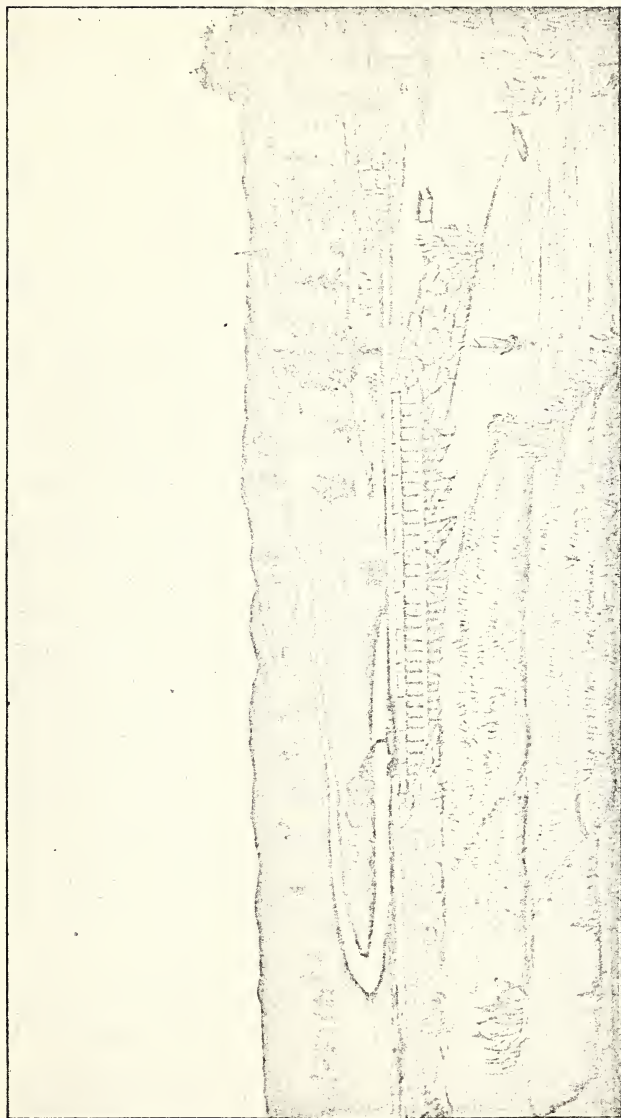
We have been asked to insert "some funny stories" relative of course to Medford or her people. In Vol. II. p. 167 of the REGISTER is a memoir of Deacon Samuel Train, the man of "solemn aspect" mentioned in this issue by Mr. Stetson. It contains a story of the accidental breaking of a demijohn of choice whiskey just presented him. A large one too, as according to the deacon's statement, the whiskey for *ten feet around was six inches deep*, and his clothes smelt so strong that his daughter thought he was intoxicated.

Caleb Swan made note of another occurrence in which the deacon met his match, and records that the deacon (probably proud of his smart grandson) told Mrs. Peggy Swan that he shouted up the stairway to the boy, "Keep still or I'll come and cut your liver out," and then the boy replied, "What will you do with it, grandpa, — cook it for breakfast?" Of course it must be understood that such were the whimsical exaggerations and expressions of a good and worthy man; habits fixed perhaps before acquiring the solemn aspect which was only external, as Mr. Stetson says he was "kindly inside."

MEDFORD STEAMBOAT DAYS.

BY MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

THE sails of Medford built ships have whitened every sea, but today not one remains in service. We know of but one (possibly two) which were propelled by steam; but these received their engines elsewhere, and never plied on our river. From time to time the tug-boats have come up the Mystic, towing the coal or lumber laden



CANAL AQUEDUCT AT MEDFORD, AND STEAMBOAT "MERRIMACK" (THE THIRD
IN MASSACHUSETTS WATERS), 1818.

vessels, or assisted at launchings. One even came as far as Auburn street in 1874, towing scows from East Boston with lumber for the earlier houses of Boston avenue, and this was the last to come above Cradock bridge.

But these are not the boats or days of our composite subject, for while the latter part may doubtless be plural the former must ever remain singular — and the circumstances attending them equally *singular*. Medford's first historian makes no mention thereof. He was then pastor of a Hingham church and was instrumental in securing, for a time, the coming of the second steamboat in Boston bay to that place in 1818.

It may seem incredible today that a steamboat should traverse the entire length of Medford territory (greater then than now) without floating in either the river or the lake, itself but the third in Massachusetts waters, and prior to the second in Boston bay.

But such was the case nearly a hundred years ago, though today no trace of water remains in its course of nearly five miles through old Medford town. Only one year earlier (July 27, 1817) had steam navigation from Boston to Salem made beginning, and proving a failure financially, the *Massachusetts* was sold, and on the way to Mobile was wrecked. Neither this first, nor the second and smaller steamboat called the *Eagle*, were built in the old Bay State. The latter made some trips in the summer of 1818 from New Bedford to Nantucket without financial success, and then came to Salem on September 15. The *Eagle* remained there two days and went presumably to Boston with but *two* passengers. The following year she made a few trips to Hingham (as alluded to) and in two succeeding years ran to Nahant, Marblehead and Salem, when she was sold and broken up. The *Eagle* was smaller than the first, being a little over ninety feet long and less than nineteen feet wide.*

We now come to Medford's early steamboat days and the third steamboat, the *Merrimack*, Captain John L.

*See Essex Historical Collections, July, 1914.

Sullivan, that ran on the *inland route* and made a continuous voyage treble the length of those of the *Massachusetts* and *Eagle*. She was a still smaller craft, less than a dozen feet wide and fifty or sixty feet long, and of light draught, owing to the physical limitation of her route, the fresh shallow water of the Middlesex canal and the Merrimack river. The former had been in operation but fifteen years, and as yet had paid no dividends, when the steamboat *Merrimack* first ploughed its placid waters.

With a steam service from Boston to Salem and Newburyport, and the Merrimack river navigable to Haverhill, the canal's interests would be endangered, and its enterprising manager set about their defense. A steamboat line on the inland route would open the Merrimack valley direct to Boston, as locks just constructed made navigation possible to New Hampshire's capital. At that time Lowell and Lawrence were not on the map at all.

But how do we know this? Some fifteen years since a Medford man,* (now an octogenarian) said: "My grandfather told me that they used to run steamboats on the canal." As his grandfather, Joseph Wyatt, was a master mechanic on the canal in 1827, the story was the more interesting and credible.

For a time persistent inquiry among the aged people long resident along the old canal, failed to throw light on the subject. An allusion in Amory's *Life of Governor Sullivan* "to many judicious inventions" by the canal manager (the governor's son), led to further search in Boston Public Library. There we found his printed statements of the same, and also that he had acquired a water power in Medford and had begun to build steam engines for use on the canal. This was on the Aberjona river, a quarter of a mile up from the aqueduct that carried the canal over that stream.†

Mr. Sullivan's steamboat *Merrimack* was of the type

*Wm. J. Cheney.

†This water power was destroyed by the explosion of a keg of powder beneath the dam in 1865, at the instance of the Charlestown Water Board.

of canal boat then in use. He already had some unsatisfactory experience with "a heavy engine from Philadelphia" and had acquired the patent of Samuel Morey's "revolving engine." It was one of this type that propelled this third Massachusetts steamboat through Medford at a time *before* steam service was established in Boston harbor or but one steamboat had ever been seen there. It is also interesting to note that Morey's patent was signed by the first president, George Washington.

A model of Morey's first engine is now at the University of Vermont at Burlington. In the absence of drawings or illustrations it is difficult to explain its operation, but Morey's engine successfully propelled a boat *against* the current of the Connecticut near his home, *fourteen years before* Fulton (who had invented no engine) made *continuously* successful use of steam as motive power on the Hudson.

There is a certain fascination in the gleaming steel and rhythmic stroke of a modern steamboat engine; but here was one of a century long gone, when the age of steam was just beginning, designed by a man of the backwoods who had little education or mechanical training; an engine of complicated parts and crude workmanship, which accomplished its purpose, and which (we are told) contained some of the features of the modern cycle motor.

It was fitly named "revolving engine," for the vital parts, i. e., the cylinder, piston, cross-head and the frame enclosing them, rotated around a common center shaft which was geared to that of the paddle wheel. The latter was, as Mr. Sullivan said, "within the stern" of the boat. The low-pressure boiler (condensing the exhaust steam) was fourteen feet long, and contained the furnace in which wood was burnt, supplemented with a stream of tar injected therein.

Our search among the aged people was at last rewarded. We had several interviews with one we had long known, at that time over ninety years of age and

in possession of her faculties, and her testimony is entirely credible.* She distinctly recalled the passing of this steamboat through the deep cut of the canal just beside her father's house, and *spoke particularly of the noise and smoke it made*. The latter was doubtless resultant upon the tar burning fixture alluded to. Probably at our interview (in 1900) she was (in that locality) the only witness of the scene then living.

Some years later it was our good fortune to find in an English work on the steam engine, an illustrated description of *one American* — the Morey — engine, such as propelled the *Merrimack* through Medford and up to Concord, N. H. the following year.

At that time Mr. Sullivan kept a journal of his cruise which is as follows:

- June 13. In the evening set off from Canal Head, Chelmsford, with two boats in tow.
- June 14. Overtook a loaded boat and took her in tow.
- June 15. Monday at 9 o'clock arrived at Concord, distance 50 miles: passing 21 locks and 3 canals.
- June 16. Went with loading to the Upper Landing, 6 miles, in 1 hour 3 minutes, unloaded and returned in 38 minutes.
- June 17. *Afternoon* 5 o'clock. Went up river 7 miles, in 1 hour 15 min., 23 members of General Court on board.
- June 18. *Morning*. Went up river $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 1 hour 8 min., 32 passengers on board.
Afternoon. Went up 8 miles with 157 passengers and a band of music, in two boats in tow.
- June 19. *Morning*. Towed a loaded boat to the upper landing 6 miles, 20 members on board, unloaded and returned with 91 passengers.
Afternoon. Went up and down the river with two boats with awnings, the Governor and Council and other gentlemen on board, in all 211 passengers.
- June 21. Towed Capt. Merrill to the upper landing: loaded and towed him to Turkey Falls, 15 miles: got back at 12 o'clock.
- June 22. At 5 in the morning took a party of members up and down the river 7 miles.
Afternoon. Took a party of 215 on board with music.
- June 23. Left Concord with two loaded boats in tow.
- June 24. Arrived at Head of Middlesex.

*Mrs. Harriet (Wright) Smith, Woburn.

The three "loaded boats" towed up stream carried thirteen tons each. Justly proud of his achievement, Captain Sullivan wrote the following letter to the *Boston Advertiser* :

MR. HALE: The progress of the art of steam navigation is so interesting to our country that I need not apologize for sending you the enclosed extract from the journal of the *Merrimack*, at the commencement of the regular application of the power on the canal. This boat is of the form and size used on the canals, provided with a single engine of the revolving kind, similar to that in use at the glass factory * at Lechmere Point. She is propelled by a wheel of peculiar construction, placed at and within the stern. The engine and boiler occupy about one-half the boat. She works under all the disadvantages of novelty. Previously to the commencement of this trip, she towed loaded boats up river, against freshet, two and four at a time, faster than they could have been impelled by muscular labor in low water, and at a time when they could not have proceeded otherwise. The object is to give to the canal and navigation the degree of regularity and despatch alone wanting to turn the whole course of transportation from Boston in that direction upon the canal.

JNO L. SULLIVAN.

June 27, 1819.

The *Massachusetts* was built at Philadelphia, the *Eagle* at Norwich, Conn., but the *Merrimack* was built somewhere along the course of the canal — *not impossibly* at Medford. As yet we have submitted no proof that she came to Medford, but we consider that the following is conclusive. The books of record, accounts and papers of the canal company are preserved in the county offices at Cambridge. Search in the carefully audited bills of 1818, reveals one of William Phipps for services rendered and date of each entered. He seems to have been a general utility man, as his services were with parties of "ladies," "the cadets," "cleaning the boat," &c., &c. One item under date of August 11, 1818, at once fixed our attention. It is this: "1 day to Medford with steamboat, \$1.50." The bill bears the check mark of examination and was duly paid. Thus it appears that the little steamboat *Merrimack* has the unique distinction of steaming through Medford waters on August 11, 1818,

*New England Glass Works, East Cambridge.

one month and six days before the *Eagle*, (which was but little larger) made her first appearance in Boston harbor.

Through this little old town of barely 1400 people with its ship building industry but a few years in progress, close beside, and never far from, but *over* and *across* our tidal river, beside our beautiful lake and through the enchanting woodlands that bordered it, *to* but not into the smaller river then within our bounds, came the precursor of the modern tow-boat, at that time the *only* steamboat plying in the waters of the old Bay State.

The query will be raised, Why was *not* this apparently successful navigation of canal and river continued? for had it been, the successful rival, the railroad, had not gained so easy a victory. The answer may be found, partly in the natural conditions then existing and partly in the financial. The Merrimack river, with its many rocks and the sunken logs of the lumber drives, all difficult to remove, was a continual menace; while the artificial banks of the canal were ever in danger from the surging wash created by the boat's paddle wheel. The latter had caused a similar disaster in Scotland in earlier years. With continued repairs at heavy expense, the enterprise had as yet yielded no return on the investment, but rather, assessment of the stockholders. While the New Hampshire legislators and others of those Captain Sullivan treated to a free excursion enjoyed the same, it requires dollars to finance a project and dynamite to remove obstructions. The former were not forthcoming and the latter then unknown. Under more favorable circumstances Captain Sullivan's dream of river navigation might have been realized.

MEDFORD'S NAMESAKES.

It has been the purpose of the REGISTER to furnish its readers authentic information as to the other Medfords of our country, fourteen in all. To compass this we addressed, on February 3 last, to the town or city clerk of each, a letter of inquiry. All had our address on the

cover, contained stamps for reply, and were written in uniform text. They especially enquired as to the naming of the place, and stated that such historical article as might be prepared would (when published) be sent to the replying informants. These letters also stated that, through the REGISTER's exchange list and the various libraries into which it goes, the various Medfords might be better known. Of these *fourteen* places, but *five* have been heard from, and but one letter returned undelivered. We are thus sure that the other eight must have reached some municipal officer who took no interest in the matter, and failed to make reply that would have cost only the effort of writing. These were in Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota and Tennessee; that unclaimed and returned, from Indiana; and the replies from Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Oregon, Maryland and Maine (in the order named).

We regret that we have learned nothing from a majority of the younger Medfords, and so shall be unable to carry out our perhaps too ambitious plan; also, that in the brief space *now* available we cannot do justice to those who did reply.

Clerk T. G. Jeffers of Wisconsin, a man past fourscore, says those Medfordites are German, Swiss, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Poles (in order named), a dairying and stock-raising people along with their lumbering and tanning industries. He was the second to reply, and is "proud to be a Yankee whose ancestors in this country date back to 1635." His Medford is the county seat, has 2,000 people (14,000 in county), an \$85,000 court house, \$65,000 high school, four ward schools, eight churches, a Carnegie library coming, and two weekly newspapers (one German). The soil is a clay loam, highly productive and well watered by the various streams, in which are plenty of game fish. This Medford got its name by the loyalty to New England of the Wisconsin Central Railroad manager in 1873. He was Charles R. Colby from Boston, and gave the various stations names of Massachusetts towns — Medford, Chelsea, Auburndale, and others.

Another Medford is, as Clerk Bigelow writes, "back in the Maine woods;" was incorporated in 1824 as Kilmarnock (the birthplace in Scotland of an early settler's father), and changed, by petition of citizens, to Medford in 1856. Water power is abundant (more than is utilized), lumbering and farming the chief occupation of its 300 people. It has one church, Free-will Baptist, is on the Piscataquis river, and reached from Bangor. Mr. Bigelow sent an excellent historical sketch of his town that exhibits his interest in our plan.

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Medford, Maryland, was a railroad station, originally called *Medwood*. When it came to have a post office it was discovered that one named Medwood already existed, and so its name was changed to Medford—as a compromise.

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Medford, Indiana, is a little hamlet (around a railway station) of some fifty inhabitants. Its affairs are cared for by the county.

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Medford, Oklahoma (the first to reply) has not as yet sent the information gathered, probably waiting to ascertain why it was so named.

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Medford, Oregon, is an enterprising city of 10,000 inhabitants, as evidenced by the literature we have in hand from its mayor, Mahlon Purdin, Esq., who writes that the name was selected by some one from Medford, Massachusetts, in 1885. A finely illustrated book of fifty pages, issued by its Commercial Club, and a copy of a special issue of thirty-six pages of its daily paper, gives evidence of the public and business buildings, its broad and lighted streets, and its various industries, notably fruit growing.

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We regret greatly that *our present space and opportunity* forbid further elaboration of this subject.

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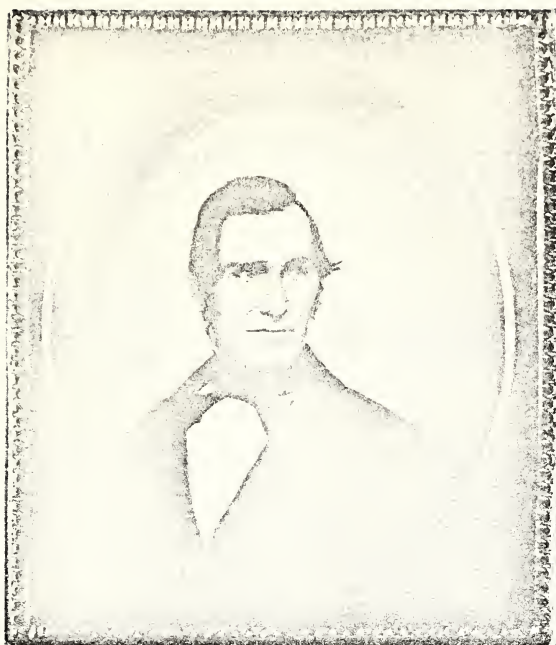
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AARON K. HATHAWAY



BRIDGE OVER MIDDLESEX CANAL IN BROOKS ESTATE,
WEST MEDFORD

1820-1911

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1915.

No. 1.

AN OLD-TIME PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOL TEACHER OF MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, January 18, 1915.]

BY JOHN H. HOOPER.

AARON KIMBALL HATHAWAY, born in Grafton, Mass., December 21, 1809. Married August 29, 1836, Mary Ann Hale, daughter of Deacon Daniel Hale of Byfield Parish (now South Byfield), Newbury, Mass. He was fitted for college at Dummer Academy, South Byfield, and entered Dartmouth College, where he remained one year, then went to Amherst College and graduated in the year 1836. He became principal of Warren Academy in Woburn, Mass., and remained there until the year 1842, when he went to North Carolina for his health, where he remained about one year. On his return he came to Medford and taught the West Grammar School, then located in the old brick schoolhouse on the rear of the Unitarian Church lot on High street. (The high school was also in the same building.) His connection with this school commenced in August, 1843, and terminated in the year 1846. During his term of service the school was transferred into the new high and grammar schoolhouse on High street. This house was three stories in height and stood with its gable end towards the street. The lower story was of brick and was divided by a partition from front to back. It was opened half an hour or so before school in the morning for the accommodation of the pupils; in cold weather it was heated, and was much appreciated by the pupils, especially those who came from a distance. It was used as a play-room in rainy weather and as a lunch-room by those pupils who brought their lunches.

The west side was for the use of the grammar school, which occupied the second story, and the east side for the use of the high school, which occupied the third story. A board fence six feet in height separated the school yard from the street. An incident occurred while Mr. Hathaway taught in the old schoolhouse that is worth relating. One of the party slogans in use during the Presidential campaign of the year 1844 was "No Protection." At that time some of the larger boys of the high school were inclined to annoy the smaller boys of the grammar school. On one occasion Mr. Hathaway interfered to protect his pupils, and informed the high school boys that in future he proposed to protect his pupils from their annoyances. The next morning there appeared over the door of the grammar school the words "No Protection," written in large letters with white chalk. That same day, at recess, one of the high school boys paraded in front of the door of the grammar school shouting "No Protection," and annoying the grammar school boys. While so engaged Mr. Hathaway sprang from the doorway of his school-room and seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him into his school-room porch and gave him a severe lecture upon his conduct. Whatever other influences were brought to bear upon the case are not known, but there was no more trouble, and Mr. Hathaway proved to the satisfaction of everybody concerned that he was both able and willing to protect his pupils.

After resigning as teacher of the West Grammar School Mr. Hathaway opened a private English and Classical School and fitted young men of his school for college. Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard, Tufts and Williams Colleges all received students from his school. His school was first located in the second story of the Medford Branch Railway building on Main street, and was afterwards transferred to a double house on the east side of Ashland street. About the year 1850 he built a school-house on the north side of Chestnut street. This house was a story and a half in height, with two entrances;

the boys' room was on the first floor, and the girls' room on the second floor. Mr. Hathaway taught the boys, and Miss Annette Hale (his sister-in-law) the girls. Mr. Hathaway also built a large dwelling-house on the corner of Ashland and Chestnut streets, into which he moved with his family just before Christmas, 1851. His school contained pupils from Medford and the surrounding towns; also from other parts of the United States, Mexico and the West India Islands. He boarded many of his pupils, some of whom remained with him many years. Mr. Joseph Bird of Watertown was the singing master, and Mr. Horace Bird, his brother, the music teacher; he was succeeded by Mr. Henry G. Carey. Mr. Hathaway was a kindly man and was much beloved by his pupils; to illustrate this we quote from a letter from a lady, formerly a pupil of his school: —

“ Aaron Kimball Hathaway was a true Christian gentleman, kind and sympathetic, a genuine scholar of the old school, his mind far out-reaching his frail body. The foundation of my early education is, in a measure, due to his intellectual influence. I attended his school, with my brother, in the years 1851 and 2. He always opened the school with devotional service, often supplemented with interesting talk on some moral subject. He was many sided, and interested in everything that was uplifting. He was most happy when seated at his desk, teaching. Helping to develop the minds of the pupils before him, he never discriminated; he had no special favorites, at least it was not evident. I think he made warm friends of nearly all of his pupils; his personality was such that the most unruly feared and respected him, if they did not love him, which last I am sure many did. . . . There were exhibitions occasionally in the old Town Hall by the advanced pupils of the school. Mr. Hathaway was interested in athletic games, always contributed for them, and encouraged and instructed his pupils in the foot-ball games that were held on the field east of the schoolhouse; he watched them at recess with great interest and pleasure. He was successful in managing large unruly boys, bringing out their best, often where other instructors had failed. . . . The controlling influence and authority exerted by the teacher was peculiar, not painfully evident, but one felt it was there. He was interested in civic and church affairs, well versed in law, often in those days called upon for opinions, the execution of deeds and civic documents. He also engaged in surveying, but his forte was instruction; he excelled as a teacher. He was a fine surveyor; many date their

interest in that pursuit to his instruction. He possessed good instruments, and enjoyed assisting and instructing his pupils on the east field. He was very strong in the languages, particularly Latin. I studied that before the English grammar, by his advice. Miss Hale taught the younger pupils in English, but we always recited in language and elocution in the larger room to Mr. Hathaway. He always seemed to be suffering from a hidden malady that sapped his bodily strength, and we were conscious of his fortitude in bearing his burden. He was fine looking, but always pale in countenance."

At the height of its prosperity, in 1860, the school was dispersed by the death of its founder. Its building still remains in Chestnut street, but used as a dwelling-house.

Mr. Hathaway had a fine sense of humor, as illustrated by the following incident: The Rev. Mr. Haskins, Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, and Mr. Hathaway were college classmates, and each was building a dwelling-house in Medford at the same time. Mr. Haskins' house was at West Medford, and was built upon a rock. Mr. Hathaway's house was, as has been before stated, at the corner of Ashland and Chestnut streets, and was built upon sandy soil. The former wrote to the latter that he was surprised that they should differ about building, one on sandy soil and the other upon rock. After the tornado, in the year 1851, it was found that while Mr. Hathaway's house, being outside the path of the tornado, was not damaged, Mr. Haskins' house was entirely demolished; thereupon Mr. Hathaway wrote to his friend, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Mr. Hathaway served upon the school committee of Medford two years. He was at one time in charge of the Bishop estate.

Five children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway: Edward Kimball Hathaway, born in Woburn, August 19, 1838, drowned in Mystic River, just below Cradock bridge, Medford, July 9, 1844. Mariannette Hale Hathaway, born in Woburn, July 21, 1840; died in Medford, December 12, 1873. Sarah Kimball Hathaway, born in Medford, July 1, 1845; married, April 24, 1867, Abner Loammi Deane, who died in Medford, November 22, 1867. Mrs. Deane

married, October 15, 1879, Thomas Chase Thurlow of West Newbury. Alice Brooks Hathaway, born in Medford, October, 1847; died in Medford, August 24, 1849. Agnes Elizabeth Hathaway, born in Medford, December 25, 1849; married, October 1, 1873, Henry Nelson Loud of Au Sable, Mich.; died at Ann Arbor, Mich., March 25, 1909. Mr. Hathaway died in Medford, September 16, 1860. Mrs. Hathaway died in Medford, May 29, 1881. Sarah K. and Agnes E. Hathaway both taught in the public schools of Medford.

I am indebted to Miss Eliza M. Gill for assistance rendered in the preparation of this article.

The following is a partial list of the pupils of the Hathaway School, with places of residence as nearly correct as it was possible to obtain them:—

FROM MEDFORD.

Emily Angier.
Harry Bradlee.
Eliza Bishop.
Josephine L. Bates.
Joseph D. Cushing.
Sarah M. Cushing.
Julia Cushing.
Nellie Evans.
George G. Floyd.
Eliza M. Gill.
Eleanor H. Green.
Samuel S. Green.
Edmund F. Hooper.
Agnes E. Hathaway.
Sarah K. Hathaway.
Ned Hastings.
Edward Holman.
Herbert Holman.
Samuel C. Lawrence.
Otis F. Litchfield.
Horace E. Morse.
Herman Mills.
Helen E. Mills.
Thatcher Magoun, 3d.
Sarah Miller.

Emily Nason.
Helen Porter.
Elisha Pierce.
Georgianna Pierce.
Julia Raymond.
Agnes Raymond.
The Misses Revalion.
Marietta T. Reed.
Milton F. Roberts.
Frank Stevens.
Thomas Silsby.
Edward Thorndike.
Charles Thorndike.
Mary J. Tay.
Samuel Vaughn.
George Wise.

FROM MALDEN.

Charles G. Fall.
Albert W. Moore.

FROM BOSTON.

George Evans.
Alfred Evans.
Josephine Smith.

FROM EVERETT.

Julian Van Voorhies.
Fred. Van Voorhies.

FROM NEWBURY.

Mary A. Jackson.
Mary S. Moody.

FROM WINCHESTER.

Edward Bacon.
John Bacon, Jr.

FROM WOBURN.

Traverse Morong.

FROM FALMOUTH, ME.

Susie M. Noyes.

FROM VERMONT.

Frances F. Stimpson.

FROM NEW YORK.

William Adams.

FROM SANTO DOMINGO.

Arthur Washington Lithgow.
Thomas Lithgow.

FROM PORTO RICO.

Frederic De Mena.
Enrique De Mena.

FROM CUBA.

Manuel Calves.
Everisto Calves.
Raymond De Groen.
Antonio De Navarro.
Everardo Woodbury.

RESIDENCE UNKNOWN.

John Henry Bufford.
David Callender.
John Hutchinson.
John Hood.
Kitty Hood.
Charles Stanton.

GRANDCHILDREN OF A. K. HATHAWAY.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS CHASE THURLOW AND SARAH KIMBALL
THURLOW, NEE HATHAWAY:

GEORGE CHASE THURLOW.

EDWARD KIMBALL THURLOW.

SUSAN CHASE THURLOW.

WINTHROP HALE THURLOW.

All born in West Newbury, Mass.

Edward Kimball Thurlow and wife are now living in
Wuhu, China.

GEORGE CHASE THURLOW AND ANNIE GOODRICH THURLOW HAVE
FOUR CHILDREN:

GEORGE HAROLD THURLOW.

DOROTHY GOODRICH THURLOW.

LOIS CHASE THURLOW.

ELIZABETH KIMBALL THURLOW.

These last are the tenth generation living on Chase
estate.

CHILDREN OF HENRY NELSON AND AGNES E. H. LOUD:

HENRY KIMBALL LOUD.

Born in Au Sable, Mich.

FREDERICK HALE LOUD.

Born in Au Sable, Mich.

EMILY HATHAWAY LOUD.

Born in Au Sable, Mich. Died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
December 30, 1901.

MARIAN VIOLET LOUD.

Only one born in Medford, Mass.

GEORGE BREWSTER LOUD.

Born in Au Sable, Mich.

ARTHUR CALEB LOUD.

Born in Au Sable, Mich.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE B. LOUD :

GEORGE BREWSTER LOUD, JR.

STEWART MONTGOMERY LOUD.

THE ADAMS FARM REGION.

Because of the extensive building operations (in the locality named below) in recent years, and the present development of so-called "College Acres," including the demolition of the Willis house, at the corner of Main street and Stearns avenue, the following, communicated by Mr. Francis Wait, is of interest: —

Squire Nathan Adams, also called Captain, owned a large farm on both sides of Main street. His dwelling-house stood on the site of the "Mystic House." * After his death (1842) George E. Adams (a grandson) carried on the farm and had a milk route to Boston. He (George) married, in 1847, Miss Staniels of Malden. He moved the old house and built the house afterward called "Mystic House," where he took his bride. A driveway at the north side of his house led to his farmhouse, which was later moved on the opposite side of Main street. On the south side of his dwelling-house was an extensive apple orchard (destroyed by canker-worms in the '50s), which afterward became the Mystic Trotting Park. Squire Nathan was prominent in town affairs.

Deacon Nathan Adams lived half-way up Winter Hill on the west side of Main street. Children were Nathan, Thomas, Andrew, John Q., Edward E., Elizabeth (Mrs. Staniels), Almira (Mrs. Austin), Catherine and Rebecca.

Peter T. Adams (son of Squire Nathan), a farmer, lived at one time in the Willis house. He built and lived in what *was* the next house south therefrom.

* Removed to Tufts square.

George E. Adams was later Division Superintendent of the Middlesex Horse Railroad in Medford, with stables in his barns. He drove the pioneer Sunday car into Boston.

"College Field," lying between Two-penny brook, the railroad and Harvard street, now intersected by streets bearing names of colleges, was, in 1870, the location of the Massachusetts Brick Company's works. Its sandy soil is now furnishing material for concrete blocks that are being widely distributed in Medford for house foundations.

Preceding the brick making, in the '60s, this level plain had upon it a half-mile race track that antedated the mile track of Mystic Park. At times of races, railway trains made stops on the bridge over Harvard street, and barges were lined up below for passengers to the park.

MEDFORD WEDDING AND MEDFORD SHIPS.

We sometimes wonder why certain entries are not found on our town records that we might naturally expect to see there. The following from Hunnewell's "A Century of Town Life, a history of Charlestown, Mass., 1775-1871," containing an historical sketch of the First Church, taken from the records kept by the Rev. Warren Fay, explains one instance:—

MARRIAGES.

1829 July 21 Elisha Hayden to Elizabeth J. Sables, both of Medford. The Congregational Minister was out of town.

The minister referred to was Rev. Aaron Warner of the Second Congregational Church, Medford. They were members of his church before their marriage, and were among those who withdrew in 1847 and formed the Mystic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are well remembered by our older citizens. Their home for many years was in the second house west of the Central Fire Station, on the north side of South street. He was of the firm of Hayden & Cudworth, and in a list of twenty-four ship-builders only five built more ships than this firm. The output of their yard was thirty-nine vessels, the first in 1847, the last in 1866. The largest tonnage, 1,250,

was only surpassed by three vessels built in Medford ship-yards.

Mr. Hayden came from Scituate, and his partner from Marshfield. The South Shore towns furnished nearly all the workmen in the yards here. They were sturdy, thrifty men, skilled in their trades, an honor to their times and to American labor, and we might well wish to see their type reproduced today. Many became prosperous and influential, and a goodly number established their homes here, along the river, especially in the vicinity of Ship street, and their descendants are still our citizens.

Mrs. Hayden died in Medford, August 29, 1872, and her husband November 25, 1874, aged sixty-nine.

William M. Cudworth died February 3, 1877, aged sixty-three. Models of several vessels in possession of the Medford Historical Society were presented by Mr. Cudworth's daughter.

E. M. G.

THE SECCOMB RECORDS.

Extracts from "Texts Books" of Deacon Joseph Seccombe, copied from the thirty-fourth volume of the Essex Institute Historical Collections, 1898, January to June.

FAST DAY January 8. 1756 (Medford) Text in the morning from Isaiah 42:25. This fast was appointed by reason of the surprising earthquakes which we have been visited with of late.

Aug. 7. 1757. Timothy 2:1 & 2. Now this sermon was preached on account of our Governor Thomas Pownall Esq^r who arrived the 3^d inst.

Oct. 9th 1757. Jeremiah 10, first part of 25 verse. This is the first Sabbath that we kept in the new house.*

Aug. 20th 1758. The Sabbath after we heard the joyful news of the surrender of the city of Louisbourg to the English; the text was from Jeremiah 23:24.

Thanksgiving day Sept. 14th 1758. Text. Psalm 115:1. 2. 3; this Thanksgiving was appointed by Reason of the Reduction of Louisbourg, which was surrendered up to the English July 26.

*The Seccomb house in Medford square.

Fast day June 28th 1759. This fast was appointed on account of the present expedition against Canada.

Aug. 5th This morning Mr. Turell begun the reading of the Scriptures in a new folio Bible which was ye gift of ye Hon. Isaac Royall Esq^r to the church.

Sept. 9th Benjamin Francis child baptized. Benjamin the first baptized after we had ye new silver basin and brass frame which was the gift of Mr. John Willis deceased: the basin cost a hundred and odd pounds and ye frame 9 odd.

Nov. 23^d (Mrs. Ruth Brooks that was) and I was out bride and bridegroom.

Dec. 7th This day I am 24 years old. I. S.

Jan. 4. 1761. Funeral Sermon for our late Sovereign Lord King George the second of blessed memory, who died at his palace at Kensington ye 25th of Oct. last. in 77 year of his age and 34 of his Reign, His death was sudden.

March 15th Text Isaiah 42: 25, This text was chosen on account of the shock of the earthquake felt Thursday ye 12 instant at about an hour after 2 o'clock in the morning a pretty considerable shock. (My spouce and I were at Boston).

Fast day April 22^d 1761: This is the first annual fast that I ever knew to be on Wednesday it has been customary in this Province to have fasts and thanksgivings on Thursday but tomorrow is St. Georges day which may be the occasion of its being a day sooner.

Feb. 14. 1762. This day I Joseph Seccomb and Ruth my wife openly renew our baptismal covenant and were received into the first church of Christ in Danvers by and under the Pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Peter Clark.

Aug. 26. 1764. I put up this day a note for the death of my sister Mehitable who died yesterday was a week ye 18 instant.

Nov. 29. 1767 Sister Rebecca Hall died last Monday morning ye 23^d.

April 18, 1773 Mr. Thomas Seccombe (Medford) died last Thursday night ye 15th Instant of a complication of disorders Aged 62 years.

Sept. 18 1774. Last week the Rev^d Mr. David Osgood was ordained a Pastor of ye Church in Medford.

Wednesday April 19. 1775. "The Troops of his Britanick Majesty commenced Hostilities upon the People of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay a Detachment from the Regular Army at Boston went out on ye Evening of ye 18th and march^d for Concord and in their way thro Lexington which they reach^d before sunrise on ye 19th they met with a Company of Militia of about 100 men mustered near the Meeting House; upon their coming up to our men they ordered them to disperse & throw down their Armes, calling them Rebels; upon which the troops huzza^d and immediately one or two Officers discharged their Pistols which was instantaneously followed by the Firing of 4 or 5 of the Soldiers and then there seemed to be a general Discharge from the whole Body. Eight of our men were killed and nine wounded In a few minutes after this action the Enemy renewed their march for Concord at which place they distroy^d some of the Province Stores. here they killed two of our Men. but our People oblig^d them to retreat back to Lexington where they met with Lord Percy with a large Reinforcement, however after halting awhile they retreated again and kept firing upon our men. Pillaging almost every House they Passed by breaking and distroying Doors, Windows, Glases &c. and carrying off Clothing and other valuable Effects: Burnt some houses. It appeared to be their design to burn & destroy all before them and nothing but our vigorous Pursuit (under Providence) prevented their infernal Purposes from being put in Execution. But the savage Barbaraties exercised upon the Bodies of our unfortunate Bretheren who fell. is almost incredible. Not content with shooting down the unarmed aged and infirm they disregarded the Cries of the wounded, killing them without mercy and mangling their Bodies in the most shocking manner as they retreated back to Charlestown. We had 7 men belonging to Danvers killed & a number belong. to other Towns. but ye Number of the Regulars was far greater. We have the Pleasure to

say that notwithstanding the highest Provocations given by the Enemy not one Instance of Cruelty that we heard of was committed by our victorious Militia: but listening to the Merciful Dictates of the Christian Religion they breathed higher Sentiments of Humanity." *Essex Gazette*, April 25, 1775.

Sept 24. This day we had a Note up for the Death of Brother Ebenezer Brooks.

Feb. 25. 1776. Old Mr. Zachariah Pool of Medford died last week suddenly.

The "Texts Books" close February, 1777.

Deacon Joseph Seccomb was the son of Thomas Seccomb, for many years town clerk of Medford. He followed in the footsteps of his father* in keeping a record of important events. It appears from the "Texts Books" that he left Medford and took up his residence in Danvers early in the year 1762.

J. H. H.

ALFRED R. WINTER.

On January 3, 1915, a former Treasurer of the Medford Historical Society, Mr. Alfred R. Winter, passed away after an illness dating from September 19, 1914.

As son of William C. and Mary C. (Brown) Winter, he was born March 3, 1874. He graduated from Boston University in 1901, also from the Teachers' College, Columbia University, from which he received a degree, 1913. He served as principal of grammar schools in Walpole, Peabody, Vineyard Haven and Medford, coming to the Washington School as associate in 1904, and becoming principal when Mr. Morrison retired in 1906. Here he started a Boys' Club, which proved very helpful. Entering the Boston grammar schools as sub-master at Jamaica Plain, 1909, and Dorchester, 1910, he was, on March 16, 1914, appointed to the Continuation School office as Division Superintendent of Vocational Guidance, which position he held until his death. He was always happy in

*See REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 70, for account of Thomas Seccomb's record of sermons.

his work, especially in the vocational, for which he seemed peculiarly fitted.

Of his intrinsic worth as a man and educator there are many testimonials laying stress on his great executive ability.

A. E. D.

HARRIET W. BROWN.

Harriet Wilson (Joyce) Brown, widow of John Brown, and daughter of Seth and Harriet (Daniels) Joyce, was born in Medford, Mass., October 29, 1826, of which city she was a life-long resident. She was a member of the Medford Historical Society, and a constant attendant at its meetings as long as her health permitted. She was secretary for many years of the Female Union Temperance Society, an organization formed in 1845, and which held regular meetings for fifty years. She assisted in forming the first Medford High School Association, and was one of the committee that arranged the program for its first annual meeting. She was a member of the First Baptist Church and was an earnest worker in its interests. She died in Medford, after a long and useful life, on December 19, 1914.

J. H. H.

HIGH STREET IN 1870.

A SON and daughter of old Medford have furnished the REGISTER reminiscences of old Ship and Salem streets, two of the five that lead from Medford Square. High street as it was forty-five years ago is the present subject of one then a new-comer.

On a pleasant day in early June, 1870, a matter of business took him from Wear bridge to the square, and though provided with a horse a little later, he covered the distance that day on foot.

Wear bridge was not then the substantial structure of today, and beneath the old one, a view of which may be seen in the city report of 1894, the incoming tide swiftly surged. An island lay a little down stream, and a little farther on the Arlington side, shaded by large willows,

was the picturesque Wood's mill, with its low but hated and fated dam. On the left lay the broad acres of the Brooks estate, enclosed by walls of dark Medford granite, just behind which were spruce trees, as well as others of deciduous variety. Well back from the road and on the rising ground were the Mystic hickories, and farther on, but nearer the highway and approached by a curving drive bordered by spruces, was the farmhouse and great barn surmounted by a cupola with a dragon vane. This barn was then but ten years old, and replaced the one destroyed by an incendiary in 1860. Its basement was of Medford granite, each column and arched lintel cut from a single block. Just northward from the farmhouse was the granite arch, built fifty years before, over the canal. This was of Concord granite, of marked contrast to the somber walls that bordered the highway. Elms that once bordered the canal banks and shaded the streets later gave the place the name of Elms Farm.

Beyond this, among great oaks, and some pines as well as elms, was the mansion house, the home of Edward Brooks and his son Francis, but this was approached from Grove street, the ancient Cambridge road to Woburn. Fifty years before, Mr. Brooks' father had begun Medford's park system by setting trees and fencing the "Delta" at Grove street. The stone walls beyond extended to a long line of spruces that bordered the railway.

At the right hand from Wear bridge lay a broad open plain that sloped gradually to the river, and beyond its center was a large house of cruciform shape and flat roof surmounted by a two-storied cupola, with roofs also flat. This was the home of George F. Spaulding, and his land was enclosed by a fence of not fifty-seven, but *many* varieties. A few sizable elms were before it, and these, with a few others scattered here and there, a willow or two, and a big dilapidated barn opposite the Brooks farmhouse, were the only objects to break the monotony of the scene. This plain was then called the Smith estate, and along the street for most of the way was also walled. After passing Grove street there were entrances in the walls, and cellar holes and remains of foundations could

be seen, where the Smith residence and barns had been burned a few years before. Next was the house of John Duane the florist, that had been built four years, and farther on his greenhouses. This house still remains, and with some additions is now the parochial residence of St. Raphael's Church. Beyond the greenhouse was a hedge of dogwood, and here the stone wall ended and a wooden picket fence, painted a dull yellow, enclosed the open space in front of the substantial building that bore across its front this legend,

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY,

in gilded iron capitals. In this building Ellis Pitcher kept a grocery, and also the West Medford post office.

A very ordinary road led southward by the seminary building past the residence of Henry T. Wood and the double-decked cupola, to a bridge and across the river. This was Harvard avenue, and from this diagonally across the field to the railroad was a row of poplar trees that grew to large proportions ere they were cut down.

Opposite the seminary building stood two houses belonging to the railroad, in which Daniel Kelley and Reuben Willey, the flagman and station agent, lived. The station house was near the crossing, and had been built but about ten years. The crossing had no gates, but two huge posts supported a sign-board across the street, whose metallic letters warned passers to "*Look out for the engine while the bell rings.*" This was the old formula ere "Stop, Look, Listen," came in vogue. Flagman Kelley was an old employee who had lost an arm while on duty as fireman, and then carried a red flag or light as danger signal.

Across the track to the left was the residence of Hon. J. M. Usher. It stood "somewhat back from the village street" and was heavily shaded by trees, mostly maple, with some mountain ash. A somewhat massive fence was before it, painted a somber brown, as was the house, and beyond was a vacant lot extending to Warren street. At its corner stood a very large horse-chestnut tree, that in its top showed the effects of the wrench and twist it

received from the tornado, twenty years before. Though much higher, the great Whitmore elm showed less of disaster, and though a little in the street and nearer the railway, was a noble specimen.

On the opposite side was first a triangular lot, vacant except for a small one-story brown building, in which had been a little store and the post office, but at this time not in use. Beyond this, where the post office now is, was a dwelling-house that may have been built early in the century. It had evidently seen better days. It was occupied by John C. Hatch, who two years later built and moved to a new house on the hill. Next was the home of Capt. Joseph Wyatt. This was a white cottage, standing with end toward the street, and with three entrance doors, and apple trees in the front yard. This house had been unroofed by the tornado, and in his repair the captain had put a pitched roof over the whole house, instead of over the front with a lean-to, as those old sloping roofs were styled. The captain was a nonagenarian in '70, and with his white locks and long staff, that he grasped below its top, was a noticeable figure on the village street.

Before his home was, and is, an elm that survived, not only the tornado, but the proverbial small boy. The captain's little grandson, William J. Cheney (who, eighty years old, passed away on Christmas Day last) has told several times how he was about to cut the little sapling down. His grandmother said, "No, no, William, let it grow and some time it will be a big tree." And so the tree grew, and he grew to man's estate and lived under its shade, and remodelled his grandfather's old home, which still remains intact. The last time the writer saw him he told the story, and said, "Tell the people about that tree," and our promise is now kept.

Beyond the captain's house was a shady road, Canal street, bordered by lofty elms, and a willow at the entrance drive to the Mystic Mansion.*

* See REGISTER, Vol. XV, p. 80, and Vol. XI, p. 49, for account of this and the seminary.

On the opposite corner was the house occupied by a Mr. Brockway, a carpenter. This still remains, but with various additions and alterations. Its lot was narrow on High street, as Whitmore brook was close beside it, and beyond the brook a narrow meadow, then a two-story house, now for many years occupied by J. L. Brockway, Grand Army comrade and grocer.

The two-story house next to Cottage street was then occupied by a Mr. Hooper, and is but little changed. Beyond Cottage street the ground rose, and there was a pear orchard and a white cottage house (now removed to Allston street), the dwelling of James W. Wilson. This was close in the corner next Allston street.

Beginning back at Warren street on the other side, a large open lot lay between the street and Whitmore brook, and also beyond the brook was open until on the rising ground was the old gambrel-roofed house of the senior Samuel Teele. This in exterior shape remains but little changed, but modern cornice, porch and windows, with removal of fences and the extension of Brooks street to High, make a difference.

Next beyond was the brown dwelling of Selectman J. P. Richardson, who kept a grocery at Medford square. This has been removed and a two-apartment house is on its site.

An open lot was between this and Allston street, and a pile of stones thereon marked the spot from which Mr. Lane had moved his dwelling to Purchase street.

The house next beyond Allston street was that of John H. Norton, a builder. It was an old house, with small windows, fifteen paned, and sat but little above the grade of the lot, while in the rear was the barn and shop of the owner. The doors were overhung with woodbine, and large apple trees were near by, as the lot was a large one. It was here that the former owner, Mr. Huffmaster, was fatally injured during the tornado. All these buildings were later removed to, and still are on, Allston terrace.

Farther on and farther back from the street was, and

is, the stone house of Daniel A. Gleason, Esq., then recently built. Next came a deep lot on which, but not facing or near the street, are two houses then of Mr. Hastings, who was styled Commodore. Mystic street curved up the hill, but its course is straight, down. Opposite Mr. Norton's the Brooks school building, then of wood and incomplete within, loomed up large in the middle of its roomy lot, that still speaks well for the good judgment of the town's committee, who secured its location between three streets. Beyond Auburn street, on the ledge, was the brick residence of Richard Hallowell, and next, the substantial one of Edward Hall, both business men of Boston. After the lapse of years no change is noticeable here, save the enlargement backward of the latter.

At Mystic street, that June morning, the writer was impressed with the beautiful view seen in all directions. The over-arching elms were in their vernal foliage, and the sight was one not to be forgotten. In fact, the planting of so many trees on that rocky hill and by the sandy streets at its base, speaks well for the foresight of Messrs. Teel and Hastings, the former owners.

Beyond Mystic street, among trees, was a large house, soon after turned around to face as at present and a few changes made in its exterior. It still remains, neglected, disused for years, damaged by fire, a blot upon the scene. Along the level ridge adjoining the street was no sidewalk and no house, until one came suddenly upon the old Richardson, or perhaps Bradshaw, house, screened by lilacs, at the entrance of Hastings lane. This, enlarged in '72, has but a few years since been moved around a little, and with its extensive repair has now a new lease of life, though perhaps one of the oldest houses in Medford.

Mystic street has been a favorite locality for clergymen. On the highest elevation of High street the rector of Grace Church had his residence built in 1851, and just before, Rev. John Pierpont his, of brick, close by. Rev. Mr. Haskins' house was, while in construction, en-

tirely demolished by the tornado, but was soon rebuilt. In '70 it was owned and occupied by Nathan Bridge, a business man of Boston. The terraced slopes below the house were noticeable, as well as the fruit trees thereon, and while the driveway thereto was from Mystic, there were entrance steps at the farthest corner from the sidewalk of High street.

From this point onward for many rods was a rough stone wall and dogwood hedge, which ended at a substantial fence in front of the residence of Rev. Charles Brooks, the Medford historian; later this came to be known as the "Lilacs." Save the opening of a street through the rocky hill, and the removal of fence and gateway, this side of High street shows little change today. A high board fence enclosed the back yard of his boyhood home next beyond, and his father's gambrel-roofed house closely adjoined the sidewalk. The great chimneys and sloping roof of the lean-to in the rear proclaimed it an old-timer, and within the scanty front yard three great sycamores towered, and reached out their long branches in kindly shade over the passers along Woburn street.

Thus far the writer had walked over what was once a branch from the main highway, and had come to the old center of Medford in days ago. He began to realize that Medford square was still in the distance, and after looking the old houses over, resumed his walk. Passing Hastings lane his attention was fixed on the ledge of rock that jutted out toward the road, on which was a wooden structure that proved to be the cupola of the first Brooks schoolhouse, which had just been changed into a dwelling and is still used as such. Below this ledge was the entrance drive to the great square house of Edmund Hastings, with the broad green meadow before it, and the house and greenhouses of Mr. Bean bordering the brook. The pedestrian was on the left hand, for there was a sidewalk. Leaving Woburn street he noticed a cellar hole, partially filled, and with sumac and butternut trees in and around it; and next a not

too modern dwelling, succeeded by one occupied by a Mr. Gibson, and which he afterward learned was the site of Medford's first meeting-house in 1693. Then came a lane leading to another house further back, and next a new house in process of building. Just here the sidewalk was much above the street, somewhat protected by posts and rails and a growth of lilacs. The Simonds house came next, and lower down a white and newer cottage after a sudden descent, then a great outcropping ledge, and farther back the quaint gambrel-roof cottage of Mr. Gillard, and then the meadow through which flowed the brook we know by the name of Meeting-house. Pausing beneath the grateful shade of the big elm, that in the sidewalk still remains, the writer took in the view for a time, and then walked along the slightly upward grade. Vacant land then as now across the way, but on the left a large white house set squarely facing the sun near the street, in a space as yet, after forty-five years, open, while trees are all about it. This was the home of Alonzo D. Puffer. It resembled very much the one built and owned by Dr. Osgood, but was doubtless much older. Two years later it was removed to its present location and enlarged. A few rods further and he came to where another road crossed at acute angles. This the reader will recognize as the present Winthrop square.

A big, dark-colored house lay beyond the crossing street, and beyond it a lane. The house had a long rambling ell and quaint dormer windows, faced the sun, and the first story was almost hidden by the lilacs and other trees that were near it. This was, of course, the Porter or Turell house. Steps in the wall and a gravel walk led up to a house on the hill, then more vacant land and another lane, and next an old, old house, quite small, with a lean-to in the rear, and painted yellow. This was the Roach house. Beyond this the land was higher than the sidewalk and was retained by a brick wall topped by a low fence of wood. While the fence was upright the wall had been crowded out at the top and looked

ready to fall. A driveway beyond it led into the grounds of the Train house. Later the brick wall was removed, the street widened, and the front porch and steps of house narrowed a little. But who of all passers has ever seen those front doors open? Next more lilacs, the old Watson house, now just gone, and there was the curved carriage path, and the great straw-colored meeting-house of the First Parish. Its classic architecture, pillared porch and storied steeple, all in massive proportion, could but command attention, and as the clock struck the hour, there was that in the tone of the bell that proclaimed it one of the olden days. The sign-board of the road beside it said nothing then of powder house, but beyond it in stately simplicity, was another great house, about whose entrance doors the old-time carpenters have shown their skill. This also near the street (nearer now), as though good Doctor Osgood wanted to save all the land possible for his garden.

The wide lawn with its trees and walks, and the spacious house in English style of Mr. Boynton was especially attractive, but no more noticeable than the next, that seemed completely shut in by a high board fence. Still, the uncommon sight of a three-story ell and two-story house was the same as now. But stately and singular was the next, the residence of the elder Magoun, the figure-eight house it was sometimes called, with its steep drive and the stable in its rear. A large open frontage on the street extended up the hillside and on toward another building the stranger thought to be a schoolhouse, though he wasn't sure whether the vane on the cupola was a telescope or a base-ball bat.

Then, close together, were five houses, all but the first (which had a long roof sloping backward) of generous proportions, and by their style of construction proclaiming their respectable bearing and evident age. Then a narrow lane led backward to a brick house, that needed but a glance to show it to be one of old-time importance; and next another, stately indeed, as befitted the old governor's mansion; and then the big horse-chestnut tree,

a monarch indeed, to which the birds of the air still come. The Simpson tavern, with its wide porch and balcony, and another brick building beyond it. Oh! but there was another before coming to the tavern, *i.e.*, the Seccomb house, a little one—what was it, a barber's shop or a reading room?

A vacant lot was next Forest street where had been the old Tufts house.

On the other side of old High street and leaving the place that has since become Winthrop square the land was much below the street, whose retaining wall and sidewalk was fenced for safety. Large elms were noticeable, and cows were pastured in the enclosure. A big double house that looked substantial stood here, then another field that sloped away to Meeting-house brook and the river. Next was Grace Church, but without the chimes or the chapel extension. It was then but a few years built, as also the Tufts residence that adjoined it. This had then no outer chimney, but there was a massive fence along the sidewalk, painted, as was the house, in colors blue. The next house and that of Thatcher Magoun need no description, except to mention the high fence and gateways with lantern over, and the well-kept grounds, and the statuary. Next a large house with mansard roof, a porch over the front entrance, and the ground below the street sloping to the river and vacant for some distance. A small cottage painted straw-color stood close to the way; next the old Grace Church, in which then or later a Medford school was kept. Then came the house of Dr. Bemis; next the fire engine house, since moved a little, and now the Grand Army hall, and next the "Orthodox," or "Mr. McCollom's Church." There was then no clock upon it, but it had a bell which was rung at stated intervals each week day at the town's expense.

A small vacant lot lay beyond the church, and next was the four-story brick block then called the "Usher Building." Next were some low wooden buildings, in one of which was Wyman's market, that in later years

gave place to the Odd Fellows building. The two-story wooden building with the Coburn and another store was there as now, and the Town hall, as everybody knows, was there in 1870, in practically its present appearance. And here ended, or rather began, High street, over which the writer has since many times walked, driven or trolleyed, but never found it so long as on that day.

In this description he has turned into no side streets, as he did into none then. Were the walk to be taken today one would find these streets increased by thirteen, ten of which lie west of the railway. Six of these extend southeasterly across the then open plain, and show attractive views along their maple-bordered lines. One would look in vain for the great barn of Mr. Brooks, or the beautiful arch, though the farmhouse remains. But new streets are here, and new houses, nearly fifty in number, are upon his ancestral estate. The old-time houses of forty-five years ago are, of course, easily recognized, and the number erected since but small. Some changes, however, have been made that have been radical. Below the surface on that day was no sewer, neither water nor gas mains, as now. Today almost the entire length is double-tracked with steel and paved with asphalt or macadam. No wires or conduits then, only the telegraph needed them, and that was along the railway. Mr. Pitcher's grocery became Joseph E. Ober's six months later, but instead of being the only store has numerous competitors. The greenhouses have given place to St. Raphael's Church, the wooden depot to a larger one of stone, and the Usher house, with its trees, to a business and residence block.

The Congregational Church (of stone) has replaced the Wilson home, and the larger Brooks School (of brick) the wooden one. Wolcott road is so new that its mention is scarcely yet history, and the few new houses opposite do not obstruct the view of College Hill. This view is a far different one today, as it has grown from three buildings of the college and three residences on the hill slope. No new dwellings from the top of the

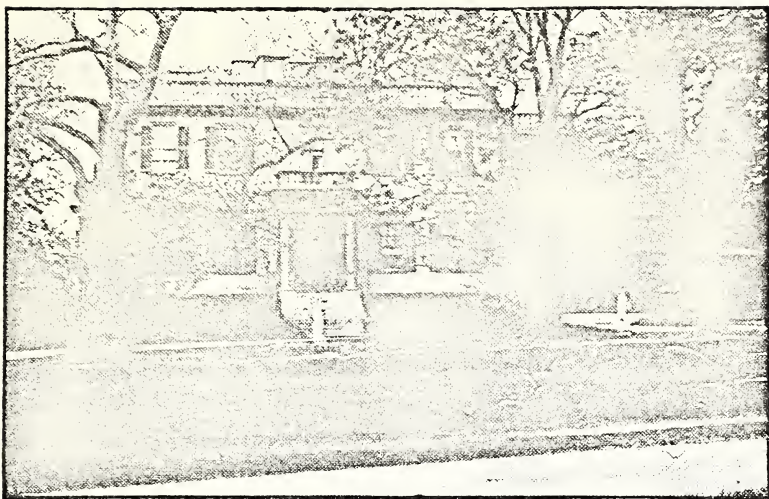
hill to Grace Church save the rectory on one side and the Jenney residence on the other. The Puffer residence was moved, enlarged, and so remodelled as to show no semblance of its former self.

The First Parish Church, of course, replaces the old edifice, the St. Joseph's parochial residence the old Unitarian parsonage, and the Magoun residence has become the Public Library. St. Joseph's Church has been built, as has also the armory, on whose site Mr. Magoun built, in the early seventies, an elaborate stable for his cows, which later became a dwelling-house. The old Episcopal Church has become a double dwelling, the Dr. Bemis house enlarged, and two more built just below it. James Bean's house, now the Children's Library, on one side and the Dutton dwelling on the other of the new Hillside avenue complete the residences built on High street since 1870. The old High School enlargement, the Telephone building, the two banks, and the Weymouth building (Tufts Hall) bring us to Medford Square.

Mr. McCollum's meeting-house (afterward St. Joseph's) still remains as Page & Curtin's store, and the two-story wooden building southward was built by J. M. Usher in '71, but the Opera House block was erected in later years. In making these changes some eight or nine buildings have been demolished and one removed, and one church burned. With the exception of the portion next the square, and another but little longer at West Medford, old High street is a residential street, though one of our main arteries of travel.

Twenty-one thousand people have come to Medford since 1870, but the increase has been little on High street.

With the thought of presenting to the people of today a view of it as it was in '70, and with the hope that the coming years of Medford's growth may keep it in its present beauty, only building on its few remaining spaces attractive homes and substantial structures where business may require, this sketch has been written.



MANSION OF PETER CHARDON BROOKS.
Courtesy of Geauga Republican, Chardon, Ohio.



THE INDIAN MONUMENT AND BROOKS MANSION.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XVIII.

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No. 2.

PINE AND PASTURE HILLS

AND THE PART THEY HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF
MEDFORD.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Immediately after the issue of the January REGISTER, the editor received the following: "Now comes your very useful record of High street in 1870; it reawakens my interest. . . . I send these papers in the hope of stirring up the curiosity of Mr. Hooper, yourself, or some other." One of the "papers" is:—

WANTED, I.

A contour sketch of the tract bounded as below — as nature left it, say, in 1630 to 1635:

E — by line of Governors lane.

S — by river.

W — by line of Library lot.

N — by the crest, [*i.e.*, of the hill].

WANTED, II.

A history of the Medford industry in dark granite and red gravel.

The "papers" received contain a series of queries, raised by a careful reading and review of "The Ford at Mistick," by J. H. Hooper, Vol. IV, p. 1, REGISTER. One paragraph of the "papers" sent, is:—

Medford was a spectacle town. A very high, bulky and red nose stuck up between the glasses. Later this was about the best part of Medford, but neither streets nor lots yet fit for homesteads. The colonists wanted practical convenience — not hill-top villas or bungalows. The Halls owned the whole of Pasture hill, but never dreamed of living up there; they left it to the kite-flying boys, and preferred to dig their homes down to the level of common folks.

The writer of the above, a Medford boy of over eighty years ago, doubtless finds his heart turning gratefully

toward his boyhood home. Mr. Hooper has answered in these pages many of Mr. Stetson's queries, and is carefully and diligently working on others. We commend a re-reading of "The Ford at Mistick," and venture the opinion that the "bulky red nose" will be located by the reading of the present paper.

EDITOR.

BEGINNING in the northerly part of the city of Medford, near the boundary line between said city and the town of Stoneham, and running in a southwesterly direction in a slightly curved line, is a ledge of dark-colored rock, strongly impregnated with iron, which is familiarly known as Medford granite. In its course across the city there are several places elevated above the surrounding plain, where, at the time of the great upheaval, the bed rock was split into fragments of greater or less extent, and in the ages that followed, the rain filtering through the earth into the fissures of the rock caused it to oxidize or rust. This disintegrated rock or granite is the so-called red gravel, or, as it is sometimes called, Pasture hill gravel, Pasture hill being the place from which it was first excavated. There are two elevations that have yielded most of the granite that has been quarried and the red gravel that has been excavated. Pine hill, the larger of the elevations, is the point spoken of as being near the Stoneham line. It is supposed to take its name from the pine trees that grew upon it. This hill and the surrounding district furnished a large amount of stone and gravel in former years. The last stone quarried there was used in the construction of Cradock bridge, in the year 1880. Pine hill was a part of the Charlestown wood lots, and became a part of Medford in the year 1754. It is now included in the Middlesex Fells Reservation. Following along the course southwesterly, there are traces of granite and red gravel through nearly the whole distance, until a small elevation is reached just north of Pasture hill and a short distance therefrom, where there was once a granite quarry, then across Hall road to Pas-

ture hill, or the "hill pasture," as it was known in the early days of the plantation.

What is called Pasture hill at the present day is the easterly portion of a hill that extends westerly to Marble or Meeting-house brook. The crest of the hill is but a short distance from Medford square. The extreme southerly portion thereof, that centers where the old high schoolhouse is situated, formed the bank of the river. From this point, where the width of the granite formation was quite narrow, the rock extended down under the river, to reappear on George street, opposite the Lorin L. Dame schoolhouse.

Its next and last appearance in Medford is in a field south of, and adjoining the estate of the late George L. Stearns. Powder House hill, in the city of Somerville, is of the same formation. When the Metropolitan sewer was constructed, this granite ledge was found in the excavation in High street, in front of the schoolhouse lot, very near the surface and extended down below the bottom of the excavation, which was below high-water mark. From this point of the hill that formed the bank of the river, the elevation sloped down, both east and west to the line that separated the upland from the marshland. At several places it was quite abrupt. This line on the west began at Marble or Meeting-house brook near Winthrop street, and ran along in the rear of the estates that front on High street, substantially as it exists today, until it reaches St. Joseph's church lot. Then it crosses a portion of that lot just west of and adjoining the Armory building, to the landing place formerly called the bank, which was the northerly end of the ford, and which is now a part of the Armory lot. On this lot once stood a tannery, slaughter-house, and one of Medford's ship-yards. Bordering the river around the base of the hill, the marshland begins again near the square, following down near Riverside avenue, crossing the avenue just below the brick engine house of the Boston & Maine Railroad Corporation, and passing in the rear of the old burying-ground to Salem street near Gravelly

bridge. That portion of the hill west of the schoolhouse lot remains in substantially its natural condition, except for a few minor changes.

On the southeasterly side of the hill near the river was a thick deposit of coarse white gravel, which covered the granite formation, forming the bank of the river and extending down to the marsh line. It is probable that there was but little, if any, marsh west of Main street. Judging from what is known of the conformation of the hill, the gravelly beach must have extended as far as the square. It was on this slope of the hill, close to the water's edge, near the fording place, on the pathway from Salem to Mistick ford and near to the future location of the bridge, that Governor Cradock's servants selected their dwelling-place. It was an ideal spot, there being no other location from Wilson's farm to the Wears, taking all things into consideration, that could compare with the surroundings of what is now the present square. (See map of Ten Hills farm made in 1637, also map supposed to have been made in 1633 and bearing legends in the handwriting of Governor John Winthrop, in Vol. I, No. 4, of the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.)

No traces of the granite formation have been found east of Governors avenue. All the houses on the north side of High street were supplied with water from wells dug down into the white gravel deposit.

Before proceeding to consider the changes that have taken place on the easterly and southerly side of the hill, let us put ourselves on the same position as did the writer of the article on the ancient ford. (See Vol. IV, No. 1, of the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.) The writer, in attempting to describe the situation of the landscape as it existed at the date of the settlement of the plantation, located his mind's eye on the crest of the hill, in the rear of the site of the old high school lot on High street, and gazed about the landing place of the ford a short distance both east and west. Locating our mind's eye in the position above referred to, let us gaze southerly and easterly from the landing place of the ford

to the landing called No-Man's-Friend, at the foot of Cross street on Riverside avenue; let us also suppose it to be low water in the river. We will see a gravel beach extending down to low-water mark, almost if not as far as the square; then on the east side of Main street the marshland extending as far as No-Man's-Friend landing, and Gravelly creek winding its crooked way through the marsh to the river. We will see in the place where the town pump formerly stood, a pond of water. Rev. Charles Brooks, in his history of Medford, says, "Where the town pump now stands in the market-place there was a small pond, whose edges were covered with a growth of small flags; and there are persons now living (1855) whose fathers have told them, that wild ducks were shot in that pond." We will also see the path from Salem to Mistick ford trailing over the present Salem street, fording Gravelly creek, passing along the edge of the pond in the market-place or square, and winding around the verge of the hill to the landing place of the ford. This is the path travelled by Ralph Sprague and his party (two of whom were his brothers Richard and William) from Salem through the wilderness to Mistick ford, in the summer of 1628(9). They found Mr. Cradock's servants occupying a farm called Mistick, that they had planted on the east side of the river called Mistick. It is almost certain that this path was an Indian trail that passed through Medford, and continued westerly to the wears at the outlet of the Mystic ponds where the Indians were wont to assemble for the purpose of fishing.

Let us recall to our minds how that portion of the hill looked a few years since, in the rear of the houses known as the Dudley and Ebenezer Hall houses. The hill in the rear of the Dudley Hall lot was as high as the eaves of the house, and it was still higher in the rear of the Benjamin Hall house. Gazing at the same time at the river bank we will then understand what the contour of the hill must have been, and what a large amount of material has been removed, to make the changes that we see today. The river bank has been walled up with

split granite, from the ancient ford to No-Man's-Friend landing; and the space back of the wall, as also the marshes, have been filled above high water mark. The grade of the market-place or square has been raised many feet and the pool of water has disappeared. Cradock bridge has been built, also the dam with lock and canal. Salem path to Mistick ford has been widened and is now known as Salem street; before it took its present name it was known as the Malden road. Main street, Forest street and Riverside avenue (formerly known as Mile lane, and still later as Ship street), have been laid out. High street has been cut through the thick gravel deposit, and the sites of the houses on the north side of the street have been graded back into the hill.

The site of the lot of Benjamin Hall, senior, afterwards known as the Dr. Swan lot, was excavated further back into the hill than the other lots nearer the square, and what remained of the hill on that lot was terraced and set out with fruit trees, shrubs and flowering plants, and the several terraces were reached by flights of stone steps. When in its prime it was one of the show places of Medford. The upper terrace of the Dudley Hall lot was reached by a long flight of stone steps. The stable of Benjamin Hall was east of his house and near the street. The stable and carriage houses of the other houses were on the opposite side of the street. The grading of High street and the sites of these houses furnished the material used in filling back of the retaining walls, raising the grade of the market-place or square, Main street and the marshes. In recent years a large amount of material has been removed from this slope of the hill, and used for the repair of streets and for other purposes. Governors avenue from High street to the point where it connected with Pasture Hill lane, was laid out over the lot of land formerly owned and occupied by Benjamin Hall, senior, and still later by Dr. Daniel Swan. The greater part of this lot afterwards came into the possession of the town of Medford. It contained a large amount of stone and gravel, (both white and red) suitable

for highway purposes. From the northerly line of this lot the avenue runs northerly, including within its location the old lane which was about one rod in width. From the hill on the west side of the lane, was probably quarried most of the stone used in the construction of the retaining walls on the bank of the river. Red gravel was also extensively excavated from this portion of the hill. This quarry was but little used for many years prior to the hill being laid out into building lots.

The Pine hill district contained the largest masses of granite, and was the probable source of most of the split granite, both cut and uncut, so extensively used for building purposes in this vicinity. Medford granite was much in demand. A former resident of the town says, "Mr. Joseph Grinnel built a house of it in New Bedford in 1830, and told me it came round Cape Cod in a schooner." Medford red gravel was very popular. It was used on street and garden walks, both in Medford and in the surrounding cities and towns. The city of Boston used it on the walks of the Common and Public Garden. It was also used on the walks of Mount Auburn cemetery.

We extract from the records of the town of Woburn the first mention of a highway from Woburn to Mystic bridge.

"14th of the 7 month 1646, Edward Convers and Samuel Richardson are appointed to lay out a highway between this town and Mistick bridge being joined with some of Charlestown and some of Mistick House." [Governor Cradock's farm house in Medford square.]

The record fails to give the location of the way. There is, however, but one way where the road could have been laid out, and that is substantially where it is located today. That is to say, from the square to Brooks' corner, over or near the present location of High street, then over Woburn and old Purchase streets to Symmes' corner, and so on to Woburn. Probably at that early day the road passed around the verge of Pasture hill, the slope of the great south bastion of the hill

being quite abrupt, and at that time probably but little grading was done. The early settlers were content with most any kind of a road if it was passable.

That no record ever existed is manifest by the repeated laying out of the way. High street from the square to Brooks' corner was known as the road to Woburn, until it received its present name. That portion of the street from Brooks' corner to the Arlington line was called by several names: the way to the wears, the highway from Brooks' corner to the wears, the road to Menotomy, and the road to West Cambridge. Woburn road was extensively travelled after the construction of Cradock bridge, it being the most direct route from the northern settlements to Charlestown and Boston.

—JOHN H. HOOPER.

ROMANCE IN HISTORY.

[Read before the Bay State Historical League, January 25, 1913, in Wilder Hall, New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Boston.]

BY MISS HELEN T. WILD, OF MEDFORD.

PERCHANCE you have chosen me to speak because you think me in romantic mood, I having spent the past month copying, re-copying and indexing marriages of 1912. Even in modern work a great deal of joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy comes over the counter into every registrar's office. The people whose heart stories we listen to are almost too near us to enable us to view their experiences in any other than a prosaic light, but the old records have the fascination for the genealogist, amateur or professional, which the stories of our childhood have for the little folks of today.

There is a possibility of a "find" in every old manuscript book, which invites research, and anyone with even limited experience along genealogical or historical lines knows what precious nuggets of information have been found in out-of-the-way places.

Old account books are mines worth careful working.

Modern town clerks are rescuing those of the village doctors of long ago and filing the copies of entries regarding births and deaths with their vital statistics. Old diaries, inventories and letters furnish the personal highlights which enliven the official records. For instance, —a colonel at Valley Forge writes a note to a brother officer asking him to carry a letter to a sweetheart in a far-away home on the Mystic river, referring to the town as "That Mystical place where you are going." We find no marriage record and we know he died at Yorktown. We read that Commodore Hull unsuccessfully sought the hand of a daughter of a house in our neighborhood; that the man she loved played her false and that, in spite of all the other love with which she was surrounded, she died of a broken heart.

The pathetic appeal of an exiled loyalist pleading for the right to return to his home touches a responsive chord in our hearts now that the smoke of battles has rolled away. These incidents concern my own town, and I might mention others, although our history is not at all romantic compared with many others in our Commonwealth. Ordinary research develops so much romance that can be vouched for that I, for one, feel no sympathy with those who draw upon their imagination to vivify historical sketches.

To spend an hour in this perfectly appointed building to consult some printed book is always a profitable recreation. I plead guilty to sitting up with my January HISTORICAL REGISTER till I was afraid to look at the clock, quite excited in tracing the ancestry of my brand-new emigrant grandmother, Lydia Hucksteppe. I envied Miss French her ability and opportunity to hunt among old County Kent archives, and was not surprised to hear that some people were impatient for her to move to some other county and give others a chance of solving their riddles.

To read a local history which has been compiled by competent writers is a keen pleasure, but to put it together is literally *never-ending* delight. In my home town

a good history, considering the material then available, was published in 1855. Another was published in 1886, which was a reprint of the first with a supplement brought up to date. We rested on our laurels quite content with ourselves and our knowledge for ten years. Then our Historical Society was formed, and for sixteen years it has published a quarterly of at least twenty-four octavo pages filled with interesting matter untouched by either of the two histories. And some of our writers have dared to contradict the elder historians and have produced the proofs of their statements. Every paper that is published opens new vistas. Last Monday evening I read what I call a lazy paper about the old street where I was born, giving my childhood's memories only. Mention of some eight or ten very old houses has started a desire to know something of their ownership when the town was young. Nobody knows what the search will bring to light. There is material enough if we have time or disposition to delve for it, and if we undertake the task there is plenty of satisfaction for ourselves in store.

The reasons for actions taken in town meetings are sometimes difficult to find, but they can always be traced to some political or commercial situation in the colonies or overseas. To get a true idea of the meaning of our colonial events we should study European history at the same time, and I wish that it were possible to obtain a text-book for children which could, in an interesting and simple way, combine the contemporary history of the world to interpret our own.

To enjoy the true romance of records one must study them in the places where they belong. A copy of a record is a plant in a flower pot; the original in its own town is an old fashioned garden.

Ever since our Historical Society was formed, I have done record work, sometimes for historical purposes and sometimes merely clerical, always in connection with my own family or my birthplace, but in 1911-12 I had the privilege of working in about a dozen Massachusetts towns, and I never enjoyed a year more. I read town

and church archives, and cemetery inscriptions, besides many private and a few court records. The dovetailing of all these showed the wisdom of combining all in compiling vital statistics.

On a perfect June morning two of us drove out from Greenfield to hunt for Bible and graveyard records. In a few minutes we had left the thriving town and were out in the meadows with the winding river on one hand and the Shelburne hills on the other. We stopped first at a little burial ground whose broken headstones were piled up around the walls, but let me say in passing that before the work was finished my energetic companion had hired a man to lift them for her and had copied every inscription. These stones may be reset or carted away, but those records are safe. A little farther on was a comfortable farmhouse where the good lady of the house received us seated on a Sheraton sofa whose money value was nothing to her, but whose worth as an heirloom was priceless. As we copied the death record in her family Bible she told us the story of her kinsfolk who had died in a terrible scourge of typhoid; then, as we went on with marriages and births, she told us the simple annals of the lives of those whose names we wrote.

At another farmhouse the family record was a marvel of fancy printing and decoration, preserved under glass. The experiences of the collectors of old furniture and china are very different from those of the searcher for family records or traditions. At one house we were mistaken for collectors and the door was opened about three inches in response to our knock, but when our errand was understood, courtesy and hospitality were unbounded. The lady not only ransacked her attic for old church records (and she found some very valuable ones which she willingly restored to their rightful owners), but showed us all her ancient treasures in the line of mahogany, china and pewter. This experience was often repeated. People who are old residents of the parent town, love to tell the old traditions which are the background and atmosphere of the written page.

After many inquiries we located, in the outskirts of Greenfield, a little graveyard which was approached through a barn yard; when we at last reached it, we found it enclosed with a four-foot fence. My companion was the better climber, but we both went over it, copied our inscriptions and scrambled out safely; our horse, the only spectator, made no comments.

Going on toward the Bernardston road, we passed by the tablet marking the spot where the martyred Mrs. Williams, of Deerfield, lost her life. The neighborhood seems so remote from habitation, so picturesque and wild, that one can feel the thrill of horror which possessed the little band of captives on that terrible journey.

If you have never been in Heath you have missed one of the gems of Massachusetts towns, although its whole population would not crowd this hall. I went there on business bent and lingered for a vacation. The tiny village is the highest in the State and, across the valleys that surround it, in whatever direction you look, there are billowing mountains. The town clerk is a cyclopædia of tradition. His daughter, who copied the vital records, knows almost as much as he. The stories of the old worthies, told in their inimitable way, was a pleasant diversion from our monotonous chant of long s, short s, cap Born, y-e up, etc. Several entries pertaining to one man astonished me. The dates of his marriages seemed to follow the deaths of his wives with alarming rapidity. I expressed my incredulity, but was convinced when told that the tradition is, that on his way home from his second wife's funeral he proposed to her sister, was accepted, and married number three inside of two weeks. Some village laureate thereupon composed the couplet,

“ He lived a sad and lonely life
Of thirteen days without a wife.”

Rides with the town clerk were a continued story; every house and cellar hole had a tradition. The number of deserted farms is pathetic in all our country towns, but I trust that a better day is dawning and public senti-

ment and scientific farming will work miracles before many years have passed.

The site of Fort Shirley, with its lonely grave of little Anna Norton, who died in 1747 while her father, the chaplain of the chain of forts which guarded our western frontier, was a prisoner in Canada, is the property of the town of Heath. To reach the little tablet, I stumbled over the hillocks which were once entrenchments to guard the log fort and its precious well. I beg you not to try to study the Indian troubles of western Massachusetts before you have visited these places which are very slightly changed, outside of the towns, except by kindly Mother Nature.

The records of deaths which the old pastor of Heath wrote down, cannot fail to cause a feeling of sympathy for those who long ago passed from a life of privation to the life beyond. We wonder how they stood the terrible winters, with no physician and with communication with the river settlements practically cut off. But as we enjoy the clear air, the green pastures and fertile meadows which skirt the water courses, in summer, the lure of the beautiful country possesses us as it did the pioneers.

The memorial inscriptions in the burial grounds of the shore towns are as touching as the chronicles among the hills. "Died at sea," "Wrecked on the coast of China," or similar records we find on every hand, while across the marshes we hear the moan of the sea.

Speaking of Heath reminds me of an incident which came into the experience of a friend of mine. He was searching the archives for the service of a man whom he knew was a resident of Heath (or Charlemont, rather, for the former was not incorporated until after the Revolution). He found no mention of the name except one man from Shirley. Almost by accident he noticed that the company and commander hailed from Charlemont and a comparison of the company roll and the list of so-called Shirley men proved that the clerk of the company had recorded the men from the Fort Shirley district as of Shirley, thereby causing confusion by omitting the

word "Fort." The men who served in the outlying districts of Medford were credited to "Mystic," but as no town of that name existed there is no chance of mistake. Perhaps this allusion to something which is outside of today's subject, may be of use to some puzzled applicant to a patriotic society.

I am not learned in genealogical lore, so it was a pleasant surprise to me to find in Bristol county, last winter, the births of people whose marriages I had read in Hampden county the previous summer. The linking together of histories of localities widely separated invites the student to investigate the reasons for changes in residence of whole communities.

In a little town in Bristol, I unearthed a church quarrel in good and regular standing which had lasted many, many years. There were three church quarrels or secessions in my own town, but next week the two churches which have grown up side by side in consequence will celebrate together the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first church in Medford. But there the breach had never healed. I was sent to hunt for the church records which correspondence had failed to bring to light. In a pouring rain I landed in an unfamiliar town, but by the use of my Yankee tongue and by persistent trudging through the mud I located the books, which proved to be valuable. I inveigled the custodian to loan one of them to me so that I might copy the vital records, and that night I slept with it within reach of my hand; but the next day I received notice that I must deposit it with the custodian every night, not on account of danger from fire, which was my *bele-noir*, but because some feared that I might carelessly leave it where someone from the other church might purloin it. Subsequent conversation on both sides of the parish lines, told me how strong a feeling existed and I did not blame the one who was responsible for their safe-keeping for not trusting the volumes too much to the honor of a stranger.

The copyist of ancient manuscripts must eliminate personal comfort and inclination and exercise patience

and perseverance; the owners and custodians are often cranky and the work must be done in their way. Mental reservations and private notes are better and more successful than discussion.

I worked on one old Bristol county record with a congenial spirit, who, although she chafed sometimes at routine work, was never so happy as when, magnifying glass in hand, she was solving some obscure problem.

Some of the old books had long ago dropped to pieces and the leaves had become misplaced. When Emeryized, they had not been arranged in perfect order. One day we discovered that a fragment which was bound in with page twenty-something, was completed many pages farther on. After we had successfully patched the two together we had a regular love feast, which made up for all the differences we may have had as to long, short or medium s, or the proper way of transcribing the bothersome I's and J's. (Truly, the way one book abounded in queer s's and interchangeable I's and J's was enough to try the soul of a saint.)

The very uncertainty of the truth of records adds to their fascination. Most of us have learned by this time not to pin our faith to printed books, but we can scarcely credit the fact that original entries may be wrong.

One town record I firmly believe is only a copy of a church register and therefore less likely to be correct than the private one.

I have compared town records with original returns made by doctors, ministers and undertakers and found discrepancies. (Probably this has been your experience.) Lately several modern mistakes have come to my notice, which were fortunately detected before official reports were made to the State, and they set us wondering how many more went undiscovered. They were simple *clerical* errors, but they might have caused trouble for the genealogist of the twenty-first century. A doctor, in reporting a birth interchanged the names of father and son—a literal rendering of "The child is father to the man!"

A clergyman wrote a bridegroom's name McDonald for Donnelly on a marriage return. If he had not written the father's name properly and in full, there would have been no way of detecting the existence of an error.

These are modern instances, but who believes that our forefathers were more perfect than their children?

As we read the records we grow very well acquainted with the dead and gone town clerks. We sometimes call them familiarly by their given names. We like John because he was such a good writer, mending his quill pen when it needed it, crossing his t's and dotting his i's when and where he ought, but we grow very much out of patience with Jeremiah, because he persisted in signing himself T Cler, Town Clerk, or T Clk just to catch us napping, it seems to us who are trying to make a literal copy. Sometimes the ancient worthies took snuff; we find a few grains between the leaves of their books, and often the sand from the sand box glistens in the light. Here and there the recorder makes a pungent comment, giving us a hint of his own character as well as that of his contemporaries.

If one cannot find amusement or human interest in old records, if he cannot forget the so much an hour in the interest he has in translating or recording, he would better change his occupation; but if he looks for hidden meanings, if he enjoys fitting seemingly unimportant fact or even hints together to make up the whole fabric of the history or statistics upon which he is laboring, he has his reward, he has found his romance.

THE BROOK'S MANSION GONE.

THREE years since, the REGISTER, under the caption "Passing of a Medford Estate," made note of some of the features of the ancestral home of the Brooks family on Grove street. Since then new streets have been opened and houses erected, in number upward of fifty, and of these but few are for two families. The stone

walls along High and Grove streets are largely removed, the carriage stable utilized (in another location) for a storehouse, and within recent days the mansion house has been demolished. A visit to the grounds reveals a scene of wreck, in marked contrast to the once stately residence and well-kept grounds that housed four generations for over a century.

Few pictures of it have ever come to our knowledge. First, the steel engraving by F. C. Stuart in Brooks' History of Medford, from a drawing by A. L. Rawson. This does not show the wing that extended westerly and which was three stories in height, while the main house was but two. This would lead to the inference that the wing was of a later construction.* (A peculiarity of the engraving is that it reproduces itself by contact with the opposite page.) Then, in the REGISTER alluded to, is a distant view of the mansion from another point, as the background of the Indian monument as it was first located. This view was from the south-east, while the former was from north-east. The illustration of this issue shows the front from Grove street and was secured at about the time of the removal of the last Brooks family.

The house was built in the early years of the nineteenth century, perhaps begun in 1802 and finished in 1806, as nearly as we can learn. In its mode of construction the workmen of today might well take lessons, but the like of its lumber they have not used, nor ever will. Its hewn timbers were of pine and the same style of framing was followed in the partitions as in the outer walls, and the posts and beams were of generous size. The nails used to secure the covering boards and finish were all hand made, for this was all executed before the invention of nail-making machinery. The modern planing and moulding machines found no place in any part of its construction. The builders of those days had to take their material in the rough, and they knew how to do it. It was an art—the making of everything and the skilful joining of every part—that but few of the mechanics of today know of. But it took time to do work

* The wing was added at a later date.

thus, and so it is not surprising that four years elapsed ere the house was complete and ready for occupancy.

Its owner and first occupant was in his time reputed to be the wealthiest man in New England, and, what is more to the point, had amassed his fortune in honorable, legitimate business. The mansion completed, he retired, and for over forty years made this his summer home. While the mansion was in building the Middlesex canal was opened across his lands, and thirty-three years later came the railway. The former he spanned by a beautiful arch of granite, that his descendants kept intact long after the "highway of the waters" vanished, but which is now a thing of the past. Near the house were venerable oaks, spreading elms and ever-green pines, the growth of many years. To these, and along his borders, Mr. Brooks added many others; and so the grounds came to be a place of beauty as the years passed on. But in the development of a modern residence section the stately mansion of a century ago was not adapted, and, impracticable to remodel, it has succumbed to inevitable fate.

Its occupants for the century have been good citizens, generous and helpful, and are remembered as such. A few weeks more and the last vestige of the house so well and favorably known will have disappeared, new streets been opened and the homes of new-comers taken the place of the mansion house of Peter Chardon Brooks on Grove street.

— M. W. M.

HOW HIGH STREET WAS NAMED.

One would like to know where and how High street got its name. The selectmen in 1829 undertook to legalize this name, but it probably had long borne the name, *de facto*.

In earliest times there were only the Cradock buildings in the town pump region (but no High street and no bridge). These buildings had to be *there* for central administration of the governor's property, and on the nearest

site to the only ford, which offered sufficient level space. There was no retaining wall or filling at the river; all was normal, unchanged by man. The earliest travellers west from the ford passed along the narrow path on the verge, just above high-water mark, and east bound ones along the gravel beach to the Cradock buildings. This was a "varge-way," just as New England country folks call it now. Maybe, when long ago, in some easterly storm and swirling tide, the varge-way could not be used, a potato cart struggled over the great bastion (or bluff of the hill) and its driver named it (and rightly, too, a high street or way) and the name held. We may well conclude that High street name owed its existence to our potato cart and its successors and not to the county of Middlesex.

—THOMAS M. STETSON.

In Woburn (settled by Edward Johnson and others as Charlestown village in 1640) the earliest streets, *i.e.*, roads, were *Up-street* and *Hilly-way*. These settlers went thither, without doubt, *via* the "Ford at Mistick," the "Varge-way" and Brooks' corner. Their Up-street was a gradual rise, and their Hilly-way a counterpart of the grades of Medford's *high* street.

EDITOR.

IN THE INTEREST OF ACCURACY.

There should have been mentioned on page 21 of this volume, a two story gambrel roofed house standing end to High street between the Governor Brooks house and the big tree. This house was afterward removed to Mystic avenue. Also on page 22, the fire engine house should have been located between the "cottage painted straw color" and the "old Grace church." We hope some time to present a series of old photos of this locality subsequent to 1870. Since our last issue the ruined house next Mystic street (page 18) has been taken down and is no longer a "blot on the scene."

EDITOR.

ELISHA BRIGGS CURTIS, 1835-1915.

" Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe;
I to the glorious dead forever dear,
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear."

—*Pope.*

It is but an act of homage amid the activities of life in short intervals of quiescent being, to pause, and to inscribe a feeble tribute of recognition to an honored and worthy member of this Society, Elisha Briggs Curtis.

Mr. Curtis was born in Marshfield in 1835, and was one of the direct descendants of John and Priscilla Alden. In early youth he came to Medford and received his preliminary education in our public schools. When a young man he was engaged in the shipping business in Boston, and later, at about thirty years of age, became associated with the Second National Bank of Boston, which position he faithfully and honorably filled for a period of twenty-five years, retiring from active mercantile affairs in 1890.

In 1863 he was married to Miss Lucia J. Leadbetter of Monmouth, Maine, and they made their home in Chelsea, Mass., until about 1885, when they came to Medford, residing at the old homestead on Pleasant street until their decease.

Mr. Curtis was exceedingly familiar with the history of Medford, and his reminiscences of the early days of shipbuilding, the old stage-coach, the Middlesex canal, the cyclone and damage done to certain parts of the town, and landmarks long since demolished, were most entertaining, and it may be said of him that whenever called upon to give an informal talk upon Medford's past, he never failed to have a fund of interesting incidents of the early days to draw upon.

Elisha B. Curtis was a familiar figure in our midst,—dignified, erect, with a poise which reflected his lineage and a countenance which conveyed a strong and reflecting mind. He was respected and honored by his fellow citizens who showed their appreciation of his manliness and integrity by electing him to the common council

when the town first became a city. In his religious life those who were more closely associated with him felt the impress of the real dignity, quality and magnitude of his being; he was an industrious student of the Scriptures which was manifest in his expositions at the family prayer circle of the church. He was a most cautious adviser, leaning a little too much on the side of ultra-conservatism at times, but always in brotherly concord with the majority. As a deacon of his church he was an example to all, and was everywhere known as a man of high ideals and principles, sympathetic, kindly and of a most magnanimous spirit.

As a member of this Society he took an active part in its deliberations and was interested in all the plans for its welfare. His fund of knowledge of the early days was appreciated here as elsewhere, and his association with the members is a delightful experience long to be remembered.

In 1904 Mr. Curtis' wife died, and he on March 26, 1915. Two daughters, Mrs. H. H. Smith, of Lawrence, Mass., and Miss Alice E. Curtis, of this city, survive him.

—P. W. A.

MEDFORD MARKET-PLACE MADE MODERN.

A half century ago the ancient home of Dr. Tufts and that across Forest street, where was once the Cotting bakery, were standing, and the "town pump in working order." Spot pond water came later with the stone water trough now gone. The railway station and some store fronts have been changed a little, the Bigelow building and Tufts hall have replaced those named. Otherwise the surroundings of the old Medford market-place are the same today. The near future will witness a marked change; indeed it has already begun. The "Withington bakery," for several years disused, has been demolished and a theater and business block is there building. Tufts hall, built by Dr. Weymouth in '72, the brick building adjoining and the Seccomb house

of 1756 (recently known as the City Hall Annex) have all been sold and are all to be removed and a modern business building erected.

It is to be hoped that the good taste manifested so long ago by the builders between Salem and old Ship street, and more recently at the opposite corner of Forest street, in reducing the street corners to easy curves, may be there displayed. A similar opportunity will offer itself in the proposed widening of Riverside avenue. That being done, it will only remain for the city of Medford to cure what need *not* be endured, by the purchase of its neighbors' holdings on both sides of the ancient but much maligned City Hall, and erect on their sites a substantial municipal building such as may spread its protecting mantle over the less beautiful neighbors' defects. Then Medford square "bigger, better and busier" may be made modern, and creditably too. Will this latter ever be history?

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S SALE AND REMOVAL.

The home of the Medford Historical Society has felt the shock of upheaval, has been sold, and at this moment the work of transformation for business purposes is in progress.

At the November meeting of this Society it was voted to sell its realty, at the discretion of the Executive Committee. Various offers were received, some so insignificant as to be ridiculous, but on May 26 last, by the unanimous approval of the committee, a sale was made to Edmund T. Steere, of Melrose, and the agreement thereto signed by him and by the President and Treasurer of the Society.

With this issue of the REGISTER, the familiar cover page design (showing the house) will cease, as the Historical Society has moved its library and collection into temporary quarters, thus vacating the historic house that for eighteen years has been its home, first by rental and in 1902 by purchase.

The new owner will change the same by two stores on the ground floor with modern accessories of plate glass, etc., but will as far as possible preserve the old style exterior of the upper portion so familiar to Medford people.

The present REGISTER is sent out from the new location — the site of Governor Cradock's "ferme house" by the way — the quarters secured at No. 6 Main street. These can be but temporary (as changes are contemplated on Riverside avenue) but for the *immediate* future are well adapted both for our library and collection and for a meeting place until plans can be made for a future home. "It is hoped that a fireproof building will be forthcoming, where the library and choice collection of antiques can be properly housed, and to this end active work will soon begin. The people will be asked to assist in preserving Medford's history, and by their moral and financial aid to place the Medford Historical Society in a position second to none in the state."

In some quarters an idea has obtained, that historical societies are worshippers of things old, worn out, and useless; also that "Medford is too — historical" (the adjective we omit.) This Historical Society does *not* exist for the "preservation of old foot-stoves and spinning wheels." Neither has it any interest in the preservation of the numerous old rattletraps and rookeries that (*dis*) grace our streets and have long been eyesores to the public, other than by photos to show what has been, to the newer and better Medford. There is room for better things on the ground they cumber.

As the sale of the house occurred just after the last meeting of the season, and is doubtless still unknown to some members, as soon as we are "settled in house-keeping" all will be apprised of the fact, and an early meeting be held, to which friends will be invited.

Many pleasant memories will be held of our former home, and brief mention of its history and occupants is timely.

Convers Francis served an apprenticeship in Medford, learning the art and trade of a baker of Capt. Ebenezer Hall. He became the captain's foreman for some years and was in business two years at Menotomy. At his former master's desire he succeeded him in 1797, and himself retired at the age of fifty-two, with what was then a fortune, \$50,000. He soon erected (in 1800, it is said) a substantial house, that has these historic interests: *First*, that there his talented daughter, Lydia Maria (by marriage, Child), was born February 11, 1802. See Vol. III, p. 95, REGISTER, therefor. *Second*, that the "Medford Cracker" was there designed and first made. All work incident thereto was for many years by hand. "This bread deserved all the fame it acquired," and as each little loaf, because of its peculiar making, split in halves, it got the name, *crackers*.

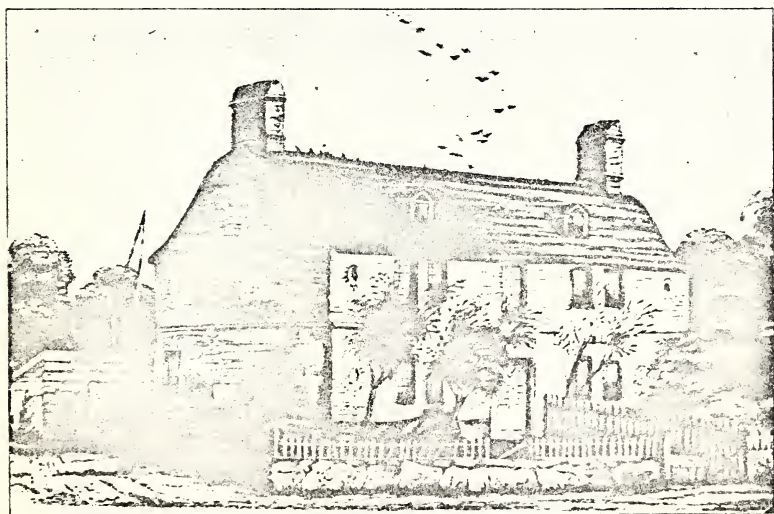
Mr. Francis faced his house to the sun, with its front door on Salem street, the rear reached by a path, later called Blanchard's lane, now Ashland street. Further back a brick building contained his ovens.

After he retired, Timothy Brigden, "whose bread was excellent," was baker for a time, but in 1829 Henry Withington used the ovens until his own were built.

Capt. Andrew Blanchard, Jr., had, ere this, purchased the Francis house and the older ones westward. The latter he sold to Withington, reserving certain rights and prohibiting certain acts on part of the land. Exercising those rights he made alterations improving the house, residing there until his death in 1853. For a brief time Alfred A. Pierce was its owner, and next, in 1866, Charles P. Lauriat, the well-known gold-beater, who used the brick oven-building as a workshop. By inheritance it passed to his children, and from some of them to the Historical Society in June, 1902. Here's hoping that its solid brick walls may long stand, housing honorable and legitimate business on old Salem street, worthily succeeding those gone before.



WITHINGTON BAKERY.



PETER TUFTS HOUSE.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XVIII.

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No. 3.

THE WITHINGTON BAKERY.

DURING the first week in May the old buildings so long the home of the Medford cracker and baking industry were demolished. The vine-clad dwelling, with its latticed entrance, and the quaint old gambrel-roofed store and the sheds containing the ovens are all gone. The place is a scene of busy activity in the erection of the theatre which is to cater to the amusement-seeking public. The local press has furnished a description of this (which promises to be first class and up-to-date), and says that the old building is believed to date back to 1670. Mr. Usher, in his history, said (which we doubt) in 1886 that it was over 230 years, which would place it prior to 1656, thus antedating the earliest authentic house in Medford.

Be that as it may, they were two very old houses, and it is not in the scope of this article to work out the problem of their genesis, nor yet of the alterations, additions and moving thither that brought them into their final and familiar shape. It is of the business there conducted and of its promoters that we deal, now a timely subject.

There have been three Henry Withingtons. The first appears on the Medford tax list first in 1799, and lived in the old brick building called the "College," which faced the river on "the way to Blanchard's," afterward called Ship street. There the second Henry was born on August 9, 1800, just prior to the beginning of ship building by Thatcher Magoun. The old mill beside the river, and the lighters and molasses-laden vessels to the distillery, had his boyish attention, and perhaps he may have assisted his father at the toll-gate on the Andover

turnpike a mile from the market-place. Evidently his youthful mind did not fix itself on his father's trade, that of a cordwainer or shoemaker, for he found employment in the household of Hon. Timothy Bigelow. As "scullion," he styled himself, and perhaps his service in Squire Bigelow's house inclined him to what became his life-long occupation. In recent years his successors placed on their sign, "Established 1825."

Henry Withington had never learned the trade or business of a baker by apprenticeship, but with good judgment gained by observation, "took up" the occupation, and with a partner, and employing experienced help, started in business in that year. The ovens that Withington and Lane used were those of some earlier baker and were located in the rear of Mr. Barker's house. This house was moved beyond Gravelly brook in 1846 to make room for the Mystic church.

After two years Mr. Lane went out and Mr. Withington continued in business by himself. But on December 25, 1827, he took in another partner, as he married Eunice Blanchard, daughter of the famous Medford inn-keeper, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Caleb Stetson, who had early in that year begun a pastorate in Medford of twenty-one years. They came to live in the house on Salem street, across River street from the ancient burial ground, which was over thirty years ago moved next the common.

In 1830 Mr. Withington moved into the old house now demolished, leasing it for five years. He had then a daughter, born April 20, 1829. He transferred his baking operations to the shop and ovens formerly of Convers Francis, which were in the rear of the Francis residence, on a lane that has since become Ashland street.

At the expiration of his lease he had so well established himself that he purchased the houses he occupied (and where his son Henry was born on August 30, 1832), together with the land extending backward and on which the new theatre is being built. Andrew Blanchard was

then the owner, as also of the Francis residence, lately the Medford Historical Society's building.

Henry Withington subsequently erected in the rear of his purchased home, buildings suitable for his purpose and to house the two new ovens he built, and in later years added another oven to the plant. Up to 1840 all the bakery work was done by hand, but in 1845 he purchased machinery for making crackers. The old process was interesting. A small piece of dough was rolled under each palm, thus making two at a time. These were flattened by a rolling-pin and docked, *i.e.*, pricked by hand. This latter was done by the children. It caused the mass to split in the middle, otherwise it would rise like a biscuit. The steam generated in the baking dough passed out through the holes, and left the mass adhering at the edge and easily separated or cracked — hence the name, *crackers*. Mr. Withington did not originate the Medford cracker. That was done by Convers Francis, who in 1797 succeeded his former master, Ebenezer Hall, in business at Medford, and continued therein some twenty years, when he retired. After him there were several other bakers in Medford, and the establishing of the business in 1825 by Mr. Withington seems to have been a "survival of the fittest."

The Medford invention of Mr. Francis seems not to have suffered in any wise, under the Withington manufacture, and its fame became more extended and his product an article of export. A Medford traveller found "Medford Crackers" in the shops of London in 1834.

In those days fagots were principally used to heat the ovens. They were furnished by the farmers and others who cleared land. They were mostly of birch sprouts, which, bundled and withe bound, brought two cents a bunch, and made a brisk fire. After the third oven was built, "trash" wood, in four-foot lengths, was used, and still later, coal. A bulky load of fagots, hauled by a yoke of oxen guided by the goad in the hand of a farmer lad in a long blue frock, would be a novelty in Medford

square today, but was frequently seen in the old "market-place."

In 1862 the third Henry Withington, whose birth has been mentioned, succeeded to the business. He, also, "took it up," his father assisting, and enlarged the same, adding other machinery and removing one of the earlier ovens. In place of this he erected a rotary oven and introduced a steam engine, supplanting the horse-power of previous years. This oven had an iron frame, with soap-stone shelves, that in its turning brought the bread nearer the door for removal. The amount of flour used was largely increased, amounting to upwards of forty barrels weekly. Before the invention of later grinding machinery, winter wheat was considered best, but after, flour from spring wheat was the more satisfactory.

Beside crackers the elder Withington made the standard brick loaf, the two-cent roll, cakes with sugar, molasses gingerbread, seed-cakes and buns. The younger added oyster, oatmeal, graham and soda biscuit to the cracker list, and various kinds of pies. Of the latter, Washington was the specialty. He used, in August, to lay in a season's supply of raspberry jam, a half ton in hundred-pound cans. This pie was of the *George* variety, as in those days the *Booker* had not attained the present popularity.

To keep the output of the bakery ready on time, there was a night and day force of workmen. Brown bread was made in four sizes, ten to forty cents, and sold whole, half or quarter. Six hundred and fifty loaves were sold on Sunday, but no beans, *i.e.*, they were not in the stock. But if they "didn't know beans" in stock, they did in the oven, for more than one hundred Medford housewives sent theirs prepared for baking on Saturday evening, and received a tin check therefor. The check number was chalked on the bean-pots, and the payment of ten cents secured the finished product for the Sunday breakfast and the beans went to the right spot. The writer remembers walking from his home a mile and a half away

in his first year of housekeeping in 1870—a half loaf sufficed for two—and wrapped in that old-time brown paper kept his hands warm on the homeward journey; and it tasted good, too. Five hundred to one thousand loaves of bread daily was the usual amount made, reaching one thousand four hundred at one time.

Five teams were on the road, and in the younger man's time shipments were made to New Hampshire and Maine. The local teams had regular routes and customers, and the baker's wagon's coming was heralded by the jingling of sleigh bells worn by the horses the year round.

Many of the grown-ups of Medford will recall their weekly errand to the old bakery for "baker's yeast," and the big tub brought into the shop and ladled out by the "cent's worth" to the waiting crowd.

Mr. Withington sold out to Ewen McPherson in 1885, and he later to Mr. Barker, who some years ago gave up the business, since which time little or nothing has been done there, the last occupants of the shop being the Order of Moose, whatever that may be. The dwelling was occupied until the last, the occupants only removing after the wrecking force had begun operations.

The old bakery in its palmy days was "the real thing." It may not seem so to the observer, whose gauge mark is the "Sunshine," or the "Thousand Windows," but in the truer comparison of times, means and market, it was a noted, successful business enterprise, a credit to the proprietors and the old historic town in which it flourished.

Mr. Henry Withington (the third) still lives but a few rods away, is hale and hearty, and for twenty-two years has faithfully served his native city as one of the Board of Assessors, is still at his post, doing as faithful, honorable work there as in the old days and old bakery, which is now only a memory.

—MOSES W. MANN.

NOTE.—I am indebted to Miss E. M. Gill for notes of information collected by her, relative to the bakery.

TURELL TUFTS AND HIS FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

DR. SIMON TUFTS, JR. (1727-1786) married Lucy Dudley (1727-1768), February 23, 1749. Their children were Simon, born April 7, 1750; Lucy, born April 11, 1752; Katherine, born April 25, 1754. The first became a merchant in the East Indies and died at the Cape of Good Hope in 1802. Lucy married Benjamin Hall, Jr. (1754-1807), November 22, 1777. Their home is still standing, just east of Governors avenue.

Dr. Tufts' second wife was Elizabeth Hall, who was born May 15, 1743, and whom he married October 5, 1769. She was the daughter of Hon. Stephen Hall (1704-1786), who was representative to the General Court, 1751, 1763. The children by this union were Turell, born 1770, died 1842, unmarried; Cotton, born 1772, died 1835, was insane for forty-four years; Hall, born 1775, died 1801, at Surinam; Hepsibah, born 1777; Stephen, born 1779, died young.

"His sons by the second wife were fond of gaiety, and were said to be rebellious to their father, who is said to have been severe towards them."

The home of this family, erected 1709 and taken down 1867, was on the corner of Main and Forest streets. A view of it was published in the April REGISTER, 1909. Letters written by some of these children have been published at different times in the REGISTER.

Turell Tufts, who made the speech of welcome to Lafayette, belonged to a family prominent in the business and social life of the town for many years. On the maternal side he was the fifth generation from John Hall, the first of this family to establish a home in Medford; and in what was once called the Old Garrison House, descendants of the eighth and ninth generation are living today, while the tenth generation is also represented in the city. In this same house Lucy Tufts, after her marriage to Benjamin Hall, made her early home. Turell Tufts on the paternal side was fifth in the line of descent from Peter Tufts of Malden, whose son, Captain Peter,

settled in Medford. The husband of his half-sister, Lucy, was also descended from the John Hall to whom his mother traced her line.

Turell Tufts was selectman, 1820-1825 and 1827-1828. He served the town as its treasurer in 1827. In 1824 he was fence viewer, on the committee to audit the treasurer's books, was chosen moderator in absence of Dudley Hall, who was first chosen, and was representative to the General Court. He had forty-nine votes to Mr. Hall's fifty-six, and there was a third candidate. The following year, with others, he was on the committee to petition the Legislature in behalf of the new bridge over Charles river from Charlestown to Boston; again selectman, and on the committee to audit the treasurer's report.

We of today should remember him with gratitude for his gifts to the town, one of five hundred dollars for shade trees, some of which, planted on the highway we know as Forest street, have made it the most beautiful one in our city, admired by all who have passed that way; and the other to the Social Library, the benefits of which have descended to us through the channels of the Public Library, into which the former was absorbed. He gave to the First Parish two silver cans for the communion table and the portrait of Rev. Ebenezer Turell, the second pastor of the church, whose name he bore. From his own portrait Turell Tufts looks down upon us from the library wall of our local Historical Society. This portrait was the gift of his grandnephew in a half degree, the late Dudley C. Hall, who named a child of his, who died young, for this distant relative. This short account of Turell Tufts is fortunately supplemented by that interesting one from the pen of the late James A. Hervey, in his delightful "Reminiscences of an Earlier Medford" in July REGISTER, 1901.

Turell's father was agent for Colonel Royall's estate after the latter left in 1775. His mother is described as being "a commanding, portly looking lady, with a handsome double chin." After reading such a statement

we realize that standards of taste vary. She used to tell the story of receiving a polite bow from Washington on the occasion of his visit to Medford (1789) when she was "gaily dressed for the occasion." She was then forty-six years old, and as widow of the doctor of the town probably a woman of importance, a strong character, besides being a woman of property, which she inherited from her father. After a widowhood of nine years, her children being no longer young, at the age of sixty-two she married, July 12, 1795, Captain Duncan Ingraham of Concord, who came to Medford to live. The Ingrahams lived for a while in a house of the colonial type on High street, which later became the site of our first high school building, which housed the high school and a grammar school.

Mr. Ingraham died in 1811 and his age is stated as eighty, and also as eighty-eight. Mrs. Ingraham died in 1830, aged eighty-seven. Where she lived after her second husband's death I am unable to say, but the house above mentioned was afterwards occupied by Hatter Hall, so called, and in 1824 by John Howe.*

Mrs. Ingraham belonged to that band of charitable and kind-hearted gentlewomen of Medford who regularly supplied Marm Betty, the poor and aged schoolmistress of Medford, with food. Mrs. Ingraham sent on Thursdays.†

Mrs. Ingraham, as a woman of means, was probably a good business woman for investments, or she had the advice of her son, Turell Tufts, who was well versed in town affairs. A broadside of the town expenses, when such were printed on a single sheet, shows in the miscellaneous account,‡ March 19, 1825, to April 18, 1826,

* For several years following her husband's death there is evidence that Elizabeth Ingraham occupied three-quarters of some house and the remainder was occupied by others at the same time, namely, Joseph Burrage and Benjamin Tufts.

† Marm Betty had a room in the old bakery, as we knew it. At that time there was a small door on the south side, of ordinary size, close to the east end.

‡ In this same account there was paid to Turell Tufts one year's interest on second donation to January 1, 1825, \$42; one year's interest on second donation to January 1, 1826, \$42.

that she was paid one year's interest on note of \$400, \$24; on note of \$250, \$15.

It is hardly fair, after having given so much space to his wife and her son Turell, to pass over Duncan Ingraham without a word, and if we do we shall lose much, for he had a marked individuality. There was a touch of the picturesque in his life, and if he came here with the same air he had in Concord he must have filled quite a space in the town's horizon. At this time he was nearly seventy years of age.

He was a wealthy retired Boston merchant, a widower with a family of children when he moved to Concord. Of English birth, undoubtedly, inclined to Toryism, an owner of slaves and probably a dealer in them, in that quiet village he made quite a stir. On account of his political views he was subjected to disagreeable experiences, such as having a sheep's head and pluck hung on his new chaise, and being treated to a mock serenade when he entertained British officers. He was brusque in manner and his speech was of the rugged kind savoring of the rough life of the sea, not always fit for ears polite. He was fond of display and luxurious living. With another member of similar tastes he was the cause of breaking up for a while the famous club of Concord known as the Social Society and later as the Social Circle. This club was formed on a high plane, and its members were pledged to moderation in drink at their gatherings and to the serving of no refreshments. Ingraham deviated from this frugal line and served such elaborate and expensive suppers that he broke up the club, but it was reorganized.

He built a colonial house on the road to Walden, but this large three-story house disappeared long ago, though in Thoreau's time there were traces of it and of the homes of several of his slaves whom he had allowed to build near by. That author says, "East of my bean-field, across the road, lived Cato Ingraham, slave of Duncan Ingraham, Esquire, gentleman, of Concord village who

built his slave a house, and gave him permission to live in Walden Woods."

He served on the town committees and was Concord's representative, 1788-1791. As the success of the American cause grew his feelings became less ardent for the Tory side. In Brooks' History of Medford a very interesting story is told of a slave of Ingraham's son Nathaniel.

Several of Duncan's children made their names known in the world in various ways. A daughter married an Episcopal clergyman. Another daughter married an Englishman and her daughter was the mother of Captain Marryat, the English novelist.

Another son, Duncan junior, was a merchant in Boston. "The Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay," Vol. V, gives Duncan Ingraham, Jr., as one of the signers of a petition to Governor Hutchinson, May, 1773, in regard to auctioneers selling goods at private sale. Boston records show that he was chosen one of the clerks of the market, March 14, 1774, and also on March 29, 1776, when he was excused.

His name is found on the rolls of 1772 of the Boston Cadets, and he was clerk of the company in 1774 and as such inserted notices in several Boston newspapers. The following appeared in the *Massachusetts Gazette* and the *Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser* under date of August 22-29, 1774:—

MESSIEURS MILLS AND HICKS.

The Late Dismission of Col. Hancock from the Command of the Cadets, with the Dissolution of that Corps consequent thereon, having occasioned much Speculation, and many imperfect Accounts, in Order to prevent further Misrepresentations you are desir'd to insert the following which may be depended on.

Your humble Servant

DUNCAN INGRAHAM JUN. *Clerk*

By order of the Company.

Then follow letters concerning Hancock's removal by Gage, a letter by Hancock stating his dismissal, the company's notice of the same, Hancock's and Gage's letters.

We may presume from the office he occupied at this time that Duncan junior's political sentiments were not like his father's.

Nathaniel Ingraham had a son named Duncan who excited admiration for his espousal of the cause of the Hungarian refugee Martin Koszta, in 1854, when as commander of a United States sloop of war he sheltered the refugee and cleared the deck for action in the harbor of Trieste. It is said this act is proudly remembered by naval officers. For rescuing this Hungarian so boldly he gained a world notoriety and popularity, and was presented by the working classes of England with a chronometer inscribed, "Presented to Captain Ingraham, of the United States Navy, by some thousands of the British working classes, for his noble conduct in rescuing Martin Koszta, the Hungarian refugee, from the Austrian authorities, April, 1854." Koszta had declared his intention to become an American citizen, and his seizure first by Austrians and then by this American naval officer nearly led to serious complications between Austria and our country.

When we consider the turmoil Europe is in today and the complications caused by political issues we may be devoutly thankful that there was a peaceful ending to this episode. We admire the bravery of the man, once a Medford school boy, who even then showed his mettle, but our feeling, perhaps, wanes a little when we recall his later naval career. He was commander of a Confederate iron-clad in Charleston harbor in our Civil war, and is said to have been "more than necessarily active." His death was chronicled a few years ago in the *Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Ingraham's brother, Willis Hall (1733-1812), had a daughter Mary (1772-1853) who married Dr. Luther Stearns, December 20, 1798. His daughter Elizabeth (1801-1862) married George W. Porter, February 17, 1824. They were the parents of the late Helen Porter, who died in 1899 at the age of seventy.

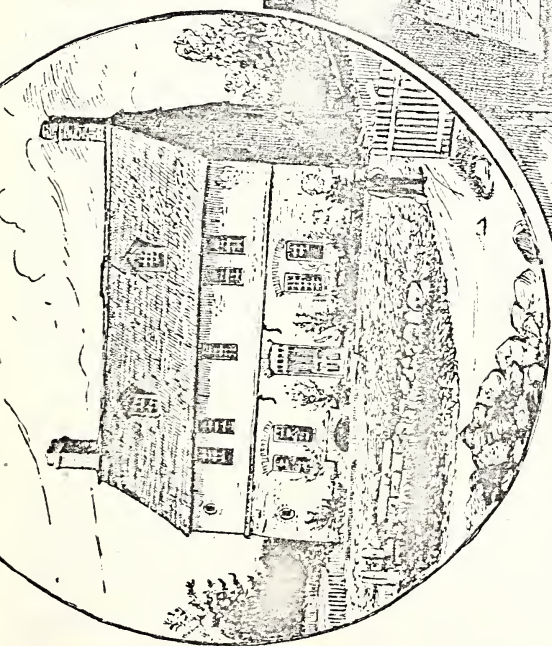
While serving as pastor of the Mystic Church in this town Rev. Elias Nason wrote the life of Sir Charles Henry Frankland. In it he stated that the Agnes Surriage fan came through the Porter family, and that it bore the original owner's name. The latter statement is not correct, and Miss Porter, who owned the fan, told me in regard to the former statement that it came not through the Porter, but through the Stearns family. Mrs. Ingraham's fan keeps company with Agnes Surriage's fan in a Medford family.

—ELIZA M. GILL.

THE TUFTS FAMILY RESIDENCES.

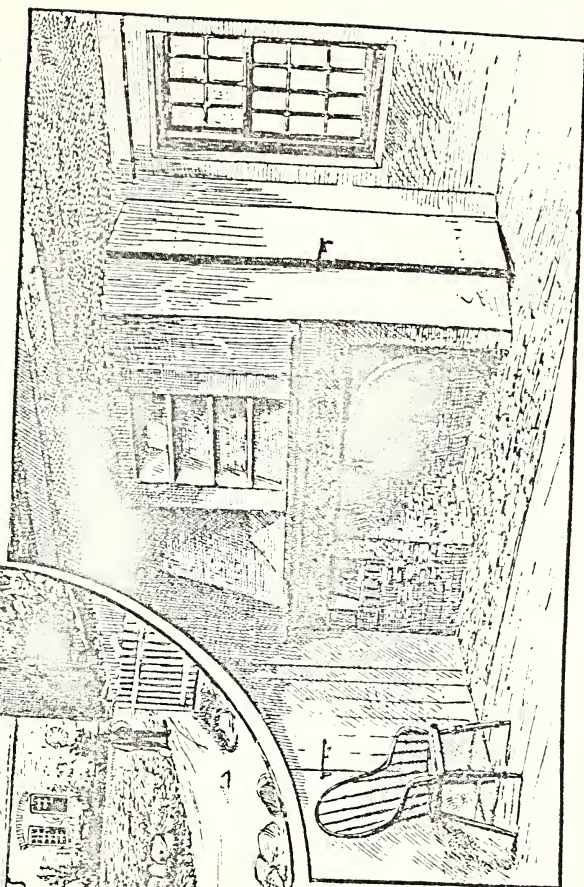
THE name of Tufts will ever be associated with Medford because of the college that crowns Walnut-tree hill, but its association began two centuries and a half ago in the purchase of Medford lands by that Peter Tufts who was born in England in 1617 and came over at about 1640. He died in 1700 and was buried in the ancient church-yard of Malden, of which town he was made a freeman in 1665. He had three sons and seven daughters. The sons' descendants numbered (in the incomplete genealogical table of sixty years ago) nearly four hundred.

In his declining years, and after his eldest and second sons had arrived at manhood, he built a dwelling in Medford, which probably surpassed most of its time for style and durability of construction. His eldest son, Peter, was but twenty-eight years old, and but a few years resident in town, when he was chosen one of the selectmen and captain of the military company, and thirteen years later deputy to the General Court. At about this latter time we find him building a pew in the first meeting-house, in the best location. All these were honors not carelessly bestowed, and ever afterward he was known as Captain Peter. This second Peter Tufts was thrice married and had eight sons and ten daughters, three of whom, with one son, died in infancy. The sixth son (the thir-



ONE OF THE OLD FIREPLACES AND CLOSETS

Reproduced from *Carpentry and Building*, N. Y., 1894.



THE PETER TUFTS
HOUSE.

Built about 1680.

teenth child, born 1700, graduated at Harvard College, 1724) was Simon Tufts, the first physician of Medford. Dr. Green (see Vol. I, No. 4, REGISTER) notes that he was born in Medford, but omits to tell us where.

We are led to inquire why it was that in the published History of Medford no mention was made of the home or residence of a man so prominent in town affairs as was the second Peter Tufts, Medford's *first* representative in the General Court. And further, why for the half century prior to 1904 was the Tufts family domicile lost sight of? In the interest of historic truth, supported by laborious search and painstaking care, rather than hasty arrival at pleasant fiction, published, oft quoted and for fifty years accepted (because no one questioned it), we assert that if Simon Tufts, the future physician, was born at home, *i.e.*, in his father's house, his birthplace was "*the old two-story brick house in East Medford.*"

Prior to 1854 there had been few local or town histories written or published. Of Medford's (Brooks', 1855) Mr. Usher says, "The book was one of the earliest contributions to New England's municipal history." In that work Mr. Brooks devoted two pages to "the old two-story brick house on Ship street," calling it "one of the most precious relics of antiquity in New England." This was under this italicized caption, *Governor Cradock's House*. He said "That it was built by Mr. Cradock soon after the arrival of his company, . . . will appear from the following facts."

Let us look at the "facts" he produces.

First. "The land was given to Mr. Cradock." So was a strip about four miles along the river.

Second. "When the heirs of Mr. Cradock gave a deed, 1652, they mentioned houses, barns, and many other buildings, but did not so specify these objects as to render them cognizable by us." "There is no deed of this house given by any other person." By the latter we presume prior to 1652 is meant. The mention of houses, etc., is no proof that "the two-story brick house" was then built.

Third. "There was no other person who could own it." True, if the house existed in 1652, but so far no proof that it did is given.

Fourth. "It was on Mr. Cradock's land." Was it? Mr. Brooks thus writes in 1854 or 1855 (two centuries after the time of what he asserts), *but he cites no evidence or witnesses*. (By this we mean for the existence of the house.)

Fifth. "Just where his business made it necessary." Is there any evidence that Mr. Cradock's business interests centered *at that point*, so far away from the trail or path leading from Salem to Boston, *via* the ford at Mystick and the bridge he later built?

He then adds, "The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable that Mr. Cradock built it." It would be inevitable if that particular house was *surely* there *prior to 1652*, but there is no evidence that it was there then. The assertion by a writer two hundred years later, even though unquestioned or undisputed for fifty years as this has been, does not make the same a fact.

No candid reader of Medford's history will doubt that Mr. Cradock had a house built at about 1634, "where his business made it necessary," and that such early structure may have been still standing and sold with barns and land in 1652, as above mentioned. The careful observer of ancient buildings, their mode of construction and capability of endurance, is at once skeptical of such claim of antiquity as Mr. Brooks in his enthusiasm for Medford's "*invaluable historical jewel*" made, and which pleasant fiction was all too readily accepted. But having made the assumption at the start, and next the assertion that it was so, he fixed the date at 1634, because there was clay thereabout, and bricks had been made in Salem a few years earlier. He says nothing about the lime of the mortar with which this brick house was built, but does elsewhere tell the authenticated story of Governor Winthrop's stone house across the river, that fell down only a few years before because of clay mortar used as, *no lime could be had*.

Another argument he makes in the query is, "Who, in that day, could afford to build such a house but the rich London merchant? He was the only man then who had the funds to build such a house," which does not prove that he used his funds thus, or built "such a house." It would be remarkable (could it be proven) that in 1634 the first house to be erected in Medford was of a type and material so enduring as is this "old brick house," no examples of which exist anywhere else, or were built anywhere else at that early date, or for fifty years subsequent thereto. Indeed, such a building would rival the first town house of Boston, built in 1657, twenty-three years later.

Having thus assumed, asserted and inevitably concluded, Mr. Brooks adds, "The inference is clear, . . . the 'old fort,' so called, was Governor Cradock's house, built in 1634." Doubtless the Medford historian was, in his own mind, satisfied that his *inference* was correct; but was it? Unquestionably he did a remarkable work in writing his History of Medford, but to quote the words of his preface —

The spirit of antiquarian research, now beginning to show itself, will lead to the discovery of many facts concerning the history of Medford, which are beyond my reach. These may soon render necessary a new history of the town; I hope it may be undertaken

After thirty years a reprint was made, with some additions, but it took fifty years for the "discovery of facts" to materialize, and "some of our writers have dared to contradict the elder historian and have produced the proof of their statements."* Those facts, just alluded to, when first read in the Society rooms, were not enthusiastically received, so contrary were they to the published statement of fifty years before, and we recall the statement of one at our side, "It's too bad; better have let it been as it was." It *was* a pleasant myth. "The oldest house in America," and such was the caption of an article in *Carpentry and Building*, published in New York,

* See REGISTER, Vol. VII, p. 53.

August, 1884. The wood-cut engravings that illustrate it show the front and easterly end of the house as it then was, an interior view of fireplace and window, and six detail drawings of construction, all "from sketches made on the spot by our own artist." These and the technical part of the text are highly interesting and instructive. The historical part follows in its detail Mr. Brooks' history. "A correspondent in Medford directed attention to it," and in another column we find the following:—

Mr. C. B. Johnson, of Medford, Mass., writing with reference to the Cradock mansion, which we illustrate in this issue, says that when an apprentice, some thirty-five years ago, he helped reshingle the north side. He states that those portions of the shingles which were exposed to the weather had become worn to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness.

Doubtless Mr. Johnson ("Clope," he was familiarly called) meant *thinness*, and from what we know of the durability of that old-time lumber it is not impossible that they were the *original* shingles.

Of the numerous book and paper accounts of this old house we have never found any "discovery of facts" Mr. Brooks' preface predicted that names it the Cradock house *prior* to Mr. Brooks' history, and *all* are repetition to a greater or less extent thereof, save those of Mr. Cushing, Judge Wait and Mr. Hooper in Vol. I, No. 4, and Vol. VII, No. 2, of the REGISTER, the "proofs submitted" before alluded to. And so we answer our own query relative to the birthplace and early home of the elder Dr. Tufts, confidently asserting it to be the "old two-story brick house in East Medford" (that because of Mr. Brooks' assumption, unproven statement and inference, has for fifty years been widely heralded as the "oldest house in America," "built by Mr. Cradock,") and assign its erection to the first Peter Tufts some fifteen or twenty years before his death in 1700, and first occupied by Captain Peter Tufts, perhaps before the death of his first wife, or his marriage to Mary (daughter of Rev. Seaborn Cotton), the mother of the first Dr. Simon Tufts.



THE HOME OF DOCTOR SIMON TUFTS, JR., AND HONORABLE
TURELL TUFTS. BUILT ABOUT 1709. RAZED, 1867.

Relative to this house the *Transcript* has, until recently, issued in its *Strangers' Directory* the following:—

CRADOCK HOUSE. Riverside avenue, Medford. Built 1634, the first brick house in the colony, and the oldest house standing in North America. Every brick was imported from England. Named from Matthew Cradock, governor of the Massachusetts Company in New England.

Last April this ceased to appear, at the instance of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. In one of its recent bulletins that society has called attention to this house, giving a view of it and also of another similar house after restoration, with which it compares it, and says—

The Peter Tufts house has been much modernized, but could be put back into its old condition with the help of a competent architect. It certainly deserves such treatment, for it is a building of unusual interest, having had apparently a triple casement window on each side of the front door.

It is interesting to note that prior to the "pure speculation of a young historical scholar" (as the Boston press styled Mr. Cushing's paper) the late James A. Hervey (see Vol. I, p. 70, REGISTER) in the hearing of the assembled Historical Society, said of Mr. Brooks,

Our excellent historian, whom I thoroughly love, is a little apt to lapse into rhapsody when he comes in sight of anything that redounds to the glory of Medford, and he can come to conclusion very satisfactory to himself, on very slight data.

The above was not relative to this house, but was of another relation, of which he said,

If we are to be historical, let us tell the truth.

At the time of Medford's two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary there appeared a story in the *Boston Globe* relative to the markers placed on historic sites by the city's committee. This gave prominence to the "old theory" of the "Cradock house," reporting interviews with several residents of Medford, and quoting literally from Vol. II, p. 54 of the REGISTER—

The River road (a part of Riverside avenue) was referred to in a deed dated 1657 as "The Common Highway leading from the Mansion House (Wellington) unto Charlestown Commons and Meadford House."

In the REGISTER article, "Wellington" was supplied by Mr. Hooper to locate the mansion referred to in that deed, which is the old Blanchard-Bradbury-Wellington house still standing. But the writer in the *Globe* misrepresented the matter by saying —

The word Wellington is inserted by Mr. Hooper to show that the old brick house in Wellington was recognized as early as 1657 at least as the Cradock mansion above all others. Today however Mr. Hooper has forsaken the old idea entirely and bows down before the Cushing theory.

Possibly it might surprise the *Globe* writer were he to be told that the "Mansion House" was not of brick, was not the so-called Cradock mansion,* nor was it then within the bounds of Medford.

We may not *assume erection* of any house in 1634, and ignore possibility of non-existence in 1652, because the deed did not make these existing structures cognizable. Richard Russell (one of the Cradock heirs' grantees) in 1667 made "an old house" cognizable, but it was, as is proven, ninety rods away from this, and is long since gone. Its three hundred and fifty acres included the site of this. It is extremely improbable that he would have omitted mentioning this substantial structure if it existed, and been particular to specify an *old house* and *barn*. But there came a time when this house had a beginning of safely recorded history, viz.: when Peter Tufts made disposition of his brick house and specified the various rights of, and prohibitions upon, his heirs and successors in occupancy.

It is not our purpose to belittle this fine old structure, but to note the fallacy of its *extreme* antiquity and the invalid reasons cited therefor, which are still unproven.

* Medford seems to have had many mansions in those days, as Edward Collins mentions the mansion house of Golden Moore in his sale to Thomas Brooks in 1656.

A few old residents there are who remember the old house which was successively the home of the elder and younger Drs. Simon, and Turell Tufts, Esq., at Medford square. This, decrepit with age, was demolished in 1867 and succeeded by the present and soon to be removed building erected by Dr. Weymouth in 1872. When Dr. Weymouth at its completion addressed a company gathered there, he submitted the question of a name for the hall it contained, and suggested that of Tufts as appropriate. Adopted by acclamation, as Tufts hall it has ever been known.

WILLIAM HENRY CUMMINGS, 1839-1915.

Amidst the feverish excitement of the present day there is brought home to the thoughtful mind the frailty of humanity; today we are here and tomorrow have stepped over the great divide into the realms of eternity. And it is well that there should be something more than mere passing mention made of the decease of one of the members of the Society who was for a long time an inhabitant and honored citizen of Medford, William Henry Cummings. Though not prominent in active affairs of the city, yet he was keenly alive to the interests and progress of city affairs.

Mr. Cummings was born in Boston, August 10, 1839, from which city his parents moved to New York state. When he was about fourteen years of age he came to Medford. At about nineteen he engaged in business in Cuba for a period of five years, returning to the United States near the close of the war. Within a short time he again went to Cuba and remained two or three years, returning to Medford, where in 1869 he was married to Miss Louisa M. B. Pierce, daughter of Deacon James Pierce, in the old First Baptist meeting house on Salem street.

For a period of about seven years Mr. Cummings was associated with the Florence Sewing Machine Company,

at Florence, Mass., and at the end of that engagement established his home in Medford and became connected with the Tufts Soda Fountain Company in 1878, serving as a trusted and efficient accountant for twenty years.

When the Tufts concern was merged with the trust Mr. Cummings was without employment, but, nothing daunted, he immediately took civil service examination and entered upon a new line of duty at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. For ten years he discharged with the same degree of fidelity and care his duties amid new surroundings, and, there also, the same congeniality and considerateness which had made him a most happy yoke-fellow in other employments was ever present; so much so, in fact, that it was with a great sense of personal loss that his fellow employees witnessed his failing physical powers and ultimately the laying aside of his pen.

Mr. Cummings was a graduate of our high school under his uncle, the late Charles Cummings, one of our most honored citizens. In 1858 Mr. Cummings united with the First Baptist church, and from that time until his decease was a constant attendant upon, and supporter of, its activities, serving for over fifteen years as clerk of the corporation. He was a member of the Medford Historical Society for about ten years. He had an unusual mind for retaining facts, and incidents in connection with the city were recalled as clearly as though they were of but recent occurrence, and coming, as he did, from an old family whose connections in the town and city were somewhat closely identified with its history, Mr. Cummings was able to disclose many interesting associations with the life of Medford. He is survived by three children, Misses Faith and Blanche and Mr. Louis W. Cummings,—an older daughter, Miss Grace Cummings, having died in 1895, and his wife in 1907.

—P. W. A.



ALONG MYSTIC UPPER LAKE.



NEAR THE BOUNDARY.

The Medford Historical Register

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MYTHS OF MEDFORD.

THERE is an old saying that "a lie will travel a mile while truth is getting its boots on." Leaving out that short ugly word, it is nevertheless true that some half-truths and far-fetched stories find ready credence, and that newspaper men who are given things to "cover," somehow manage to cover, but do little to *discover*.

We are not an "information pagoda," but some strange queries come to us at times, and some stranger assertions, the makers of which are at once in high dudgeon at our dissent or disapproval thereof. For instance, a daily paper of Boston asserts that the Middlesex canal passed close beside the railroad tracks at Tufts College station, and that the embankments were plainly visible—this six years since. Yes, embankments were then there in evidence, not of the canal, but of the works of the Massachusetts Brick Company of 1870.

Again, we have had pointed out to us the bed and towpath of the same canal, near the Medford almshouse, by people who showed water as conclusive evidence. The facts are, that the canal's course was a mile away; their "towpath" was the road-bed of the defunct Stoneham Branch Railroad, and water accumulated in a depression beside it every spring.

The old windmill tower on College avenue was said to be "*the entrance to an underground tunnel* by which fugitive slaves escaped across the Canadian border." *A long tunnel, that.*

And this: Governor Brooks was born, lived and died in the old colonial mansion with broad verandas and massive pillars, then being restored, at the corner of High and Woburn streets, but in reality the governor was born in Charlestown, lived and died near Medford square, and

there are not, and never *were*, any verandas or pillars, massive or otherwise, about the house in question.

Again, there came to the editor of the REGISTER a clipping from a New York paper of a "Phantom Ship," said in the gruesome story to have sailed from Medford, Mass., never to return, but rather to appear in ghostly apparition, presaging dire calamity to superstitious mariners. The details of the story have escaped us, and the clipping has been mislaid. We recall that Medford, in this story, was on the sea-coast, with a harbor, which does not appeal to the credulity of Medford readers. The story evidently went the rounds of the "patent outsides," and we think also in the "plate matter" of a Medford, Mass., paper. That no one questioned its publication, suggests the ancient query, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

MYTHICAL RUM.

Again, to the editor comes another clipping, this time from the missionary magazine of the Presbyterian Church, *The Amethyst*. It is a page-wide half-tone, over which is the query (in capitals), "What will this do for Foreign Missions?" The *illustration* is what its title indicates, and we doubt not *it* is correct, as photography does not ordinarily lie: "Photograph of thirteen car loads of rum on the track at Medford, Mass., consigned to Japan." Each car side is *covered* with a white placard, thus:

FELTON & SONS
CRYSTAL SPRING, NEW ENGLAND
BOSTON TO JAPAN

RUM

We had known, or at least had heard, that in former days rum had been made in Medford, and had also heard the time-worn story, possibly true, of missionaries and rum going on the same ship to Africa. We had also heard the names of the latest distillers, and that the *Medford product was the best ever made*, and further, that its excellent quality was enhanced by the *spring water* used in the process of making. But we were *not* prepared for such a gratuitous and unfavorable advertising of Old Medford (and by this we mean the city) as this widely circulated religious and missionary publication gives our

home city. So we draw the line and take exception to the words "Medford, Mass." being thus associated.

Photography does not lie, but we certainly *question the truth* of those printed words. The tracks at Medford are not extensive enough, nor have they the background of the picture, neither is there anywhere in Medford along the Southern Division line, any such background; and again, the semaphores in the half-tone are not of the style used in Medford.

A Medford paper, at the time of the removal of the distilling plant to another city, made the statement that it was to be used elsewhere. Can it be possible that the ancient virtues of the Medford plant, combined with some other "crystal spring" water, produce rum which, if rolled along the track at Medford, Mass., is fitted for export to Japan, or adds to its quality? We don't believe it. It is a myth, and as such we want none of it — nor yet otherwise.

AN INSULAR BUT MYTHICAL DUELING GROUND.

The latest query the editor has received is about the insular dueling ground at Spot pond (and perhaps not in Medford bounds), and of the monument on the island. We have never seen this but once, on the occasion of a Sunday-school picnic, and were then told its story. On such occasions, stories told should be truthful. As we recollect it, the monument was about two and a half feet high, and had an inscription of a few words. Whether this was painted or cut in the wood or stone we cannot now say with surety, as the time is forty-one years ago. Recently the story has come to us in different form. There is a woman in the case; *i.e.*, some woman tells our new informant. She was evidently impressed with the horrible details she had heard — that in bygone days, when "gentlemen" settled their affairs of honor by the *code duello*, that there in that lonely spot, two men met in mortal combat, and at the distance of certain paces, with deadly weapons, sought each other's life as satisfaction for wounded honor, with the result "that Colonel Shute fell mortally wounded," and that his

friends, in their sorrow, erected the monument with the simple inscription, "Here Shute Fell." Truly a tragic affair must it have been, and sorrow in the extreme must have filled the hearts of all his family and friends. We will now tell the tale as we heard it years ago on the spot. In those old days there used to be a hotel called the Spot Pond House near the boundary line of Medford and Stoneham, at first respectable in character, and for the accommodation of travellers on the old Andover turnpike. It later, with the cessation of business and travel, degenerated into a place of questionable repute. The natural beauty of the locality attracted picnic parties to Spot Pond grove and to the island, and as usual to a public resort came some of lower character. One of these latter was composed of convivial spirits, and one among its number who was somewhat overloaded became overcome, and being too *full* for utterance, sank down for rest, or stumbled over some insignificant obstruction at that particular spot on the island. His boon companions thought it appropriate to mark the spot for future remembrance, and so set up the marker with the truthful inscription, "Here Shute Fell." Our own opinion is that "Colonel" Shute was a Kentucky colonel, and that his opponent in the duel the sympathetic lady told of was none other than the redoubtable Gen. John Barleycorn, his deadly weapon "a pocket pistol," and that "the grave on the island" is entirely mythical. The old tavern has gone, the Andover turnpike is no more. Instead is the electric railway that brings multitudes from the crowded city. Instead is the broad Fellsway, with its throng of automobiles and their occupants, coming to the "Beautiful lake in Middlesex Fells," of which was written —

Fair as thy sister of the north
Lesser "Smile of the Great Spirit" art thou
Spread o'er the face of Mother Earth.

Vol. XII, p. 41.

Whether the monument to the one who "fell" so long ago still remains, or has disappeared, enquiry of the public or park employees fails to reveal. But the *duel* story

is a myth. The *real* story of Shute's fall (whether colonel or not) has its lesson. Let us hope his successors of the present day do better than did he.

MYTHICAL PAGEANTRY.

Much has been said in recent months of the use of pageants in the teaching of local history. It may well be thus taught, but we still hold to the idea expressed by the late James A. Hervey in the words, "If we are to be historical, let us tell the truth." If it is too *bad* to tell, better be silent, for it is difficult to unlearn even pleasant fiction. Three questions are pertinent, however: —

1. Did John Winthrop purchase Ten-hills farm of the Indians? If so, does any record of such purchase exist?

2. Was there any mob demonstration against the Royall house, either before or after Sir Isaac's departure? If so, what proof of it?

3. Did Washington ever visit that house in person? If so, when, and what proof thereof?

By reference to the local press we find that the first two query subjects were thus portrayed in pageant by various actors. If this is correct, by all means let it be added to existing history, which heretofore has been silent thereabout.

It is a source of gratification that the Royall house has been preserved, and this because of the wide-spread interest taken in the matter by members of historical and patriotic societies. The old house guards its secrets well, but no one has done better in truthfully seeking its evolution than has Mr. Hooper,* former president of the Medford Historical Society. Four years since a poem read within its walls found place in the REGISTER. It contained one line savoring strongly of poetic license:

"The bricks shall be brought from over the sea"

to which the editorial dissent was then made in a foreword.

And now comes the *House Beautiful*, August, 1915, with superb illustrations of the house and pageant, and extended description of the former. We cannot quite understand how "the eave of the one-story lean-to" can

* See REGISTER, Vol. III, p. 137.

be "in the top story," which is the third in the house whose date of erection is given as 1631-2.

Medford people will certainly take exception to this — "A fire burned down . . . an extension on the end adjacent to the old building of brick and wood called the 'slave quarters,' or that "it burned off the clapboards." A pretty theory is advanced relative to the kitchen stairway door, thus —

"Stairs are boxed in by a door, the top of which slants down from the hinge-side at a mildly acute angle because, in the seventeenth century, doors were often made by ships' carpenters who made them for houses as they made them for cabins of ships."

The prosy fact is, that the horizontal lines of these door *panels* are not mildly acute, as in "cabin doors." The settling of stairs and sagging of floors have necessitated a cutting off and a refitting of the door to its opening thus made angular.

And again, "the old carpenters' rule" for constructing staircases is named as applying to the front stairs of seven-inch risers and an eleven-inch tread —

"twice the rise, plus the tread, equals twenty-five inches cut on the string."

Some old carpenters that have long built stairs as well as houses would be glad of information as to this, and why *twice* the rise, or where twenty-five inches?

The above are technical matters. The "skeletons and ghosts" we will allow to rest and allude only to the assertion that —

"in the parlor . . . George Washington is said to have done his courting of some fair lady in one of the recessed windows. The tale is that he courted in vain."

As history records Washington as having only been in this vicinity at the siege of Boston, and again in 1789, when he visited Colonel and Dr. John Brooks, and as he had married Martha Custis years before, we think this a very unkind thrust against the revered memory of the Father of his Country to be scattered broadcast throughout the land from beneath the shadow of the gilded dome. Instead of technical and romantic myths, let us have attractive and historic truth, taught by narrative and pageant.

MEDFORD'S SKY-SCRAPER — THE TUFTS TELEGRAPHIC TOWER.

TO keep pace with modern invention the American Radio and Research Corporation have recently erected on the easterly slope of College hill a towering framework of steel, three and one-half feet square, continuing the same size to a height of three hundred feet.

It is built of structural steel bolted together, braced diagonally in all directions, and rests in a concrete base a foot in thickness. This in turn rests upon insulating material on a concrete foundation several feet in the ground, the insulation and complete separation being needful for the satisfactory use and service of the tower.

From its top the antennæ are to communicate with a new building on the hill slope. The stability of this lofty and slender tower depends entirely upon the series of guys that are attached thereto at various intervals in its height, and which reach back to anchorages of concrete embedded in the ground. Much comment was expressed during its construction, relative to its permanent security, and some even wondered if "they owned up there." The college flag, of brown and blue, was one day displayed from its dizzy height. On another day, and at varying elevations, some acrobatic stunts were performed by some of the more daring workmen.

The most thrilling sensation, however, came on Sunday, September 26, last. Soon after noon a slight rain storm came on, accompanied by a westerly wind which soon became a gale, in fact, in its force, a sort of young hurricane. The lower portion of the structure was protected by the intervening hill-top and buildings, but the higher part and the topmost section, said to have been but temporarily secured, received the full impact of the gale. Yielding thereto, it toppled over and took all the lower portion with it. At 3.28 o'clock its seven tons of steel came down with a crash that was heard a long way off. In its fall it cut the numerous telegraph and telephone wires along Boston avenue and the railroad, its wreckage reaching down the deep cut and onto the steam railway tracks. An inward express train, at a forty-five

mile speed, was stopped by its engineer in the nick of time, but not without contact with the wreck, which was pushed some distance ere full stop was made. But for the fact of his train being a little late, a great disaster might have occurred, for had the falling mass struck the cars, it would have been a giant scythe, mowing down the passengers within. The $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch guy rods of the wrecked tower became entangled with the high-tension wires and the cables of the street railway and more or less charged with electricity, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. The police, firemen and railroad men were soon on the ground, and enough of the wreck removed to allow resumption of travel. An immense concourse of people soon gathered at the scene, and the wonder is that no resultant accident occurred.

At the present writing (a month later) the tower has been rebuilt in the same form of construction and at a greater height, is now complete, and is visible in all directions. Seen at a distance, the four steel bars at its corners, with the cross-bars and braces, become merged into one black *line* against the sky. It is said to be exceeded in height and power by but two radio stations in the country, and capable of communicating with Europe. It is the idea of a recent Tufts graduate, Harold J. Power, who is vice-president of the company who caused its erection.

We naturally associate electricity with light, heat and power (no pun is intended by this last word), but we can scarcely think that the late Mr. Charles Tufts, who suggested the college that should "put a light on that bleak hill," had any thought of electric light, heat, or the subtle energy utilized by the present lofty structure.

Since his time the city of Charlestown, in 1862, constructed a reservoir that for some years was regarded with some apprehension. Fear of flood has at length departed, and Medford and Somerville people have made homes in the shadow of its embankments.

The daily papers reported that during the reconstruction of the wireless tower one of the workmen, in his hurry for dinner, *slid* down three hundred feet of rope

faster than he expected, but checked by *extreme effort* his increasing momentum when but fifty feet from the ground. What might have happened, had he been unable to do so, we dislike to consider.

We may hope that the new tower is made secure from a recurrence of its early disaster, and trust that residents close by, and the multitudes that pass and repass daily by steam and trolley, may ever do so securely. The forces of nature, often freakish, are serious ones to be reckoned with. *Safety first* should be the rule of the engineer, and the lesson of Minot's Light should not be forgotten.

MEDFORD MILE-STONES.

We have heard of but few such. Two were on the Andover turnpike, now Forest street and Fellsway. Who knows if any were placed on the Medford turnpike, now Mystic avenue?

We were recently called to view one of these, on the easterly side of the way near Spot Pond. It is of dark stone, like Medford granite, with one smooth face, and near its top is painted, in dark color, "M. 2 ms." Its location proved to be the second mile from Medford square.

Mr. Arthur Rice of Stoneham became interested in its preservation and offered to pay the expense of moving backward if needful. The park commissioners have decided that it may remain in its original position.

We are informed that the same gentleman secured the preservation of the fourth mile-post near Marble street in Stoneham, and will replace the third, which the Stoneham highwaymen (*i.e.*, the workmen on the highway), removed and built into a culvert some years since. It would be eminently fitting if the first mile-stone could be replaced by the Medford people, as it was removed some years since. It would be a reminder of the old highway, built by corporate investment, and maintained by tolls exacted from the travelling and business public, but which in later years became one of the most beautiful streets of the city, one that gives easy access to our beautiful Middlesex Fells.

MEDFORD'S HOME FOR THE AGED.

THIS institution, which appeals strongly to the people, is now upon the Puffer estate at Winthrop square. Heretofore it has occupied a typical Medford dwelling, a view of which appears in its first printed report (1903). A better (half-tone) view from another direction is in reports of 1907-'12, and the latter shows its neighbor, the Abraham Touro house. (Probably this is the only view extant of that ancient and peculiar house, which was demolished some years since.) Information relative to this Medford Home is furnished by its correspondence clerk:

The Medford Home for Aged Men and Women was incorporated in December, 1901, and opened on January 29, 1902, in the house No. 66 South street (corner of Manning), which had been bought subject to mortgage, which has since been paid off. Seven persons entered at that time, which number was increased to nine the next year, filling all rooms. There is always a waiting list.

The Home is sustained by subscriptions, gifts, and entrance fees of \$250 each, and by the proceeds of an annual fair. Gifts of real estate—a lot of land on the opposite corner of Manning and South streets, and a house and land on Winthrop street—have come to the Home, as also gifts of money and bequests. The Corporation has just purchased a larger house, the Puffer homestead, at the meeting of High street and Winchester road, upon which a mortgage must rest until its other real estate can be sold. The service of physicians, ministers and managers is given without charge.

The large barn that stands so near the house was erected by J. H. Norton for Mr. Puffer in 1871 or 1872, and before the improvements were made that resulted in the present building. The writer, on a recent pleasant (November) day went upon the grounds for the first time, and through the various rooms and cellar, and ascended the stairs to the cupola. Looking from the latter in all directions the thought came, "What would the original builder, the earliest occupants (and later, as well) say of the Medford of today spread there to their view?" And especially we thought of that Medford boy, whose home it was, and his writings, from which we shall later quote.

The house in its present form is well known to the present generation of Medford people as being in a fine location and with abundant grounds. For the past forty years it has been the home of a worthy Medford family,

though for a few recent years disused. It will now be known by the above caption. Were it styled "Aged People's Home," the adjective might refer to the building, as well as to its occupants, as the main portion is one of the oldest in the city.

This may seem strange to the casual observer, but there are still a goodly number of old residents who remember the large white house (resembling the Unitarian parsonage) which stood close to High street and nearer the brook, in former years known as the Swan house. This must not be mistaken for the Swan house that was moved from Governors avenue, as there were several of that name in the old days.

This house became the property of Samuel Swan, Jr., (b. 1750) who moved from Charlestown to Medford in 1790 and took up his residence therein. Mr. Swan was in his time a man of note, having served in the Revolution under Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, who afterward commanded the militia of Massachusetts at the time of the Shays rebellion. At that time Samuel Swan was quartermaster general with the rank of major, and in recognition of his service received the written thanks of Governor Bowdoin.

He was treasurer of the Malden Bridge Corporation, whose enterprise in building the bridge across Mystic river so exasperated the Medford parson as to cause him to write a vituperative letter thereabout. With his little (and only) daughter, then but three years old, Mr. Swan was the first to drive over the new bridge in a chaise. The distinction of being the first to pass over the bridge at its opening was eminently fitting. It was Mr. Swan who first suggested to Judge Russell the idea of a bridge at Penny ferry.

"Major Swan was paymaster of the Middlesex Canal Company, and went up to Wilmington every week with money to pay the workmen, running some risk of being robbed, as he was well known to carry money."

He had seven sons, one of whom became the "beloved physician" of Medford, Dr. Daniel Swan, and for whom the Swan school was named.

His youngest son, Caleb, was much interested in Medford's history, and distributed numbers of Mr. Brooks' volume among his friends on its publication. His own interleaved copy, after traversing the continent, has found place in our Historical Library—not a *resting* place, however, for its wealth of additions and its owner's criticisms are an illuminating sidelight on Medford history often sought.

Among the interleavings is a pen and ink drawing or "Map made by C. Swan July 24, 1863," which shows the course of Meeting-house brook through "salt marsh" on either side, with land of John Bishop at the south, while on the north side and between the brook and "County road," *i.e.*, High street, is shown "land of Sam^l Swan," and at "head of tide" is "salt marsh, about 1 acre Francis Leathe to Patrick Roach Oct 18, 1816." The brook, in its lower reach, is designated as "Creek of salt water full every tide." Above "head of tide" is shown "stone wall," and the stream is there styled "brook," and a "bridge" is shown by dotted lines across "County road." Three "gates" are shown on the roadside, the one nearest the brook about midway on a "1 acre" lot next the Roach lot, on the other side of the brook is "land of John Wade." Another similar map styles it "Noah Johnson's land formerly John Wade's tanyard." From the middle "gate" is pencilled a "cart way" to the middle of the plot, and also in pencil is shown "boggy land." Toward the eastwardly adjoining "land of Dudley Hall" is pencilled "heavy crop of grass for 30 years." Almost opposite the easterly, or third gate, is shown the "House," which is the subject of our writing, and from which we have wandered a little. But a short distance eastward, and before the bend in High street, is shown another, marked "Furniss," which has been gone from that spot for the past forty-five years or more.

Incidentally we mention that the Wade tanyard is the Bean greenhouse location, and the "1 acre" east of the brook is the location of the second meeting-house and first schoolhouse of Medford, and through this mapped and still unoccupied land has been built the present Winthrop street."

One of these interleavings relates to his paternal home and was added as below in

NEW YORK, June 25, 1863.

About 1801 Mr Nathaniel Wells (who for many years assisted in mowing the grass in Medford, and who died in Aug. 1824, aged 92) said at Father's house about 1801, that when he was a boy, he heard his Father say, that the frame of that house was of Oak, got out, framed, raised and built at a certain time, which was 112 years before the time Mr Wells was repeating it in 1801, which would make the time it was built 1689. Mr Wells thought the house was built by a Mr Richardson of Woburn.

If this be correct, and there can be little doubt thereof, this house, with its solid oak frame, must have been a century old when President Washington took his "health tour as far north as Portsmouth," and visited Medford in 1789, where he was entertained by Colonel Brooks at his home, only a few rods away.

Truly it is, with the modern addition of 1872 and its recent refitting, an aged "Home for the Aged" people. Its builders did their work well. They builded better than they knew.

A MEDFORD WRITER OF LONG AGO AND A MODERN MEDFORD SCHOOL.

TO the long and creditable list of Medford's authors given in "Literary Medford" (see Vol. XV., p. 1, REGISTER) by Mrs. Louise Peabody Sargent, must be added one that escaped her careful search, that of Francis Green. From an address at the Horace Mann School in Boston, November 10, 1897, on the occasion of the unveiling of a bronze tablet in his memory, the facts are gathered. The address was by the Honorable and Dr. Samuel A. Green of Boston. (See Medford Historical Society's accession 2445.) This Francis Green was of an old New England family, and born in Boston, August 21, 1742. His earlier education was had in Halifax, and next in Boston Latin School, and he was admitted to Harvard College in 1756. His father had previously procured for him an ensign's commission in the British army, with leave of absence for study at college. The war with France precluded this, and thus the young man,

then but fifteen years of age, joined his regiment at Halifax at the close of his freshman year. His leave of absence was not renewed, and his army service, which he seems to have taken up with zeal, took him to Canada and the West Indies. As an especial mark of favor he was permitted to take his A.B. degree in 1760 with his class.

In 1766, having become a lieutenant, he sold out his commission and entered into business in Boston. Three years later he married Susanna Green, who bore (by their fathers being brothers, and mothers sisters) the double relationship of cousin to him. There were five children, one of whom (a son) was deaf.

But Francis Green, perhaps because of his military experience, was a Loyalist, and as such went away to Halifax on the fleet at the evacuation of Boston in 1776. After a time he went to New York, and in 1780 to England, and returned to Nova Scotia in 1784.

While in England, and undoubtedly because of his son's affliction, he became interested in the welfare of the deaf, and wrote a treatise entitled "*Vox Oculis Subjecta*"; this in London, 1783. In June, 1797, he came to Medford and here resided for twelve years, until his death on April 21, 1809.

While living in Medford he prepared a sketch which he styled "Genealogical and Biographical Anecdotes of the Green Family . . . 1806." We do not learn that this was then published, as many years after, the original manuscript fell into the hands of Dr. Green of Groton, who copied it for his own use. It was by this circumstance that the authorship of "*Vox Oculis Subjecta*," which work had become well known in educative circles, became recognized. Prior to this, all that was known of it was that the author was an American of the name of Green. And so it came about that Dr. Samuel A. Green (whose memory in historic circles is ever green) published an abstract of the same, and later another paper, this in 1861, in which he claimed for Francis Green the distinction of being "the earliest advocate of the education of deaf mutes in America."

Beside the genealogical work above named, Francis Green, during his twelve years' residence in Medford, wrote much for the newspapers of his time over his own name and often over that of "*Philocophos*" (which latter was eminently appropriate of this work). We quote from the address alluded to, and from which we have compiled the foregoing:—

"He also made translations from the French on the same subject, which were likewise printed in the *Palladium*. These various productions from his pen served to call public attention to a matter that lay near and dear to his heart, and without doubt stimulated a sentiment which is today felt throughout the land. It seems almost a suggestion of fate that the 'Sarah Fuller Home for Little Children Who Cannot Hear' should have been established less than ten years ago in the neighborhood of Mr. Green's dwelling-place, in a city which, through his writings, is so full of early associations with this interesting class of boys and girls."

We find that sixteen years after his first marriage Francis Green married his second wife, Harriet Matthews, daughter of a mayor of New York (of the Revolution), and that she bore him six children (afterward Medford boys).

Very likely the eldest of Mr. Green's eleven children may have, ere his coming to Medford, established homes for themselves elsewhere, still, the coming of the younger must have materially added to the census list of the old town of less than one thousand people. As yet we have not learned where was his "dwelling-place." The allusion to it in the above quotation would lead us to infer that it was in the "West End," for it was there that the Sarah Fuller Home was instituted in 1887 or 1888. It was first housed in the cottage owned by Gilbert Lincoln, opposite his home on Canal street. This had a sizable lot, suitably fenced and sloping backward to the river, with large apple and smaller fruit trees and garden, making it a comfortable place for this peculiar home school. Miss Eliza L. Clark was the matron and Mrs. Anna Lyons the housekeeper, and the school began with but one pupil. After a time a smaller building was erected beside this for recreation purposes, and these continued to be used until in 1892, when the managers

purchased a larger and well-located house on Woburn street. This was the one erected in 1869 for his residence by Martin M. French, and had a stable adjoining, with ample grounds and trees surrounding it. The gilded copper dog that still as a weather-vane surmounts the stable cupola, is a reminder of the hunting and fishing trips taken by him and other Medford men.

By a succeeding owner, and by the home managers, this house has been somewhat improved and is still the home of the "Little Children Who Cannot Hear." It is noteworthy that it stands directly across the way from the site of the *first* West End schoolhouse, built in 1829, but it serves a far different method of teaching, and type of pupils. The teaching is of the same form as that by which Helen Kellar and Tommy Stringer acquired speech.

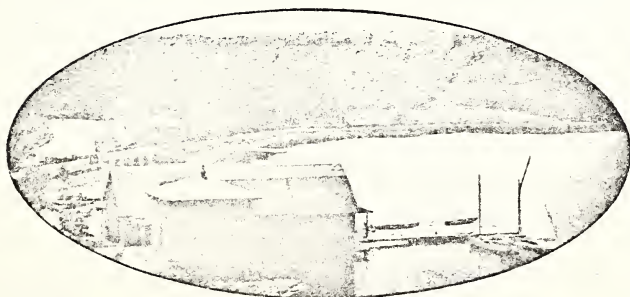
Miss Clark has been in charge during all the years until her death on February 23, 1915. Mrs. Lyons, a few years since, retired from service and is now happily settled in the Home for the Aged. Thus closed the record of their honorable, patient and faithful service for the help, education and betterment of many children so seriously handicapped by physical defect. Miss Henrietta Morrison is the present matron.

OUR OUTLOOK, OPTIMISTIC OR OTHERWISE.

THE Medford Historical Society is now completing its twentieth year of existence and work in one of the oldest towns (now a city) of the old Bay State. With the closing of the year another *season* has begun, and that under different circumstances and surroundings from any before. It is a natural sequence that the membership should have changed and that some, even many, of its earliest ones should have passed on, or have lapsed in membership. That their places have not been filled gives opportunity for pessimistic outlook — the *otherwise* of our caption. Other societies have suffered, and some have become inoperative, because of the same or similar causes. It has been even hinted that Medford's would thus become, and its present administration has been,



MISS MARY A. AYMAR
GIVING A DEAF CHILD THE FIRST LESSON IN ARTICULATION.



MYSTIC NARROWS.
(Boundary Line.)

and still is, confronted by peculiar circumstances and new conditions.

Except at the earliest and the annual meetings there has been no gathering of this society not addressed by some speaker, or some instructive and interesting paper read. These were (till two years since) announced by a folder, covering the entire season, and for several years a supplementary Saturday evening course was also provided and also thus announced in October. Our society has been enabled thus to do by the kindness and courtesy of friends and by members of other societies, as well as of our own, who take interest and pleasure in the work, and with but one exception (and that merely nominal) the service has been rendered gratuitously. We are pleased to say that some of our members have reciprocated such favors on occasion elsewhere. Recently, however, the practice of annual announcement has lapsed, and the work of the former committees has devolved largely upon the chairmen, and a detailed account of the same may be found elsewhere in this issue.

Circumstances have led the present chairman to procure no one to speak at two recent meetings, thus giving the assembled members opportunity to consider present conditions, and plan for future work and welfare. These circumstances were the sale of our former home, the consequent removal to the present quarters, and the discouragingly small attendance at the closing meeting of the former season.

This season, instead of the former folder or postal notice to each member, was sent a call for a "family gathering of the society to plan for future success." Under somewhat adverse circumstances the society met for the first time in our temporary quarters, and after the usual greetings and reading of records, listened to the "president's message," which he read, and which is embodied in the record of the meeting. This was a brief review of the past, and careful statement of the present condition of the society's interests on all lines was plainly made. It opened the way for the members' debate in the hour that followed. Several propositions were made, all for

the purpose of reducing expense — all involving another removal, and one to build a new and permanent home. These were referred to a committee for careful consideration. This committee's record of meetings was submitted as a report to the November meeting of this society. Removal to proposed existing quarters seeming not entirely practical, and the lateness of the season and financial problems precluding the building plan, the record report was accepted and committee discharged. The entire evening was spent in spirited discussions of ways and means, resulting in a proposed amendment to the by-laws making increase in amount of annual dues, which will come up for consideration at the December meeting. The subscription price of the REGISTER was by vote raised to \$1.50, *but no suggestion of its suspension or discontinuance* was made.

The president was by vote directed to appoint a committee of three to consider further the question of desirable quarters. Not only to such committee should be our outlook, but to every member it is, or should be, a matter of vital interest. In a city like Medford an Historical Society should number more than one hundred and fifty members. It should have permanent quarters worthy the name, should have sufficient revenue to support the same creditably, and under suitable supervision its library and collection should be at intervals available to the public, and especially to the school children and the people that are among us to stay and make Medford cosmopolitan. The "Ward Book," or list of poll-tax payers of our city is a revelation to those that read with an interest in the city's welfare. The founders of Medford, of New England, did well in their day, and the great West, in its expansion, feels their influence. It is no time now to relax any effort for the remembrance and preservation of New England ideals of religion, morals, virtues or patriotism, but rather to grasp every opportunity for civic betterment that lies at our doors. Make the outlook optimistic by increased interest in the society's objective and work, in attendance, in increased membership. Inquire into some of Medford's modern as

well as ancient history, present-day doings, and forecast the future a little. Boost Medford, it's a good *old* town, you live here, help it to be a good *new* city. Old Medford was good, make the new Medford better by various efforts, and just now by this society, just coming of age (twenty-first year), with one hundred new members—live ones—that will find it “cheaper to move than pay rent.” With no disrespect to our present temporary quarters—the best available for the time—resolve that the *next removal* be to quarters of our own, safe, convenient and attractive.

THE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS, SEASON 1914-1915.

ON October 19 the opening meeting of the season was held. The paper of the evening, “In the Beginning of the Age of Steam,” was one prepared some ten years before, but thus presented for the first time to fill an emergency gap in the program. This was by Moses W. Mann, who gave it as the “Cruise of the Merrimack.” An abstract of this paper was then in press for the REGISTER under that title.

Rosewell B. Lawrence, Esq., one of our vice-presidents, on November 16 entertained the society (as he has previously done) with an account of his vacation trip, this time to the “Hawaiian Islands.” Mr. Lawrence's interesting story was made the more vivid by numerous views, most of which were secured by his own camera and shown by Mr. Brayton.

On December 21 another of our members, Mrs. Augusta Brigham, favored us with her story of “Ten Soldier Brothers in the Revolution,” an uncommon occurrence, and the story most interestingly told.

At the January, or annual, meeting the reports were made and election of officers took place, prior to which former president John H. Hooper read the highly interesting account of A. K. Hathaway, “An Old Medford Schoolmaster,” who was known to the older members of the society.

The speaker on February 15 was Mr. George G. Wolkins of the Old South Historical Association, and his

subject "The Old South Meeting-house." The speaker dealt with the earlier history of the church more particularly; also at less extent, with the meetinghouse, and the means by which it has been preserved. The same was replete with interest, and a goodly number were present.

March 15 was "Old Home Evening." Our townsman, Mr. George W. Hersey, with the assistance of Mr. Brayton, gave us a personally conducted tour through Medford, and brought out of his camera treasures, things new and old, the lakes, the Fells, Medford's old houses, streets and people, and all so true to detail, life and nature. We *let George do it*, for he is master of his art.

April 19, Patriots' Day, was noticed by a program of patriotic readings, and music by young ladies of the high school. The president displayed the old flag taken at Lexington, and spoke of the events of April 19 of '75 and '61, and Medford's part in them; also of the legislative enactment of the 19th as Patriots' Day, and at intervals introduced the Misses Gladys Falt, Mildred Grimes and Mary Rowan, who read "Paul Revere's Ride," "Hang out the Lanterns," and a poem on Patriots' Day by some Medford author (unknown) on occasion of its first observance. Miss Myrtle May Meloon entertained the company with selections on the mandolin, and also played the ancient piano, made in London over a century ago, closing with America. This entertainment, "Made Mostly by Medford Maidens," was favored by the largest attendance of the season.

On May 17 Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville gave a most interesting address on "The Social and Economic Conditions Attending the Years Following the American Revolution." Those present found it "the best wine at the last of the feast," and were sorry for the absent ones. Some untoward circumstances caused a small attendance, the least of the season (perhaps the least ever known). Ten days later the society vacated its rooms, which are now but a memory.

"WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?"

Joshua 4:21.

A few years since, a bright, observing Medford school-boy came to the writer with this question, "Mr. —, what is that stone post on — street, near the brook, for?" adding, "my teacher said that he didn't know, but probably you could tell me."

The stone in question is one of the markers of "grade lines" established by order of selectmen May 28, 1889, in accordance with general laws of 1888, and which, to the number of twenty-two, may be seen at the roadsides, near the crossing of all brooks and the river. They are (mainly) of the dark Medford granite of Pasture hill, about a foot square, and of varying heights. A square space is roughly dressed across the roadside face and indented thus, $\frac{G}{19 \div 6}$, or otherwise, as location needs. Probably the "grade act" had never come under the schoolmaster's notice, and there are others equally excusable.

The schoolboy's query shows that he used his eyes and tongue to some purpose, and suggests the ancient one we have above quoted. We were not licensed to preach, but gave the schoolboy the information he sought (much to his gratification), and wish there were more like him.

In their annual report (1890) the selectmen said,

A grade of thirteen feet above mean low water was decided upon by the selectmen under the law, for the established grade, below which no cellar or basement-cellar of any building shall be constructed, used or occupied, except by license, for storage, or business purposes.

Then followed a list of twenty-two grade marks in various localities of "cross cut in stone and red chalked," giving figures thus, "19, 09. In feet and inches 19', 1", or otherwise, as might be. Some of these red-chalked cross cuts (X) were in abutments of bridges, "natural rock," "man-hole curb," "iron hydrant," and the like, and in some cases cannot now be found because of alterations made. Ere long granite markers of uniform shape were substituted for these which were difficult to find.

MEDFORD'S METES AND BOUNDS.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her . . . mark ye well her bulwarks . . . that ye may tell it to the generation following.

Psalms 48: 12-13.

The public statutes require that city and town officers do as above once in every five years, to make sure that the boundary lines are maintained and the monuments in suitable condition and in their proper places. This is known as "Perambulation of Town Lines." We understand that under our city government some aldermen are accompanied by the city engineer or his representative. We may not think that this duty is strictly *ambulatory*, or that the exact or all the boundary line is *walked* over. It would be impracticable thus to do, unless, indeed, our mayor adds an *aeroplane* to the equipment of the highway department. The Medford of today is much larger than was Governor Cradock's farm, which lay north of the river and "a mile backward in all places."

The latest map of Medford, if cut by its outlines from one of the county, would reveal a singular shape, reminding one of a broody, bristling hen. The hen's beak is in the water where Malden river joins the Mystic, the broad tail reaches Stoneham, and the sheltering wing covers the parkway and dips into the waters of Mystic lake, and this even though the ordinary hen is not aquatic in her habits.

Around this curiously shaped boundary line, at its corners, are set the monuments of granite that, numbered and marked with the initials of Medford and her neighbors, form the subject of our sketch. In 1888 a careful survey of the lines was made by three commissioners, and substantial maps, descriptions and historic facts made into the *Boundaries of Medford*, one of which is in the city clerk's office. The official photographer also was on the ground, and two pages contain thirty half-tone views of these monuments. All but one were taken in that year and form a highly interesting exhibit, especially after the changes that twenty-seven years have wrought. Corner number one is at the top of Winter hill, inside the front fence of Mr. Barber's grounds, is less than a

foot high, with a shade tree beside it. The view is taken looking into the front yard, which is in Somerville, while the rear is in Medford and the house in both cities. Just now, in this extreme corner of Medford, are being built some twenty houses of modern type. The last noted *invasion* of this spot was by the Hessian prisoners after their weary march from Saratoga in 1777. Number two is 3,550 feet westward, and looking north the Littlefield lumber shed forms a background in its view. Number three is 510 feet away beside a tree (a child's box cart, evidently home-made, shows in the view), and in the distance a dwelling-house, recognizable as now the parochial residence of St. Clement's church. Four hundred and sixty-five feet further is number four, and the view shows Warner street in Somerville, the continuation of Medford's Harvard street. Going 350 feet number five is shown among some small trees on the "east side of a cart path."

Four of these are described as being in the Charles Tufts estate, but times have changed, as the numerous houses in both cities, and Bromfield, Pearson and Bristol roads show. Some dozen feet into Pearson road may now be found this last monument, cut smooth with the pavement. Eight hundred and seven feet away, looking north, is number six, with the brick station of the railway (called Tufts College) and the venerable oak, nobody knows how old.

To reach number seven will require a walk up hill 1,164 feet. Here Goddard chapel, with its lofty Lombardic tower, will be seen to the northwest, 165 feet away. The next line is short, but 80 feet, and here to the west, among some trees, is number eight. Number nine is described as "with broken top." It is viewed northwesterly, and in the distance are the gymnasium and another college building. Does this account for the breakage, even though 684 feet away from the chapel? One hundred and twenty-eight feet at another right angle and we see number ten (with the M very black), and the campus and three houses along Professors row.

Turn squarely again and 691 feet will bring one to

number eleven, which is beside Somerville's Curtis street. Here the view includes a stone wall and bushes, "and a rough tapering monument." Three hundred and seventy-eight feet along the wall and street, and number twelve is reached. This view, also, is stone wall and bushes, but included is the towering embankment of the reservoir built by the city of Charlestown. A water-barrel used to be beside the road, fed from a spring in the hillside and not, as many thought, and quite naturally, from the reservoir. This spring was encountered at an early stage of the work in 1862, and record of same made at the time by the engineers in charge.

Seven hundred and sixteen feet from this last is number thirteen, and whether unlucky or not is "back of Samuel Teele's barn." Two hundred and eighty-five feet further, after turning squarely again, looking west one sees number fourteen. One tree and four houses show in the picture. Today there is the recently built Somerville extension of Adams street, phenomenal in its growth. Turn squarely again and 724 feet away is a "tall granite post with dressed top," which is number fifteen. The picture shows a tree and but little else; but it isn't lonesome *now*. Another square turn to right, 648 feet alongside an old rangeway, and number sixteen is found, with the sign "North street" to keep it company.

Eight hundred and seventy-seven feet from this is number seventeen, and 500 feet away, looking north, is seen the tall chimney and the roof of the pumping station now for years disused. But to follow this line might require rubber boots, as the ground is very moist, in fact the engineer referred to styled it then "a swamp." Another sharper turn right and 1,207 feet will reach number eighteen, which is "215 feet distant from the center of the westerly track of the railroad." This view shows (northward) the framework of shed of the Colonial Chemical Co., a carpenter's saw bench and one rail of the spur track from the railway whose high embankment looms up in the distance. This monument was not a corner, but bore upon it a "witness mark," as the boundary line continued straight on to an unmarked point in the middle

of the river beyond the railroad, and which was number nineteen. Incidentally we note that the Middlesex canal crossed this line very closely at this point. But other things than the canal have disappeared. The "irregular granite with flaring top, near the east corner of a small building," has been cut off smooth with the concreted floor of the big brick factory, recently built over it, and the drill-hole in its top marks the exact boundary.

In our perambulation we have covered about two and a half miles and arrived at the end of the Somerville *appendix*, having gone up hill and down dale, sometimes forward, sometimes backward. Just now we may hear the fire-alarm whistle over our heads, perhaps the hoo-doo sixty-one.

In this small part (only about a quarter) of Medford's boundary are nearly two-thirds of the corner bounds. Why this crooked line? and why this Somerville *appendix* that Medford so nearly encloses? The reason is that long ago Charlestown people had some cows, and this hill territory outside Governor Winthrop's farm was their "cow commons" or pasture land, as a mile back from the river northward was "Charlestown wood lots." Well does the *Boundaries of Medford* say, "Originally Medford was entirely surrounded by Charlestown." When in 1765 Medford wanted more territory (and got it) the line of boundary followed the lines of the cow pastures over and around the hill, thus keeping some of the Charlestown lots along the river, forming the *appendix* that forty years ago began to be troublesome by the incoming of the chemical works (now gone). There is need of legislative surgery for Medford's relief, though a partial and considerable relief has come by the Metropolitan parkway's taking therein. We fancy some of those Charlestown people had some wood or marsh grass on their holdings, and naturally preferred to stay in Charlestown bounds, and so were not annexed, and nearly a century later their territory became Somerville.

One thing our perambulation has not revealed — the wigwam of Sagamore John that Governor Winthrop visited, but it was close by. Perhaps somebody's new house building may find trace of it.

We have heard recent enquiry about corner nineteen. Only the engineers can now determine it, but it is eighty-five feet from the railway track. The river has been moved, and the "tip end" of the appendix lies northeast of the railway under the parkway and beside it.

From corner nineteen the boundary follows the "thread of the river" to an unmarked point where Menotomy river (*alias* Alewife brook) joined it, which is some distance above the present stream. Here is the corner of Medford, Somerville and Arlington. It would be a pleasant excursion up this boundary. We took it last summer in company with nearly forty people in one boat, as far as Mystic dam. "Through the narrows" the line runs to "an unmarked point in Mystic (upper) pond." This is also an unmarked point, the corners of Medford, Arlington and Winchester. On the shore, 15 feet from the water's edge and 1,094 feet from that unmarked point, is number twenty. The view shows the curve of the Mystic Valley parkway, a slim, tapering cedar, and the stone monument. This, like number eighteen, is a "line stone," and not a corner, and has the "witness mark," as the line passes through it 5,620 feet to number twenty-one. Also in its course are the "road stones" on Grove and Winthrop streets, which latter becomes Main street in Winchester.

We are now in the woods near Whitmore brook, and the pictures are sylvan views. On our way we will pause and see the red cedar growing from the top of a massive boulder not far from the line. See REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 14.

We will turn northward, now. Three thousand eight hundred and eighty-one feet will take us to number twenty-two, and as we look southward we shall see W on the stone, as the photographer had to get his view from the Winchester side. Turning just a little, 1,336 feet brings us to number twenty-three. Possibly there was some "hoodoo" about this number, as the photographer did not get his view till a year later (1889) when he secured a woodland view of "an iron 4 feet high and $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches square, standing on a ledge about 1,500 feet away from Turkey swamp dam."

From this point it is 1,818 feet to number twenty-four, the extreme corner of the city next Stoneham. Turning squarely and passing across middle reservoir, 4,261 feet brings us to number twenty-five. There *was* a large rock of four feet on the side next and west of Forest street, with a drill hole between S and M on its top. This was near Porter's cove of Spot pond. Number twenty-six is 2,786 feet farther on in nearly the same direction, is near Fulton street, is a tall stone with wedge-shaped top among denuded trees. Two thousand six hundred and twenty-five feet, still in similar direction, reaches number twenty-seven, which is a tall monument with a pile of loose rocks about it, and near a pile of stones, or cairn. The Metropolitan park map styles this spot "Cairn hill," and gives the elevation as 303 feet, the highest elevation in Medford.

From corner twenty-seven the boundary runs southward by Malden 7,257 feet to number twenty-eight, which *was* a rough granite block with M in red paint, but the view shows the same in the retaining wall beside Salem street, with an M on either end, and Mr. Jacob's houses on the slope above.

Two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven feet in a line swinging eastward from the former, to number twenty-nine in the loam space of the Fellsway, formerly called "Creek head," thence is a water route "along the thread of Little creek," or "Nowell's creek," to number thirty. Here Highland avenue of Malden ends and Middlesex avenue of Medford begins. The boundary line continues through a "line stone" with "witness mark," along Malden river to number thirty-two, an unmarked point at the corners of Everett, Malden and Medford. Number thirty-three is also an unmarked point, the corners of Everett, Medford and Somerville, at the junction of the Malden with Mystic river. After following the serpentine Mystic westerly to a point in line with the monuments "Medford Somerville 1" and "Medford Somerville 3," the line runs 2,088 feet westerly by Somerville to the point begun at, on the top of Winter hill. This line is through a witness mark on a "line stone"

beside Mystic avenue, marked "M. S. city line," 250 feet from corner thirty-four, and also through another "ancient line stone" on the site of the old Middlesex canal.

Beside these corner monuments there are "road stones" on east of Main and east of Medford streets, east of College and northeast of Boston avenues, east of Grove, west of Winthrop, and east of Myrtle streets at the city boundary. There is also a "line stone" between corners twenty-seven and twenty-eight, distant 1,152 feet from twenty-seven.

These two pages of the *Boundaries*, containing thirty half-tones, are very interesting, varying from woodland scenes to exceptionally fine views of Goddard chapel and the railway station. Were photographs taken today, in a few instances the change would be marked by the building development. In two instances (five and twenty-five) a blue print of the survey and a new monument is inserted in the *Boundaries*. If we have "walked about" Medford or gone "round about her" by boat or air craft, we have travelled about nine miles by land and about six miles by water or air; but this is not an "air line," as the "thread of Nowell's creek" and Mystic river is crooked indeed. We have looked across the boundary into the pleasant homes of our neighboring cities, been close to the temples of religion and halls of learning, crossed the railways with their crowded cars and hurrying multitudes, gone under the highways and climbed over the dam at the "Narrows." We have sailed over the upper as well as the lower lakes, and climbing the hillside, passed through the Brooks estate, and enjoyed the beautiful view across the lake to "Morning-side." We have overlooked the silent city of Oak Grove and passed through the attractive solitude of the Fells. Doubtless we have enjoyed our perambulation.

Town officers in days gone by have had similar and other experiences. One of them comes to us with the story of setting a road stone. In drawing the line between monuments it was found that two houses were "over the line," and not in Medford. The resident in one was highly irate, and regarded the Medford select-

man as the cause thereof, and assailed him with eggs. We asked him if there was any *egg-nog* in it, and the reply was, "Medford selectmen in the old days never had any junkets." Tell this "to the generation following."

OLD LANDMARKS GONE.

WITH the demolition of the old Withington bakery, the dismantling of the Historical Society's former home, and the alteration of half the tenement-block known as *Doctors' Row* for business purposes, the view of Salem street from Medford square is materially changed. The glass and stucco front of the latter, the marble, and tapestry brick of the theatre building, and the stucco walls that hide the little that was left at Ashland street, are in marked contrast to the view in May last. We were told that the old-time architecture would be there retained, at least in the upper stories, and so stated in the June REGISTER. But we look in vain therefor. The legend is,

BVILT, 1802; REBVILT, 1915

but what the craft shown in the front panel may be — ark, viking ship or hydroplane — we are waiting to learn.

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If Major Jonathan Wade could drop into his old domicile today he might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the market-place, as the City Hall annex, *alias* Simpson tavern, *alias* Thomas Seccomb house, the three-story brick house, and the more modern Tufts hall building, have all been razed. But not for long the major's outlook, as a deep cellar has been excavated and built in their places, and a modern mercantile building is in process of erection thereon. We regret that it was necessary to remove the big horse-chestnut tree to which the birds resorted, but it was unavoidable.

The excavation of the cellar failed to reveal the treacherous quicksand, said to underlie the spot. But the various alterations and public improvements, notably the sewerage system, have drained the "duck pond" men-

tioned a century ago, and improved conditions here as elsewhere.

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Another change should be noted, the demolition of the old gambrel-roofed house on Main, corner of Emerson street. Beside this was once the home of Dr. Luther Stearns, (father of Major George L. Stearns), and here he had his noted "academy" for boys a century and more ago. Sectional and factional spirit ran high in those days, carried even into the sports of the schoolboys. The disastrous effect of a snowball fight at the town school raised the siege of a snow fort here. One had been built and date set for its storming by the *Fag-enders*. Its defenders were *Maggots*, but Dr. Stearns was an autocrat whose prohibiting word was law, and had to be obeyed. See REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 47.

For years this old house has been falling into decay, and, uninhabitable, has been an eyesore, inviting lawless attempts at its destruction by fire.

A lesson may be learned from its construction, *i.e.*, the brick filling of its walls that has resisted the numerous incendiaries that have called the alarm of sixty-one so often. Incidentally we wonder how the modern construction of lath, paper, and plaster will stand fire test.

We have heard no lament of its passing, and there are doubtless others that might well be removed and something desirable and durable take their places. An instance of this is the removal of Dr. Gahan's house on Washington street, demolition of another, and the erection of a modern dwelling of concrete construction on the former site. As a matter of historic fact, 1915 marks the erection of this, the Medford theatre and the *Medford Messenger* buildings, the material therefor dug largely from the ground where they have been built. Medford should welcome a method of construction that reduces the fire risk, and in time proves more economical to its citizens.

MEDFORD MERRYMAKINGS OF A CENTURY AGO.

1815 — *Nahant Parties*. At this time, when only a few persons resided at Nahant, it was the custom for families in Medford to join in a party to that beautiful promontory. From ten to twenty chaises would start together, and reaching Mr. Breed's, the ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, would proceed to fishing from the rocks and boats. Each one wore the commonest clothes, and the day was spent in all sorts of sports. A fish dinner was an agreed part of the fare, and a supper at the Lynn hotel closed the eating of the day. The party rode home by moonlight, and by ten o'clock were tired enough to go to bed.

Yes, people worked hard to have a good time then, even as now, and perhaps enjoyed it more. At the above date Charles Brooks was in his college junior year, and doubtless forty years later, when, after a busy life, he wrote the History of Medford from which we quote, remembered with pleasure the summer outings.

Why cannot some Medford author prepare a pageant scene of this, one true to the facts? There are enough of the old houses of High and Salem streets left (even though the Third Meeting-house, Governor Brooks', the Seccomb and Tufts houses are gone) to give a realistic setting. Be sure and have Mr. Brooks and his box chaise start from under the great sycamores at his father's door — same old place — and ride down Marm Simonds' hill. Have Parson Osgood and his daughters come out from the parsonage and go too, and all the others, not forgetting Lydia Maria Francis — she was thirteen and was not a *Child* then.

We remember going to a Nahant party with some Medford (and other) people in 1860, but they took the cars at West Medford and "Medford Steps," and went on steamer *Nelly Baker*, which was afterward sold to the government in war time. We had a fish dinner, too, and our first dip in salt water.

Mr. Brooks, when at Hingham in 1819 or '20, was interested in the first steamboats in Boston harbor. His "Nahant parties" were earlier. We wish he had told more about them, but here is a suggestion for some Medford festival.

AT THE YEAR'S END.

WITH this issue the REGISTER completes its eighteenth volume. We have to beg the pardon of our subscribers for the lateness of its issues, and thank them for their forbearance. We have labored under many difficulties during the past year, but have striven to make each issue a distinctively *Medford* production. As the addresses at the Society's meetings during the past two years have yielded little matter for our pages, the editorial labors have increased. This issue is therefore an Editorial number. We would be pleased to have the next a Contributors'.

The kindly comments we have received during our eight years' incumbency have been very encouraging, and the assistance of contributors to the fund of Medford history very material. Of these latter we say, "May their 'tribe increase.'"

There is a dearth of recorded history of Medford from 1840 to '70, incidents of war time, and matters the revision of Brooks' history failed to notice. Send them to us.

We have alluded on another page to the action of the Society relative to the REGISTER of the future. This increase of subscription price is absolutely necessary, as during its entire history its publication has been at a deficit that in some way had to be met from the treasury. Increased expenses in the management of the Society preclude such payment further, and the consensus of opinion is, that the publication must continue. Notice of the advance was immediately sent to all subscribers, and the renewal coupons already received indicate their interest in our work. A little earnest effort on the part of all our members just now will put the REGISTER on a secure business foundation and be an encouragement to the contributors to its pages to do more and better work (if that be possible) in the future. And so, as a labor of love for the Society and our home city, we send out this number, with greeting and best wishes for the new year, 1916.

A REGISTER



JANUARY, 1915

PUBLISHED BY THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

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THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL
REGISTER

VOL. XIX, 1916



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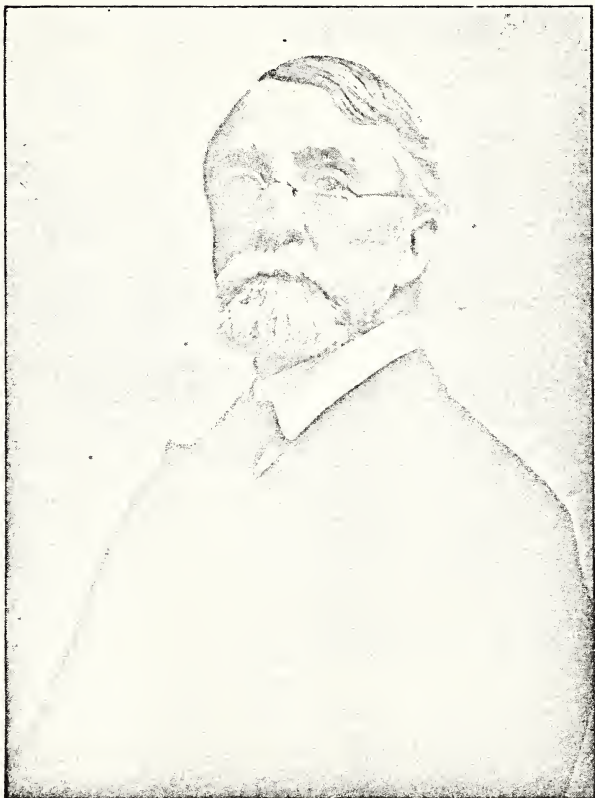
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MINISTER OF FIRST PARISH IN MEDFORD SINCE 1869.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1916.

No. 1.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO MEDFORD.

PEOPLE AND INCIDENTS RELATING THERETO REVIEWED.

IT was a proud day for many a town in our land when the body politic, or one of its prominent citizens, received and entertained Lafayette during his tour of the country in 1824 as the nation's guest.

The distinguished Frenchman was greeted everywhere with enthusiastic expressions of gratitude for his magnificent services to our country when she threw off the yoke of allegiance to the mother country, and for his unswerving loyalty to the principles of liberty.

Showered with attentions and invitations from every quarter, with so many towns and private individuals desirous of doing him honor, it was only due to *one* fact that Medford, so small a place, and so near the scene of the grand celebration in Boston, should have had the opportunity of welcoming him in her own precincts. It must be remembered that *Plymouth*, much as *she* coveted the distinction of a visit from the hero, believing that Plymouth Rock, the stepping-stone to liberty, would draw *there* one so devoted to the cause of freedom, was doomed to disappointment.

Medford was very fortunate at that time in having among her citizens one who was preëminently popular and widely known — John Brooks, the beloved physician, who had just completed eight years of service to Massachusetts as her chief executive, and who was well fitted to receive the great general. Beyond this lay his fine military record, and the fact which gave greater prestige to the occasion was his having been a brother officer with Lafayette and Washington in the war of the Revolution. As a *personal* friend the marquis came to visit

his former comrade-in-arms at the latter's home on High street (site now occupied by the Medford Savings Bank). Fortunate are they who remember the old colonial house.

While Lafayette was in this vicinity, Dr. Brooks was much in his company. Early in the week of festivities Governor Eustis had given a dinner for the marquis, to which the latter's old friends had been invited, among them being Brooks, and when Lafayette appeared on the balcony of the house on Park street, Boston, which had been prepared for his lodging, to receive the ovation of the people, the governor and ex-governor were with him in their old Continental uniforms. Brooks and Eustis, up to this time, had not been on friendly terms, but by the considerate and careful procedure of a friend, the latter came to Medford, called on Brooks, and the breach was healed.

Boston, which Lafayette had left a town at the time of the Revolution, had become a city two years previous, and she exerted herself to welcome and entertain, in a manner befitting the guest's rank, the titled yet democratic Frenchman. Brooks had been appointed chairman by the Society of the Cincinnati of Massachusetts, to consider what measures it will be proper for this society to adopt on the arrival of this our distinguished brother.

The bond between the original members of this society was very strong.

On Tuesday, August 24, 1824, Boston gave Lafayette her hearty reception. After he had been met and addressed by the mayor of the city at the Roxbury line, and the procession had passed through the principal streets, he was received in the Senate chamber by the governor and his council. Many gentlemen were then introduced to him —

officers of the United States, of the State and city; members of the Society of the Cincinnati, with their venerable and distinguished President, Hon. John Brooks, late Governor of the Commonwealth. La Fayette recognized his old military and personal friend, at the first sight, and embraced him with great cordiality and affection.

A few days later the whole Society of the Cincinnati waited on Lafayette and the president addressed the assembly.

When the guest visited Charlestown, Friday, the 27th of August, the two comrades were again together, and when Brooks told him about the association formed for erecting the monument to commemorate the battle of June 17, 1775, Lafayette was pleased and interested, and asked to be considered a subscriber to the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

August 28 was the great gala day in Medford, and probably nearly all of the town's population, then about eighteen hundred, turned out to see the general and give him a royal welcome. As soon as the procession entered the town, coming by way of West Cambridge (the Arlington of today), the salutes began. Bells rang, cannon pealed, garlands of flowers and flags greeted the vision of the guests. The school children of the town were drawn up in line, and with them were those of Miss Bradbury's private school. An arch over the street opposite the front door of the meeting-house bore the appropriate motto, "Welcome to our hills and BROOKS."

At the close of Lafayette's reply to the speech of welcome made by Turell Tufts, the chairman of the selectmen, the procession, escorted by the Medford Light Infantry, moved on to Brooks' house. Here an opportunity was given the people, including the children, to greet the marquis. The throng entered by the front door on the south side and passed out by the east door. Later a dinner was served, twenty-five being present. Charles Brooks, who thirty years later was to become Medford's first historian, was of this privileged company. Others were General Sumner, Major Swett, Rev. Andrew Bigelow, who asked the blessing, all of Boston, Rev. George Burnap of Baltimore, Dr. Swan and Dudley Hall of Medford. George Stewart of Canada, grandson of the host, is said to have been present, and his daughter-in-law, widow of Col. John Brooks, presided at the table.

The following, from the newspapers of the day, published in book form November, 1824, while the events described were fresh in the minds of all, gives us as accurate an account as can be obtained, and is of especial value to those who are not fortunate enough to own a copy of Brooks' History of Medford, which contains the selectman's speech of welcome, not inserted by Usher:—

Saturday, after receiving the salutations of the citizens, who were desirous of being presented to him, he set off for Medford, to visit his particular and valued friend, Governor Brooks. His reception in this beautiful village, is represented as very interesting. The citizens had comparatively short notice of the visit to that place; but they greeted him with great cordiality, and the honors bestowed were not unworthy of their distinguished guest. The main streets and the houses which he passed, before he reached the mansion of Governor Brooks, were filled with children and people, who repeatedly bid him welcome, with great cordiality, and expressed their gratitude and joy on beholding the man, who they had learned, had done so much for their beloved country; and who was the reputed friend of one among them, whom they always delighted to honor. A company of artillery fired a salute, as he entered the village; and several arches were thrown across the street, decorated with flags, and wreaths of flowers and evergreens. Under one of them he was met by the selectmen, one of whom thus addressed him—

“General La Fayette,

“The selectmen of Medford, as the representatives of the town, deem it a grateful and honorable part of their duty to bid you welcome.

“They are proud, sir, that Medford is the birthplace of one of your companions in arms,—a man, who, by his bravery in the field, his patriotism and civic virtues, contributed to acquire as much glory to our country, as honor to himself.

“We rejoice, sir, that you both live to meet again, and to enjoy together the consolations fairly derived from your virtuous and heroic deeds.

“The minds of our countrymen traced your course with anxious solicitude, through the French revolution, from your first success in the cause of liberty, until the spirit of oppression confined you to a dungeon; and their hearts were gladdened, when, by the influence of our great and good Washington, their friend was at last set free. In the rich harvest you are now gathering of the expressions of esteem and gratitude of this numerous people, whose freedom and happiness your exertions so essentially contributed to

establish, we hope you will find some compensation for all your trials, sacrifices and sufferings; and we feel much complacency, that, in this respect you have gained so complete a triumph over the monarchs of the world.

"Again, sir, we bid you a most cordial welcome; and hope, the testimonials of approbation you are receiving from every heart and tongue, will forever remain an instructive lesson to mankind, that patriots who endure faithfully to the end, shall not lose their reward."

The General said in reply — "I am most happy in visiting my old brother soldier and friend, General Brooks, to be received with so kind a welcome. You speak of *compensation*, sir; the smallest part of the delights which I have experienced in America, would more than repay me for all my services and all my sufferings."*

Medford was further honored by the presence of Lafayette, for he called on our Revolutionary heroine, Mrs. John Fulton (born Sarah Bradlee). At this time he presented her with a breast-pin, now in possession of descendants of hers (Rindge family) in Cambridge.

He also dined at Dudley Hall's in the house still standing on the north side of High street, No. 57. The story of this dinner party has never before been in print. It was natural that Mr. Hall, neighbor and intimate friend of John Brooks, and who was a man of wealth and prominence in the town, should have had the opportunity of having Lafayette as his guest. Mr. Hall, without doubt, did his friend many favors, and the latter could have easily obtained Lafayette's acceptance for this occasion.

The dinner was a pleasant social affair, carried on in the hospitable, home-like, old-fashioned way, where good American help gave capable, cheerful and interested service. Mrs. Hall, with the assistance of the sister of her husband's foreman, both of whom were for many years in the employ of the Hall family, cooked the dinner, and this excellent New England woman had a vivid remembrance forever of the day, and used to tell her nieces and nephews of the various dishes served at the different courses. Three tablecloths were spread on the table,

* Brooks' History contains an account of this speech, which varies from this in a few minor details.

one over the other. When one course was finished and the dishes removed the top cloth was taken off and the next course was brought in.

Furniture and fine old silver used then is in use in the Hall family today. The late Dudley C. Hall, then a child six years of age, well remembered the grand occasion, and of shaking hands with his father's guest.

John Brooks, of course, was present, and the time of the event we may be able to fix, for the conversation turned on the subject of the ability of being able to assemble the militia at short notice. Brooks wanted to show Lafayette how quickly he could muster thousands of fighting men in about four days. This was the time my informant said he thought was mentioned.

On Monday, August 30, a grand review of the militia was held on Boston Common at the instance of Governor Eustis, and Brooks, knowing what was being prepared for the entertainment of the general, naturally had great interest in the coming spectacle, and led the conversation to the subject.

This military show, an assembling of six thousand troops, was considered a very fine affair, and was a source of pride to Massachusetts.

Mr. Hall's dinner party may have occurred on Saturday, August 28, the same day Brooks gave his dinner to Lafayette.

The Hall foreman was in the ranks at the military review, and told his children, years afterward, of seeing the general, and that he was old and lame. He thought it an occasion worthy to be told to future generations, for thousands were assembled there.

We all recall Washington's advice, "In time of peace prepare for war," and considering the much-talked-of subject today — whether the United States shall or shall not maintain adequate military force in view of the awful conditions prevailing in Europe — it will not be amiss to quote the following concerning Lafayette's opinion on the subject as given at the time of his visit to the

Charlestown Navy Yard, on the day before he came to Medford:—

He agrees entirely with those enlightened politicians of our country, who have always considered a naval force of great advantage to America, if not absolutely necessary to Independence.

His toast at the military dinner on the Common in Boston was,

The patriotic troops who have paraded this day, they excite the admiration of every beholder, and fill the heart with delight.

The selectmen's records show that no great expense was incurred for the local celebration, and the whole simple story is told in the following:—

PAID

Henry Chapman for Ensigns	\$5.00
Darius Waitt work etc. on reception	6.87
James Hyde decoration of street	2.00
James W. Brooks for horse and chaise to Lexington for bass drum	3.12
Joseph Swan cash pd. for oil etc. & for flags	33.48
	<u>\$50.47</u>

Could we of today entertain so distinguished a visitor as a French marquis, who had been a great general, with a sum like that? Yet we may well ask, would our feelings be any more sincere than those of our townsmen in the simple days of old, or could we offer hospitality more gracefully and elegantly, or that would be more acceptable?

When Lafayette made his visit to New Hampshire, Peter C. Brooks and Ignatius Sargent, Boston citizens, the former also of Medford, accompanied him as aides.

The next year Lafayette returned to this region to lay the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle in Charlestown. Of this memorable occasion we will only mention such items as concern our town's connection with it.

Sixteen military companies did escort duty that day and Medford's company was of the number, a fact to be proud of. Boston and five towns beside ours were represented by their citizen soldiery. Our neighbor, Col.

Samuel Jacques of "Ten Hills Farm," was chief marshal of the procession, and had Lafayette as his guest.

Lafayette's friends, Brooks and Eustis, with the former of whom he had carried on a correspondence, had both passed on before this time. The lives of these friends, in point of years, were nearly identical. John Brooks was born May 31, 1752, and died March 1, 1825. William Eustis was born June 10, 1753, and died February 6, 1825, while Lafayette was born September 6, 1757, and died May 20, 1834. The first two were physicians, the latter a pupil of Joseph Warren, and each served the state as its chief executive. The three served in the Revolutionary war, and with such significant incidents what would it not have meant to this trio if they could all have participated in the events of that wonderful day! We can but think that sad memories came to the survivor, even in the midst of the splendors and exciting interest of the exercises.

Three of Medford's daughters have given us accounts of Lafayette's visit and the reception attending it, either in Boston or here, though their descriptions are brief. Lydia Francis was then a charming young girl of twenty-two, having the *entree* of the best society in Boston and Cambridge. She was already known as a writer, and in 1825 issued her "Evenings in New England," which mentions Lafayette's entry into Boston and the reception given him, of which she was an eye-witness. We know her better as Mrs. Child, her married name, which she assumed in 1828.

Miss Lucy Osgood, who was personally unknown to me, but whom I recall as one of the celebrities of Medford, was then over thirty years of age, and we have her story of the day, in a letter in her vigorous style, which was published in the REGISTER, October, 1907, page 90.

Mrs. Harriet (Jordan) Rowe, whose reminiscences in the REGISTER, July, 1912, page 73, were written at my request, had the story from the lips of her mother, who was then about ten years old, was in line with the school

children, and shook hands with the general. Mrs. Rowe also says her mother's father was captain of the Medford company that assisted in receiving the visitors.

Six years after his visit to America Lafayette was introduced to Maria (Gowen) Brooks, a pleasing young widow, then in Europe with her brother. She was Medford born, and has given fame to her native place as a poetess of imagination and brilliancy, known as Maria del Occidente. Like a gallant Frenchman, Lafayette was susceptible to feminine charms, and so pleased was he with Mrs. Brooks that he was eager to befriend her, and learning that she desired for her son an appointment to a United States military academy, he procured it for her, a favor which she had been unable to attain.

To come in touch with a great event of the past, with but one person between it and ourselves as a connecting link, gives greater significance to that event, and a more vivid realization of it than if we read an account from the printed page. So receptions to Lafayette, and the honors bestowed upon him in this vicinity, seem real to me for the following reasons. My maternal grandmother, at the impressionable age of eighteen, from an excellent position on Park street, witnessed the ovation given America's great guest by the city of Boston. She was never tired of relating the story to me, nor of repeating those lines composed by Charles Sprague for the occasion, and inscribed on an arch thrown across Washington street —

Welcome, Lafayette.

The fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gathered with thee in the fight;
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck; we bend not the knee;
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee.

The account of the dinner at Dudley Hall's was told by one whose father and aunt were in the employ of the Hall family at that time (see REGISTER, July, 1912, page 65).

The Eustis coach, in which Lafayette rode, now finds a resting-place in the carriage house of the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, where, seated in the quaint old vehicle a few years ago, I dreamed away some pleasant hours trying to bring before my mental vision a picture of those historic days. This old coach, still in a good state of preservation, has been an object of interest in several processions. It was used September 17, 1880, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Boston. Members of the New England Historic Genealogical Society occupied fourteen carriages in the parade, and in the Eustis coach were Marshall P. Wilder, president of the society, and Benjamin G. Smith, marshal, both of whom I well knew. I count it a great privilege to have had the acquaintance of these gentlemen of the old school, with their courtly, dignified manners.

In my zeal for seeing historic places I visited Shirley Hall, the home of Governor Eustis. Though shorn of much of its magnificence, there was enough left, though it had been moved from its original site and the spacious rooms had been divided into several small ones, to show what an elegant residence it had been in its prime. There Lafayette spent the night, and many distinguished men had been welcomed under its roof.

I have in my possession one of a set of six champagne glasses given me by a lady long a resident of Medford, only lately having removed from the city, that came to her husband in a direct line from the Dexter family of Medford, with the story that the glasses were used at a dinner given to Lafayette.

Possibly, as was done in Marblehead to fittingly entertain Washington, all the well-to-do families were levied upon for silver and suitable table-ware to lay the table in some home where the general was a guest, for it may be that other feasts were given in our town of which no mention has been made in print, as in the case of the Hall dinner. In earlier, simpler days what good housewife did not borrow of some neighbor a few spoons or

glasses to grace her table for distinguished guests or extra company?

There is today a fine large elm in Kennebunk, Me., under whose shade Madame Storer, the great lady of the town, entertained Lafayette. With two friends' hands clasped in each other's, our out-stretched arms just encircled its huge trunk.

In many towns the receptions were at night, and houses along the route of Lafayette's journey were illuminated and bonfires were built on the hills. This was the case in Bolton, in this state, where, after a short visit to Concord, he spent the night at the mansion of Samson V. S. Wilder, a personal friend. Mr. Wilder, a man of wealth who had spent years abroad, knew Lafayette in Paris, and owned the finest estate in the town. I once had the pleasure of going through the grounds. The summer-house was built in the style of the one on the Royall House grounds, in that it had a receptacle made like a well for keeping food cool.

Persons, events and places which I have mentioned in this paper seem to have a relationship one to the other, and just here you may notice another instance of it, for the wife of Mr. Wilder was born in Medford in the old Watson house on High street, only removed a few years ago. After John Brooks left the eastern half of this house, Joseph Barrel, Jr., of Boston, became the next tenant. His wife was Miss Electa Bingham of Boston, and there is the record of two children being born here to this couple in 1796 and 1799. One of these, Electa Barrel, became the bride of Samson V. S. Wilder, who was noted in Bolton for his lavish hospitality, where he lived for a number of years.

Bolton also is the birthplace of our venerable townswoman, Miss Zipporah Sawyer, who has assisted so many in our educational careers. As a child five years of age she remembers the illumination that night for the distinguished guest, and the occasion is particularly impressed on her mind, for the fence in front of her father's house was set on fire by some light placed upon it.

Hero worship began early with me. For no reason that I can give, before I was nine years old Daniel Webster had caught my imagination, and stories about him, and his pictures, have had a fascination for me from that time. In later years I stood beside his burial-place in Marshfield with a feeling of reverence. He was the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and again at its completion in 1847. My father, as a young man, was present at the latter occasion, and from his lips I had the story of his seeing this great man, and of the immense throng gathered there.

A later hero that strongly appealed to me was Edward Everett, who died fifty years ago, January 15, 1865. In my first scrap-book, begun in childhood, I put a piece by T. W. Persons on the death of Everett. When in riper years I discarded this book, I took from it this one piece and placed it in another that I have today.

When Edward Everett made the speech of welcome to Lafayette in 1824 at the old church in Cambridge, it is said he brought tears and cheers from his hearers, comprising one of the finest audiences in America, when at the close of his Phi Beta Kappa address he turned to the visitor whom America delighted to honor.

Although these reasons may seem insignificant and trivial to you, yet the persons, places and events I have mentioned are to me the links of a perfect circle, a full round story of Lafayette's visit to Medford, and the people with whom he came in touch.

ELIZA M. GILL.

SOME NOTES FROM MY SCRAPBOOK.

TWO-PENNY BROOK.

TO those interested in the old landmarks of Medford it is a matter of importance that, even if those landmarks have been destroyed or removed, some record of their original location should be preserved. It will be found by an examination of the recent maps of the city that this brook is represented as flowing through the location of the clay pits excavated by the Massachusetts Brick Company, and from thence through a new channel until it reaches Main street, where it joins the original location of the brook as it flowed through the culvert under Main street and from thence to the river. It has been previously mentioned in the HISTORICAL REGISTER (Vol. 16, No. 3) that the portion of the brook between Mystic avenue and the river has been straightened, widened and deepened so as to make it navigable. Without doubt the maps referred to are correct so far as the open brook or ditch is concerned, but the makers of those maps must have drawn upon their imagination when they drew the course of the brook through the clay pits. However, this article is not written for the purpose of criticising the maps, but to place upon record the true course of the brook so far as it may be ascertained at the present time. By an examination of Walling's map of Medford, it will be found that the brook is thereupon represented as flowing across Buzzell's lane as it runs in a curved course from the low land near the location of College avenue. The maker of this map failed to complete his work by tracing the course of the brook to the boundary line between Medford and Somerville. Fortunately there is a copy of another map that supplies the necessary link. This copy is referred to as it is easy of reference for the readers of the HISTORICAL REGISTER. It may be found in the article entitled "The Walnut-tree Hill Division of the Stinted Pasture," in Vol. 15, No. 2. Join the two plans and we have a fairly

accurate plan of the original location of the brook. Some years before the many clay pits had been excavated, and after the course of the brook had been changed, the writer of this article went over the land to endeavor to locate the old course of the brook and succeeded in locating a good part of the old channel, also in locating the channels through which flowed the waters from the spring under the old brick tower on the Stearns estate and the spring on the lot of land west of College avenue, formerly known as the Pansy park. There are culverts under College avenue to allow the flow of water from both of these springs. The change in the course of the brook was caused by the excavation of the clay pits. The course of the brook on the south side of the Southern division of the Boston and Maine railroad has also been changed, it formerly flowed a short distance southeast from its present location.

In the article entitled "The Withington Bakery" in the July number of the REGISTER (No. 3, 1915) may be found a reference to the approximate age of the old buildings demolished lately. The records show that in the year 1735 the land was conveyed without buildings, and in the year 1755 it was conveyed with a house and shop thereon. The writer of that part of Mr. Usher's history therein referred to overshot the mark by about one hundred years.

We have to record the passing of the old house on the corner of Main and Emerson streets. This house stood on a portion of the Stinted pasture, and the land was deeded by Jonathan Tufts to Job Richardson in the year 1731. The house was probably erected soon after, as it is mentioned in a deed a few years later. In 1743 it came into the possession of Isaac Royall, and was a part of his estate at the time of his decease. In 1827 it came into the possession of Jacob Butters, and his deed mentions a house and currier's shop. This house as it was

originally built consisted of one room in each story and a lean-to of one room. The old part of the house was next to Emerson street, and judging from the difference in construction, the newer part must have been added some years later. The house next south of the old house was probably the currier's shop mentioned in the Butters' deed, changed into a dwelling-house. It adjoined the older house, but was not connected therewith. We have also to record its passing. The large double house (now long vacant) next south of the above-mentioned houses, was a part of the old Blanchard tavern that stood on the west side of Main street near Cradock bridge, on land now part of the boulevard, and was moved to its present location and finished as a dwelling-house about seventy-eight years ago. It may be of interest to add that the homestead lot of Dr. Luther Stearns was just north of and adjoining the old house-lot above mentioned. The Stearns house was removed to a location on the east side of Main street. It stands next south of the house standing in the angle made by Main street and Mystic avenue. The Stearns lot comprised that portion of Emerson street adjoining Main street, and the corner (Whalen) lot adjoining.

IN MEDFORD SQUARE.

In excavating for the new block on the north side of the square the foundation of an ancient building was uncovered, situated directly in the rear of the brick building, lately demolished, that stood between the Seccomb and Weymouth buildings. Old residents of Medford will recognize this foundation as the site of a building that stood in the rear of and connected with the brick building above referred to, and which was demolished some years ago. These buildings were the home of the Joseph Patten Hall family for many years, and the older part has a history that is worth recording. In the year 1717 Stephen Willis, Jr., sold to Peter Seccomb this old house, and it was referred to in the deed as the said

Willis' dwelling. Without doubt it was built some years previous. Stephen Willis, Jr., was a housewright, and he owned all the land that fronted on what is now High and Salem streets from the Seccomb lot to the lot on which stands the church of the Mystic Congregational Society. His wife, Susanna, was a daughter of Major Jonathan Wade, whose house is now standing on Pasture hill (or Governors) lane in the rear of the Savings Bank building. The lot on which the old house stood was 23 feet in width on the road and 171 feet in depth. It was bounded on the north by Brickyard pasture, a portion of which is now the site of the High School house. This estate passed through several ownerships until, in the year 1783, it came into the possession of William Gowen, father of Maria Gowen Brooks ("Maria del Occidente") who had a high reputation as a poetess. She is supposed to have been born in this old house in the year 1794 (see HISTORICAL REGISTER, Vol. 2, page 150). In the year 1796 the estate came into the possession of Joseph Patten Hall above referred to. The brick building was subsequently erected, probably in the early part of the nineteenth century, and it is very likely that the old house was moved back from the street to make way for the new brick building. All the buildings on each side of this estate stood near to the street line, as was the custom in those early days. The correctness of the statements made in Vol. 18, No. 2, of the REGISTER in regard to the raising of the grade of the square have been verified by the several layers of filling brought to light by these excavations.

ANSWER TO QUERIES.

In Vol. 18, page 73, may be found three questions which evidently await an answer. Questions one and two I pass with the remark that in all probability these two subjects as portrayed in pageant are pure fiction. As to the third, I quote from the journal of Benjamin Crafts, "Sunday August 13th Two Regulars deserted

from Bunker's Hill, swam over to Malden and were carried to Royal's Gen Washington's headquarters."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Vol. 18, page 81. Mr. Swan's quotation of Mr. Wells' statement concerning the building of the Samuel Swan house (now the Home of the Aged) may be correct, but the fact remains that a house stood on that location prior to the year 1689. It was the property of Major Jonathan Wade, who died in the year 1689. In the division of his estate it was set off to his daughter Katherine, who married Elizer Wyer—"To Katherine Wyer, she hath the house by Marble brook and about 18 acres adjoining, allowing 2 acres for highways." Elizer Wyer and wife Katherine sold, in 1710, house, barn, and sixteen acres of land lying on both sides of the road from Medford to Woburn. This house may have been built by a Mr. Richardson of Woburn; if so he was the builder, not the owner.

In the year 1675 Caleb Hubbart sold to John Hall and others five hundred acres of land, part of the Cradock farm. This land was bounded westerly on Thomas Brooks and Timothy Wheeler, easterly on Jonathan Wade, northerly on Charlestown woodlots, and southerly on Mystic river, together with all tenements in the possession of Thomas Shepard, Daniel Markham and Thomas Eames. Thomas Shepard's house was situated on the north side of High street, and the easterly line of Allston street runs through its site. Daniel Markham's house was situated back from Woburn street, and its site is now a part of Oak Grove cemetery. Thomas Eames' house was situated near the junction of Arlington and Canal streets. This five hundred acres of land was afterwards divided among the purchasers, and the Shepard house came into the possession of John Hall and Stephen Willis. There was not a house, at that date, between the Shepard house and Marble brook. When Brooks

and Wheeler purchased their estate (1660) they also acquired a right in the landing at the "Rocks," next to Thomas Marrable's (Marble's) house. The Rocks are now know as Rock hill, and Thomas Marrable's house must have stood on the east side of Marble brook, and may have been (and probably was) the identical house set off to Katherine Wyer from her father's estate.

April 26, 1641. Mr. Cradock grants to Josiah Dawstin of Mistick at Medford in New England all that my messuage or tenement late in the tenure of the said Dawstin, commonly called Dices house, together with six acres of planting ground adjoining. Also seven acres of meadow commonly called by the name of Rock Meadow.

. . . The name of Rock meadow is naturally associated with Rock hill. All the early houses of which we have any record were on, or near, a traveled way. There is no other location shown that so nearly points to the neighborhood of Rock hill. It is possible that "Dices" (or Dix's) house stood on the location above described.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

REVEREND HENRY C. DELONG.

ON Monday morning, January 10, 1916, there passed away one of our members who had been interested in our work almost from its beginning, and whose contributions to our literature have been considerable and of much interest.

Henry C. DeLong (a clergyman's son) was born in Birmingham, New York, November 13, 1838, and educated for, and ordained to the Christian ministry in that state. He served several Universalist parishes during the five years preceding his acceptance of the call of Medford's First Parish.

He married, in 1864, Louise G. Williams (a clergyman's daughter), and came to Massachusetts, preaching at Haverhill and Danvers. His first sermon in the relation he here so long and happily sustained was on March 7, 1869, and he continued in active service for

forty-five years, and as pastor *emeritus* since his resignation. The large company that gathered at the simple and impressive burial service in First Parish Church on Wednesday, January 12, is a testimony to the worth of the loved minister, and a mark of the esteem in which he was held throughout our city.

A brother minister gives the following appreciation:—

AN APPRECIATION.

When at a recent gathering of the ministers of Medford I was addressed as the "Dean," I found myself almost shocked at the fact that by reason of being the longest in residence of the active pastors of the city I was entitled to that honorable name and office. But for many years the subject of this sketch bore the name and filled the office with dignity and grace, and I can only suppose that it is because of the fact of my extended service that I have been asked to write an appreciation of the man who for nearly half a century ministered in this community. Yet I have felt honored by the invitation, and only too glad to write something as to my own feeling about him and the place which I think he filled among us. And may I be pardoned for first giving my personal appreciation, for he was both my friend and colleague for the now nearly twelve years of my residence in Medford. I well recall the very cordial and friendly way in which, after he had, I think, gotten assurance of my good will for a Unitarian minister (which he had not always experienced) he welcomed me to the religious life of the city and to his own esteem. This latter I was most glad to return.

Shortly after my settlement as the pastor of the Mystic Church, I took the opportunity of arranging an exchange of pulpits with Mr. DeLong, as I did also with the then minister of the Universalist Church, Rev. Clarence L. Eaton. This was the first time in the long history of these three churches that their respective ministers had thus exchanged. It was also the first time that Mr. De-

Long had ever preached, at a regular service at least, in the Mystic Church, though for over thirty years then he had been a citizen and neighbor, and a worthy minister of the Christian religion. I recall how pleased he was about it, and more particularly how happy over the cordial welcome given him by his neighbors and friends and the officials of the orthodox Congregational Church. Had he been any other than a gentleman and Christian he might justly have shown a little wicked gleam of triumph in the matter! But nothing of the kind was manifest, only the quiet remark, "Things have changed, and we are all glad."

Mr. DeLong was a man of different theological inheritance and training from myself, but his appeal to me at the first was quick, as that of one of scholarly tastes and the love of letters. For although I have never become the scholar I set out to be, in the midst of the practical industry of a modern minister I have always kept, or wanted to keep, the scholar's attitude, which was what Mr. DeLong had done through all the long years of his ministry. And as I came to know him better I knew how the departure from it on the part of many fellow ministers troubled him. He also had little sympathy with the modern hustling enterprise and "doings" which seem to be in demand for the church of today. He regarded himself as a religious teacher and guide rather than the manager of a theological plant, built and carried on according to modern "efficiency." And in this we had much in common, though I was the greatly younger man and trained in the new age.

Another thing appealed to me and that was his spiritual quality. I had not thought of Unitarianism as developing the especially spiritual life, although always strong in its intellectual and ethical aspects, even though I knew the spiritual qualities of the great New England poets and philosophers who were largely of this faith. But here at least was a man, a Unitarian minister, of a distinctively spiritual, even also evangelical Christian

temper, in the broad sense of the word evangelical. Some years ago, at the time of the Chapman revival meetings in Boston, I was very desirous that special union gospel meetings of all the Protestant churches of Medford might be held in this city. To do this, the basis of union would have to be simple and broad, and I thought that if we could just preach the gospel of discipleship to Jesus as the essential call of Christianity, leaving out the various merely theological notations, we could all get together with one accord in one place. And it seemed to me that the whole community must hear and heed this kind of an appeal. I voiced this thought of mine in the local papers, and I knew that Mr. DeLong was greatly interested in it and would have co-operated, as would have the Rev. Mr. Eaton of the Universalist Church. But alas it was not to be, and our evangelistic services, when they came, were of the old divisive kind. But I speak of this merely to show Mr. DeLong's broad Christian sympathy and his really evangelical feeling.

Closely akin to this spiritual quality of his life was his reverence for God and man. He approached Deity always in the spirit of vast awe, and was also respectful of the soul of a fellow-man. You could never think of him as trying to ram the gospel down the throat of a man, as I have often seen it done by ministers and others. I well recall his introductory address to God in prayer. How unusually filled with awe were his words! He would not even lead in public prayer on an instant's notice, as so many ministers are obliged to do, and which so often develops the easy pious phrases and formal, almost superficial speech. Mr. DeLong wanted to know beforehand, to be prepared in mood and word, as indeed every minister has the right to do, before addressing the Deity in public prayer. But in his case it was entirely in keeping with his reverent mind and sincere temper, without possible pretense or cant.

But I must pass from this more personal appreciation of my friend and colleague to speak of what I think he

was to the community. As a church minister Mr. DeLong's term of office was comparable to that of two of the three ministers who served the old town of Medford from 1713 to 1822, when there was but the one colonial church. For Ebenezer Turell was pastor for fifty years and David Osgood for forty-eight years, with Mr. DeLong forty-five years. So also he inherited the traditions of a general ministry, which for over a century made his church the one religious center, with the whole community as its parish and with all the tax payers contributing to its support. And Mr. DeLong was earnest and intelligent in his community interest. First as a minister of religion, bringing the consolations of Christian faith to many people irrespective of any church connections, and second as a citizen, serving the public for many years on the Public Library Board and in other ways.

While not active in the political life of the city, as usually becomes the wisdom of a minister, yet he was always influencing that life by the preaching and the support of high political principles. As a descendant of French Huguenot stock, he inherited its independence. Sometimes this independence led him to a definiteness of mind and attitude that could be called stubborn. But one could but believe he tried "to see clear and think straight," to use his own descriptive words about the Puritans, in an address given at the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Medford. He was bound to no rigid creed either of religion or politics. Nor did his age make him inflexible as to methods. During these later years, when younger and more physically vigorous men came into the pastorates of the various churches, he was yet interested with them in any proposed ways of bettering the community life. And he kept alive to this contemporary life up to the very last. It was characteristic of him that age did not relegate him to the past. Indeed, he seldom dwelt upon the past, his interest was in current events. And when men saw him at the polling place or in the civic meeting, they knew

he was there as a citizen, not of fifty years back, but of the very day; not a resident of old Medford, but a dweller in the present city.

As to his work as the pastor of a given Christian church, others are more competent to speak than am I. But full testimony was given as to the quality of that ministry at the time of his resignation. It was essentially a ministry of the faithful and quiet and gentlemanly sort, unobtrusive and unsensational. I doubt not some felt it lacked certain aggressive qualities which make an institution "go" with a swing. There is this ever incessant demand for a pusher in the ecclesiastical as in the business world. But here was a man who, as has been already said, kept to certain old ideals of the Christian ministry, being born and bred in the days before *push* became the keyword of all human enterprise, when men of the prophetic word took time to think and brood. And some of us are glad of it! For Mr. DeLong was made thereby a dignified and serious teacher of religion, a prophet of the Word of God, an interpreter of human faith, which after all is more needed than a first-class religious hustler.

It was rather characteristic of the man, moreover, that only a few hours before his death, when he felt a little brighter, he called for his glasses and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here was the man of letters, the understanding and appreciative reader of the best in literature. And this was always evidenced by the literary quality of his sermons and their solid output. Mr. DeLong was not what is called in these days a "popular preacher," and could not be. That kind of a preacher is made of different stuff, and sometimes behold what stuff! Our friend's sermons were products of mental industry, and required mental industry by the hearer in return, a thing, after all, greatly to be desired now, when the preacher's task seems to be to serve up his provender after the manner of the quick-lunch counter, and even predigested.

So in these different ways, as minister of religion, as

honorable citizen, and man of letters, this man's life and public influence for fifty years in a single community is noteworthy, and deserves the full meed of praise. And as for the more personal facts of friendship and kinship, and the precious ties embraced therein, there are many hearts that will cherish him in the silent chambers of love and grateful memory.

GEORGE M. BUTLER.

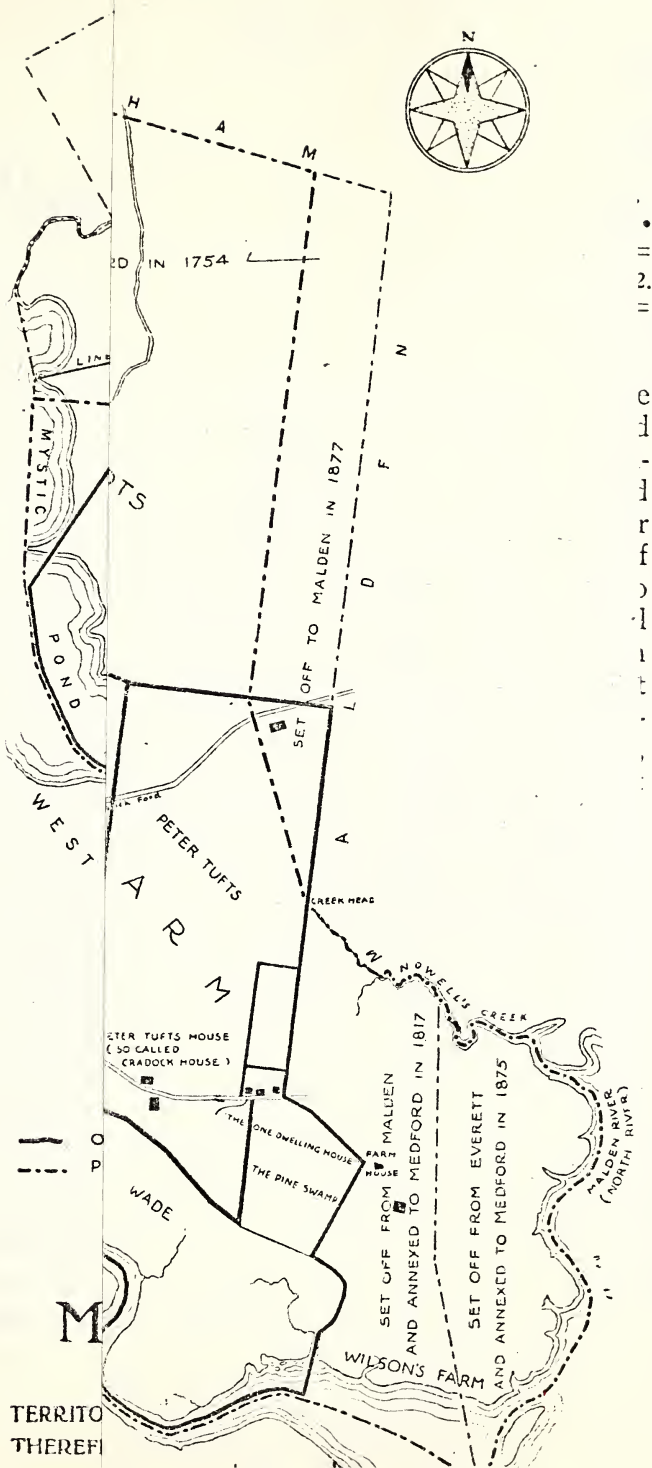
MEDFORD COMMERCE.

The business transactions and investments of Benjamin Hall, Sr., Medford's chief merchant and trader of colonial and revolutionary times, were many and varied. The following list of ships and their captains, and the ports to which they sailed, as found in Mr. Hall's account with Edward Payson for insurance on craft and cargo, shows how large his marine ventures were;—

<i>Defiance</i>	Parsons	to and from West Indies			
<i>Essex</i>	Willcome	"	"	"	"
<i>Friendship</i>	Jackson	"	"	"	"
<i>Halifax</i>	Stiles	"	"	"	"
<i>Polly</i>	Barstow	"	"	"	Holland
<i>Dauphin</i>	Smith	for France			
<i>Three Friends</i>	Wood	"	"	"	"
<i>Neptune</i>	Frazier	"	"	"	West Indies
<i>John</i>	Stanton	"	"	"	"
<i>Sally</i>	Paine	"	"	"	"
<i>Friendship</i>	Manchester	"	"	"	"
<i>Bella</i>	Grinnell	"	"	"	Holland

Other sloops were *Gloriosa*, *Mercury*, *Boston*, *Speedwell*, *Minerva*. What a scene of activity the coming and going of these vessels must have given to Mystic river!

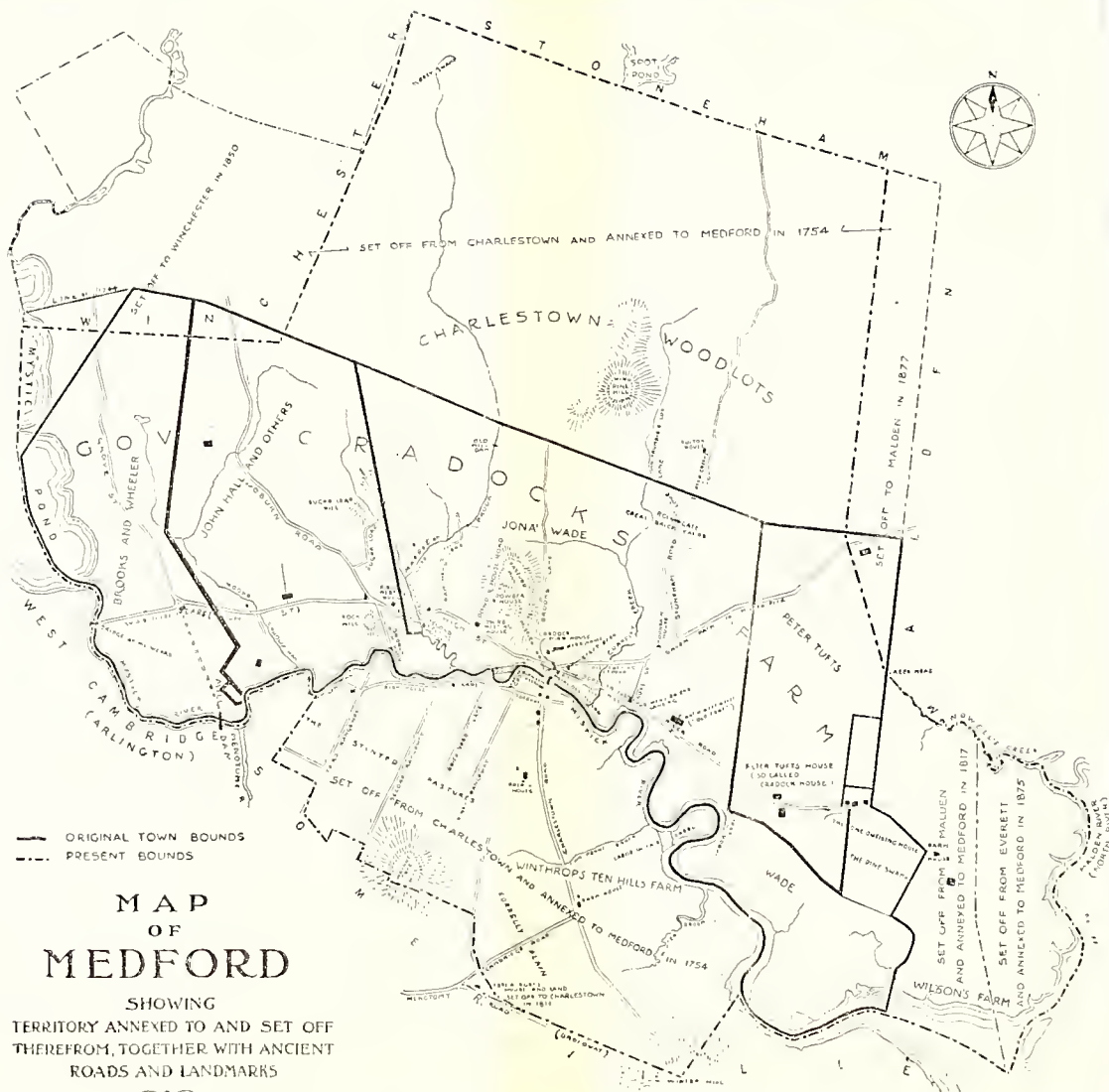
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SHOWING
TERRITORY ANNEXED TO AND SET OFF
THEREFROM, TOGETHER WITH ANCIENT
ROADS AND LANDMARKS



The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIX.

APRIL, 1916.

No. 2.

SOME ERRORS IN MEDFORD'S HISTORIES.

I HAVE thought it proper to call the attention of the members of the Medford Historical Society, and through them the public, to the numerous errors concerning the early history of Medford that may be found in Mr. Charles Brooks' history, with which most of our members are familiar. I have, in this paper, made brief quotations from that history, and have endeavored to show wherein they are erroneous. I have been careful in pointing out these errors to correct only such as can be readily proved to be erroneous, and where this cannot be readily proved, to give such reasons for my disagreement as will appeal to my readers as good *arguments*, even if they fail to convince. I have taken great interest in the early history of Medford; my forebears, like those of Mr. Brooks, were among the early landholders of the plantation. It is on account of this interest that I presume to criticise Mr. Brooks' history, and for the same reason I also include the history of Mr. Usher, which is mainly a copy of that of Mr. Brooks. I have not attempted to point out *all* the errors of these historians; to do this would require a rewriting of much of both histories. In order to correctly understand this article one should have in hand Mr. Brooks' history for reference. These quotations are necessarily brief.

On page 1 may be found the following statement: —

This author (Josselyn) gives the name of Mistick to land on the north side of the river and reports a thriving population as then gathered between the two brick houses, called forts.

Josselyn is here *mis*-quoted. He does not speak of brick houses, nor were there any at that date (1638).

It was afterwards the intention of some to unite Mr. Cradock's, Mr. Winthrop's, Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Nowell's lands in one township and call it Mystic. [Page 2.]

There is no evidence of this.

Medford's bounds would have run to Malden river had not these four hundred acres intervened.

The land granted to Mr. Wilson did not include the marsh at the junction of Mystic and Malden rivers. The town of Charlestown owned the marshes and called the place Wilson's point.

The line ran north of Symmes' corner, and struck Symmes' river.

It was not until the year 1754 that the line ran as above stated. [See Vol. 2, page 53, of the HISTORICAL REGISTER.]

Mr. Tynge, Mr. Samuel Sheephard and Goodman Edward Converse, are to set out the bounds between Charlestown and Mr. Cradocks farm on the north side of Mistick river (Stoneham and Malden). [P. 3.]

Medford line did not touch Stoneham at that time. The Charlestown wood-lots lay between the two locations. [REGISTER, Vol. 2, p. 53.]

Mistick fields. — The name of the land on the south side of Mystic river from Winter Hill to Medford Pond.

Mistick fields were on the north side of Mistick river (Malden and Everett). The land between Main street, Medford, and Menotomy river was called the Stinted pasture. And between Menotomy river and Medford pond was called the Line field. Creek Head creek was called Nowell's creek.

This river is felt to belong to Medford; for we may almost say that it has its beginning, continuance and end within the limits of our town. [P. 6.]

This may be considered quite a broad claim, as not much more than one-half its length is within Medford bounds, and its source is divided between Medford and Arlington. Its course from the pond to a point below the Boston and Lowell railroad bridge on the south side is divided between the town of Arlington and the city of Somerville.

The Ford in the center of Medford continued in use . . . till 1639 and was about ten rods above the bridge. [P. 7.]

The landing place of the ford on the north side of the river was through the Armory grounds. [REGISTER, Vol. 4, p. 1.]

There was until recently but one island in the river and that is near the shore in Malden.

There *was* also an island a few rods below Wier Bridge.

In 1761 — the inhabitants of Medford proposed to cut a canal across this peninsula (Labor in Vain) . . . the plan failed.

The canal *was* cut in 1761. [REGISTER, Vol. 3, p. 71.]

In the Wade family there is a tradition that their ancestor, Major Jonathan Wade gave to the town, about the year 1680, the landing place now occupied by Mr. J. T. Foster. [P. 8.]

This is merely tradition, there is no record of any such transaction, and further, the major never owned the land.

Brooks. [P. 9.]

Whitmore brook has its source in Bare hill meadow; Marble brook in Turkey swamp; Winter brook in the region south of Winter hill; Two Penny brook (which Mr. Brooks does not mention) has its source south and west of Walnut Tree hill (now College hill); Gravelly creek has its source in the region south of Spot pond.

Medford Records, . . . its first twenty-five or thirty pages are gone. [P. 27.]

The first book of records is complete. [REGISTER, Vol. 9, p. 20.] Also see History of Medford in the proceedings of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Medford. [P. 14.]

This party from Salem, passing through Medford, were the first European feet that pressed the soil we now tread.

"We went up the Mystick river about six miles," . . . and the English eyes in that boat were the first eyes of settlers that looked upon these fields on which we now live. [P. 32.]

On the preceding page (31) is an account of a journey from Salem to Charlestown in the summer of 1628-9, from which I quote: —

. . . and the land lying on the east side of the river, called Mystick River, from the farm Mr. Cradock's servants had planted called Mystick, which this river led up unto ; . . .

Were the settlers who planted the farm in 1629 without feet, and were they blind?

He (Gov. Winthrop) called his place . . . The Ten Hills Farm . . . This favorite selection of the chief magistrate would naturally turn his thoughts to his fast friend Mathew Cradock and lead him to induce Mr. Cradock's men to settle in the neighborhood.

As has been shown, Mr. Cradock's men had planted a farm at Medford in 1629, over a year before Governor Winthrop came to New England. The occupation of the land and the planting of a farm is usually considered as a settlement, and therefore Medford was settled in 1629. There were good *reasons* why Medford was settled at that early date. The title to the land was in dispute. Governor Cradock suggested that the claim of John Oldham (who claimed under Robert Gorges) might be prevented by causing some to take possession of the chief part thereof. There is reason to believe that the farm at Mystick was planted in order to carry out the above suggestion. There is also reason to believe that those whom Governor Dudley speaks of as settlers upon Mystick, "which we named Meadford," were in the employ of Governor Cradock. The General Court never granted any land in Medford to any one except Governor Cradock, and no other person had any rights in the soil, and this shows that all the settlers of Medford must have been bound to serve Mr. Cradock previous to leaving England. All settlers who were *not* so bound would naturally settle in places where they could obtain rights in the soil which could not be so obtained in Medford at that time. Quite a number of our early settlers came to New England, bound to persons who advanced the necessary passage money, and were under contract to serve their masters a specified time, to reimburse them for their outlay.

The Governor had the care of Mr. Cradock's men . . . [P. 33.]

Mr. Cradock's business was in charge of agents both before and after Governor Winthrop came to New England. [REGISTER, Vol. 9, No. 1.]

The 28th of September, 1630, Medford was taxed £3. for the support of military teachers. Nov. 30, 1630, another tax of £3. was levied. [P. 33.]

These taxes were levied upon Meadford plantation and were paid by Mr. Cradock or his agents, not by the town, as Mr. Brooks would imply, there being no town government at that time.

. . . but not a word of complaint reaches us from the first planters of Medford and no one to our knowledge, left the plantation. [P. 35.]

As has been shown, the first settlers of Medford were the servants of Mr. Cradock, and when his enterprises failed and (after his death), the plantation was sold to different parties, these servants of Mr. Cradock no doubt left for parts unknown, and the true settlers, the "fathers of Medford," came into the possession of the land.

In Medford were built three of these strong brick citadels . . . [P. 35.]

It has been already asserted that these houses were *not* built at that early date. [REGISTER, Vol. 7, p. 49.]

It is ordered that no person shall plant [settle] in any place within the limits of this patent, without leave from the Governor and Assistants, or the major part of them. [P. 35.]

This extract confirms my previous statement that the first settlers of Medford had no rights in the soil. Mr. Cradock was the only person to receive a grant of early Medford soil.

The following owned lands in Medford before 1680. [P. 37.]

This list is not correct.

It is ordered . . . [P. 37.]

This was an order for the survey of lands, etc., and did not apply to Medford.

As soon as Gov. Winthrop had settled himself on the Ten-Hill Farm, in 1630, he recommended Gov. Cradock's men to plant

themselves directly opposite him on the north side of the river . . . [P. 39.]

The location above described was the land granted to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, April 1, 1634, and there is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Cradock's men built the house referred to, or that there was any house on the land until after the date of Mr. Wilson's grant. Mr. Cradock's men were then located in what is now Medford square, where the travelers from Salem found them in the summer of 1629.

May 25, 1661.—Richard Russell who had occupied the "Mansion House" five years, sold it, with twelve hundred acres of his land, to Jonathan Wade who lived near the bridge on the south side of the river. [P. 41.]

The Jonathan Wade who bought land of Mr. Russell was of Ipswich, and father of Jonathan and Nathaniel Wade of Medford. Neither of the Wades owned land on the *south* side of the river or lived there.

This tract is now the most thickly settled part of Medford. [P. 42.]

This should read the most sparsely settled part of Medford.

Oct. 20, 1656: James Garrett . . . sells for £5. to Edward Collins, forty acres of land . . . butting on Mistick Pond on the west. March 13, 1657: Samuel Adams sold to Ed. Collins 40 acres of land . . . bounded on the south by Meadford Farm . . . Paid £10. [P. 42.]

Neither of these grantors lived in Medford, and the lots were part of the Charlestown wood-lots, and were included in the land sold to Messrs. Brooks and Wheeler in the year 1660.

Collins to Michelson. [P. 42.]

This lot was not in Medford.

March 13, 1675. Caleb Hobart sells to Ed. Collins . . . [P. 42.]

This was a mortgage.

Mr. Nicholas Davison . . . who lived near Mr. Wade . . . [P. 42.]

Mr. Davison left Medford years before Mr. Wade came here.

1658 In answer to the petition of the inhabitants of Mistick . . . [P. 43.]

The location of the Mistick referred to was the present location of the city of Everett.

Mr. Wade . . . came over in 1632. [P. 43.]

This Mr. Wade settled in Ipswich and was the father of Jonathan and Nathaniel Wade of Medford.

The first bounds of lots cannot now be traced. [P. 43.]

See REGISTER, Vol. 7, p. 49, for map showing division of lots.

The Squa Sachem, residing in Medford, Aug. 1, 1637, gives lands to Jotham Gibbon . . . [P. 43.]

The Squa Sachem lived on the west side of Mystic ponds, and the land given to Jotham Gibbon was on the same side. This deed included the Mystic ponds. Mr. Cradock's boundary was the eastern shore of the *lower* pond.

Jonathan Wade . . . bought land on the south side of the river. [P. 43.]

As has before been stated, Jonathan Wade did not own land on the *south* side of river.

Governor Cradock's House. [P. 46.]

Much has been said in regard to this ancient house, and many persons still labor under the delusion that this house was built by Governor Cradock's agent in 1634, as asserted by Mr. Brooks. Governor Cradock's grant was made March 4, 1634-5. According to the present style of computing time this grant was made in 1635, one year later than the date given by Mr. Brooks. The so-called port-holes must have been ornaments, for they are placed so high in the wall that it would be necessary for the gunner to stand upon a table in order to shoot through the opening, and even then he could not see his enemy unless he was at some distance from the house. Mr. Brooks says, on page 47, that

Outside shutters were in common use in England at the time above mentioned; and so it was common to ornament houses with round or oval openings on each side of the front.

Now let us consider the arguments for and against the identity of this house as being the work of Governor Cradock's agents. First, we have Mr. Brooks' arguments as given in his history. And the only other is that obtained from a letter written by Mr. Cradock, dated March 15, 1636-7, in which he says, "I think I shall be forced to be a suitor for some land at Shawsheen, the best of mine, as I am informed, near my house, being allotted to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nowell . . ." The only knowledge Mr. Cradock could have obtained as to the location of his land must have come from the crude maps of that period, and he, being three thousand miles distant, might well say that land in a sparsely settled country like that on the banks of the Mistick, was near his house, when it was only about a mile and one-half distant therefrom.

On the other hand, let us examine the several deeds conveying Meadford plantation after it passed out of the possession of Mr. Cradock's heirs. In Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2, page 325, may be found a deed from Edward Collins of Medford, to Richard Russell of Charlestown, "1600 acres of land part of Meadford Plantation with Mansion house and other buildings. Bounded easterly on Nowell's farm (and) Blanchard's farm. . . . Southerly with Mistick river. Northerly with Charlestown line, on the west with an oak tree marked R. C.* standing on the west side of a brook that runs into that part of the Marshland which lyeth on the west side of said Mansion house, . . . and the brook † into which the said brook runs, is the westerly bounds of the said marsh, . . . Excepting from the above, 12 acres of the meadows lying by Mistick river next unto the land of the said Edward Collins."

These twelve acres of marsh land above described are bounded by Marble brook (it being the brook mentioned above) on the west, Mystic river on the south, north on

* Evidently meaning Russell and Collins.

† Brook here means the creek, or lower reach of the stream which is affected by the tides.

the upland between High street and said marshland. It included that point of marshland that was cut off, when a new channel of the river was made by Messrs. Curtis and Stetson, shipbuilders, as a passageway for their ships. This point of marshland or island has been removed by recent improvements made in the river. The easterly part of these twelve acres is the land in the rear of the Armory building. This deed shows that the Mansion house therein spoken of could *not* have been the so-called Cradock house.

In Book 3, page 397, of the abovesaid records, Richard Russell of Charlestown sells to Jonathan Wade of Ipswich " $\frac{3}{4}$ part of the land purchased of Edward Collins, with all buildings." Mr. Russell reserved the other one-quarter part adjoining Blanchard's farm, viz.: one-quarter part of the meadow and one-quarter part of all other lands, "which were of that part that is *furthest from the dwelling house*," and "adjoining that farm which was Mr. Nowell's, and to Blanchard's as above." Here we have the Mansion house described in the deed of Collins to Russell called a *dwelling house* by Russell to Wade. *They are identical.*

Next in Book 8, page 35, of the records aforesaid, we have a deed from "Richard Russell, Executor of the will of his father Richard Russell, Senior, to Peter Tufts of Charlestown, of 350 acres of land more or less, part of Meadford plantation . . . being $\frac{1}{4}$ part of that farm which Mr. Collins sold to said Russell, and hath thereon one dwelling house and barn. . . ." Bounded northerly with Charlestown line, southerly with Mistick river, westerly with Mr. Wade's land, easterly on land of the said Peter Tufts (this land of Tufts was the Nowell farm). The date of this deed was April 20, 1677.

Again in Book 8, page 36, of the records before mentioned, Peter Tufts, Senior, of Charlestown, sells to Peter Tufts, Junior, of Meadford (commonly called Captain Peter), " $\frac{1}{2}$ part of the farm bought of Richard Russell bounded westerly by Mr. Nathaniel Wade's land, easterly

by Peter Tufts senior, southerly by Nathaniel Wade's meadow, northerly by Peter Tufts senior, . . . with all the Housings thereupon." This is the land upon which stands the brick house, misnamed the Cradock house. The deed is dated November 26, 1680. That this sale did *not* include the one dwelling-house and barn mentioned in the deed from Executor Russell to Tufts, will be shown by quoting from the will of Peter Tufts, Senior: "I give to my son Peter, 20 acres of upland lying next his house, and the dwelling house standing thereon; he paying his brother John for the barn standing upon said land." This dwelling-house is the same house mentioned in the deed from Richard Russell, executor, to Peter Tufts, Senior.

To trace this *old* house still further, reference may be had to a deed, dated April 1, 1728. Peter Tufts, Junior, sold to Edward Oakes four acres and thirteen poles of land, "with an *old house* upon it." This was the same house, and a portion of the twenty acres *bequeathed*, not sold, to Capt. Peter Tufts by his father, Peter Tufts, Senior. To conclude the history of *this* "old house," reference may be had to an inventory of the estate of Edward Oakes of Medford. The old house was mentioned as a part of his estate, and in the division of the estate it was set off to his son Edward with twelve and one-half acres of land. [REGISTER, Vol. 7, p. 49.]

The other old brick house, built about the same time, . . . (*i.e.*, 1634.) [P. 48.]

This house was built by Nathaniel Wade, brother to Jonathan. It stood about fifty feet each way from Park street and Riverside avenue. It was probably built about the time that his brother Jonathan's was.

The third house was built by Major Jonathan Wade who died in 1689. . . . When first built it was only half its present size. [P. 48.]

By reference to the division of Major Wade's estate in Volume 4, page 48, of the REGISTER, it will be seen that one-half of the present house could hardly contain

the number of rooms therein spoken of. This house was built between 1683 and 1689.

Built by his father, after the model of an English nobleman's house in Antigua . . . [P. 50.]

For a description of the Royall house see REGISTER, Vol. 3, p. 133.

To have free access to the river, the great highway, they opened private roads for the use of owners of lands, and what were called "rangeways" for the free use of the public. . . . [P. 51.]

All the roads to the river were laid out by private parties for their own use, and for such other persons as might be granted the right to use them. There is not a landing place on the north side of the river in which the public has, or ever had, any rights, except it may have been the landing at the ford, while the ford was in use. This situation is owing to the fact that all of early Medford territory was under one ownership; and also to the neglect of the officials to lay out these ways for the benefit of the public when the time arrived that they could legally do so. Some years ago the town of Medford claimed rights in the way and landing at Rock hill. A suit was brought to test the ownership thereof. The case was decided in favor of the owner of the land through which the way passed, upon the general ground that the public right (if it ever existed) had been lost by long-continued disuse. There were *no* rangeways in Medford while it retained its *original* area. Cross and Fulton streets, as far as the "Rock gate" (and from thence two ways to the wood-lots), were laid out by the *town of Charlestown*, by an agreement with Mr. Nathaniel Wade, the owner of the land through which these ways passed. This agreement was made May 13, 1698. Pasture hill and Ram Head lanes were laid out by the proprietors of the land through which they passed. Whatever rights the public had (if any) therein, were acquired by long-continued use. [REGISTER, Vol. 2, p. 53.] There were rangeways on the south side of the river laid out by the town of Charlestown while that town owned the land

bordering on the river. [REGISTER, Vol. 2, p. 53, and Vol. 15, p. 46.] The first roads laid out in Medford were Main street, then called the Charlestown road; Salem street, called Salem path to Mistick ford, also the road to Malden; Woburn road, from Medford square to Woburn. A portion of this road (from the square to Brooks' corner) is now High street, and High street continues to Arlington line over what was called the way to the Wears. There is another way to be mentioned in connection with these roads, although, like the greater part of Main street, it was originally in the town of Charlestown—South street. It was first called the way to the ford, still later, Fish-house lane. It is impossible to tell to which of these roads should be given the claim of priority.

In 1715 . . . they fixed the width of the road at the bridge at two rods and twelve feet. . . . [P. 52.]

The width of the bridge was then fourteen feet, and eight feet was added from each post at the foot of the bridge, making the width of the road at the bridge thirty feet. The width, at the corner of High and Main streets, was fixed at four rods; and at the southwest corner of the present Mystic church lot the width was fixed at two rods and twelve feet. This line cut off ten feet from the north corner of the great barn. [REGISTER, Vol. 7, p. 41.]

March 9, 1761. Many inhabitants of the town petitioned the Court of Sessions for a *road* across the marshes at Labor in Vain . . . [P. 54.]

This was not for a road, but for the cutting of a canal across Labor in Vain point, in order to straighten the river. [REGISTER, Vol. 4, P. 71.]

Mr. Cradock's Agent (Davison) commenced the building of a bridge over the river in 1638. [P. 59.]

This bridge is shown upon a *map* made in the year 1637; it was finished by order of the General Court in 1639; it was, no doubt, in use in 1638. The bridge was one hundred and fifty-four feet and five inches long and

about ten feet wide at that time. The town of Charlestown brought a suit against Mr. Davison for stopping up Mistick river with a bridge, to the hinderance of boats, and for taxing cattle that go over the bridge. July 17, 1688, the board of selectmen of the town of Charlestown and commissioners from the towns of Medford, Malden, Woburn and Reading met to consider measures for a division of Mistick bridge among the several towns required by law to mend and maintain it. These commissioners agreed that Medford, Malden, Woburn and Reading should pay to the town of Charlestown, five pounds in "good pay," viz.: in corn or the like, for the present amending of the southerly half of Mistick bridge, and that in the future and for all time to come, the said southerly half of said bridge (being seventy-seven feet two and one-half inches in length), should be mended and maintained by the said town of Charlestown, and the northerly half thereof (being of like length) should be mended and maintained by the other towns above named. These four towns, charged with the care of the northerly half of the bridge, made a division of the same so that each town had a specified share to care for. The record of this division is lost, but it appears from other documents that Medford's share was next to the open arch. From the records of Malden we learn that, November 29, 1689, Malden worked at Mistick bridge, with cart and four oxen, and three hands to gravel the bridge. [REGISTER, Vol. 2, p. 1.]

The renowned Sachem of the Pawtuckets, Nanepashemit . . . [P. 72.]

Mr. Brooks places the residence of the sachem on Rock hill. Of this there is no evidence. He also quotes from Winslow (see page 73 of the history), but he omits a very important part of the narrative. Winslow says, "We discovered Mistick river but did not explore it." Some historians locate the places described as being in Medford. It would have been impossible for these explorers to stand on Rock hill and ignore the presence of

the Mistick river, which would have been spread out before them, both east and west.

He may have first stopped opposite Winthrop's farm, at Ten Hills, and there done something in the fishing business. . . . [P. 88.]

This extract conveys a wrong impression, inasmuch as Mr. Brooks was well aware that Mr. Cradock never came to New England.

And who, in a letter of April 17, 1629, speaks of the settlement of families here in these terms. . . . [P. 89.]

Here is an admittance by Mr. Brooks that Medford was settled in 1629.

After his death, a part of his farm in Medford was sold to Mr. Ed. Collins. . . . [P. 93.]

Mr. Collins bought the whole farm.

For the ordering of Prudentials, . . . [P. 100.]

(Oct. 13, 1684.) It was agreed upon at a general meeting of the inhabitants, by a vote, to petition to the General Court, to grant us power and privilege as other Towns for the ordering of prudentials amongst us. [Medford Records.]

The court declared "that Meadford hath been, and is, a *peculiar*, and have power as other towns as to prudentials." Mr. Brooks misquotes the answer of the General Court. This declaration of the General Court did not imply that Medford had *all* the rights that were enjoyed by the other towns of the colony. The order of the General Court, passed June 2, 1641, "That all farms that are within the bounds of any town, shall be of the town in which they lie, except Meadford," fixed the status of Meadford plantation; it was a farm or plantation, and not a town, at that date.

Medford a Town. [P. 119.]

Mr. Frothingham, author of the History of Charlestown, says "that Medford was not a town." Mr. Brooks good-naturedly dissents from this statement, and shows cause. Let us, in turn, dissent from Mr. Brooks' statements, and show cause.

From 1629, the date of the settlement of Medford, to

1656, the plantation was under one ownership. All taxes levied, or fines imposed upon the plantation, or upon any of the servants therein employed, were paid by the owners thereof. There was nothing in any way resembling a town government. As has been before stated, the General Court, in 1641, called Meadford a *farm*, and a farm or plantation it continued to be, until the time when it was divided and sold to different parties. That a change took place in the status of the farm or plantation soon after Mr. Collins sold one thousand two hundred acres of his land to Mr. Russell, is shown by the orders of the County Court, which were issued for the first time to Meadford. June 25, 1658. "Meadford is enjoined to repair their Highways before the next term of Court. on penalty of forty shillings." Also, "the 8th of the 10th month 1664, the inhabitants of Meadford were summoned into Court, to answer to complaints about Mistick Bridge. Golden Moore returned that the bridge is repaired." The question then arose, "What proportion of the taxes levied, and fines imposed upon the plantation or farm, should be paid by each individual owner?" For the settlement of these questions it became necessary that the several owners should meet together to consult in regard to their common interests, and thus the nucleus of a town government was formed, a peculiar, as the General Court termed it.* There was no authority for calling these meetings, and the business pertaining to their common interests were, no doubt, transacted by committees. No record was kept of their proceedings. This condition of affairs continued until the increased liabilities of the plantation demanded that an organization resembling a town government should be formed, and persons chosen to take charge of their prudential affairs. The first recorded meeting of the inhabitants of the Meadford plantation was held the first Monday in February, 1674, and Mr. Nathaniel Wade was chosen

* "The word peculiar, in Colonial and Provincial Massachusetts, meant a parish, precinct or district not yet erected into a town, . . . [REGISTER, Vol. 9, p. 25.]

constable for the year ensuing. In 1676 they chose their first board of selectmen, in 1679 the first highway surveyor, in 1680 the first tithing-man and the first sealer of measures, in 1681-2 the first fence viewers, in 1689 the first representative to the General Court, and in 1693 their first orders and by-laws were approved by the court.

Reference has been made to the action of the inhabitants of the plantation in voting to petition the General Court to grant power and privileges as other towns for the ordering of prudentials. This action of the said inhabitants proves beyond question that they were aware that they were not organized as were the other towns of the colony. They knew the measures that had been taken to advance the interests of the plantation, and they felt that the time had arrived when they should be granted the same rights and privileges as the other towns of the colony. It is to be noted that up to this time they called their organization a *plantation*. They evidently knew what their political status was much better than the historians of the present day. A study of the records of the General Court will reveal the standing of Meadford plantation at the period under consideration. From 1630 to 1638 (both inclusive) Meadford plantation was taxed in the same proportion as were the other plantations of the colony. May 13, 1640, a tax of one thousand two hundred pounds was levied on every town. Meadford is *not* named. Also at the same date a committee of the court was chosen to value the live stock in every town; no mention of Meadford is made. December 10, 1641, an order was passed concerning the authorization of constables to serve warrants; in the list of towns Meadford is *not* mentioned. At the same date an order was passed that in every town "one shall be appointed to grant summons and attachments in all civil actions." Nineteen copies of the laws, liberties and the forms of oaths were transcribed "for the use of the persons who may be appointed; said persons to be called clerks of the writs." Nineteen towns are named; Meadford *not* men-

tioned. May 29, 1644, an order was passed by the General Court "that henceforth these towns (according to the entry) as also all other towns that already are or hereafter shall be erected within this jurisdiction shall (according to their antiquity) take their places of precedence, both in the transacting of the affairs of this house, as also in all such other occasions, as may fall out within this Colony respecting such precedence of place." Twenty-four towns are named; Meadford is *not* in the list.*

When Deputy Governor Dudley, and those with him came to this neighborhood, they visited several places; they named one Boston . . . another Meadford, . . . [P. 120.]

This action by Dudley and his associates does not alter the fact that Meadford was settled prior to the arrival of the above party. There is a good reason why the farm that Governor Cradock's servants had planted should be given a distinctive name. All the land on the north side of Mystic river, from Mystic pond to the creek (now known as Island-end river) which separates the cities of Everett and Chelsea, was called Mistick, or Mistick-side; also, the land on the south side of the river was called Mistick. In 1631 the Court of Assistants granted to Governor Winthrop six hundred acres of land, "to be set forth by metes and bounds, near his house at Mistick, . . ." [See map in REGISTER, Vol. I, p. 123.] July 4, 1631, the governor's bark, the *Blessing of the Bay*, was launched at Mistick. The governor's house, as shown on the map above referred to, was on the easterly slope of Winter hill, near the Medford line, within the present limits of the city of Somerville.

May 11, 1649, "In answer to a petition of several inhabitants of Mistick-side, their request is granted, viz.:

* "1658, May 26. In answer to the request of the inhabitants of Meadford, it is ordered, that all matters of a civil nature arising within their peculiar — proper to the cognizance of three Commissioners for ending small cases, be heard and determined by the Commissioners of Cambridge." [In the record a word is omitted after the word peculiar.]

To be a distinct town of themselves & the name to be Maulden.”*

The celebrated Rev. James Noyes became the pastor and teacher of the inhabitants of Medford in 1634 . . . [P. 121.]

At the first meeting of the Court of Assistants holden at Charlestown, August 23, A.D. 1630, “It was propounded how the ministers should be maintained, Mr. Wilson & Mr. Phillips only propounded.” November 30, 1630, “It is ordered, that there shall be £60. collected out of the several plantations, . . . for the maintainance of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Phillips, viz.: Boston, Watertown, Charlton, Roxbury, Meadford, Winnett-semett.”

Here we have the names of the pastors and teachers of six plantations, and Meadford’s share of the levy was £3. It is not at all reasonable to suppose that Meadford, one of the smaller plantations in the colony, had a pastor and teacher in 1634 in addition to those appointed by the court, and for whose support Meadford had been taxed £3. Mr. Brooks’ whole argument concerning “Medford a Town” is based upon statements that are not in accordance with facts.

Ecclesiastical History. [P. 200.]

In this chapter Mr. Brooks again speaks of Mr. James Noyes as a preacher in Medford in 1634, and in a quotation says, “. . . was immediately called to preach at Mistick, which he did for nearly one year.” It has already been shown that the word Mistick or Mistick was applied to nearly, if not all, the land on both sides of the river, and also that the same name was applied to a settlement and river, now within the limits of the state of Connecticut.

After he left Medford, the inhabitants received religious instructions from Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Phillips.

As has been shown heretofore, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Phillips were appointed the official ministers of six planta-

* There was also a place called Mistick, and a Mistick river mentioned in the Colonial Records, over which the Bay Colony had jurisdiction. It is now within the limits of the state of Connecticut.

tions, including Meadford, and these plantations were taxed for their support before Mr. Noyes was alleged to have been located in Meadford.

There are many more errors to which attention might be called, but time and space forbid.

—JOHN H. HOOPER.

MEDFORD'S MYTHICAL APPLE.

Historian of the town was he,

They say he spun a quaint old yarn

About, — and climbed the 'Pecker apple tree.

With apologies to Dr. Holmes.

It was a little over sixty years ago that a very readable and interesting story was written of two young men who walked twenty-four miles to attend a Harvard professor's scientific lectures. The younger was seventeen years old, and had a few years before been taught by a Mr. Hill of Medford. He lived in North Woburn, and may or may not have walked thither, but those were pre-automobile days in 1770.

Of so much of the story there is no doubt; Parson Sewall, historian of Woburn, tells the same story. He, however, says nothing about the "contemplation" by these young men of "tempting red cheeks, on loaded boughs," in Upper Medford or elsewhere. (Of course the red cheeks were those of apples.)

Readable and interesting *stories* are, as Mr. Trowbridge told the writer (relative to "Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill"), "*mainly fiction*," woven around some historic fact or incident that comes to public attention. The Baldwin apple had come into prominence some fifty years before this entertaining story, claiming Medford as its origination, was written. Governor Brooks had known Colonel Baldwin, and, himself in advanced years, tells his young kinsman Charles about the origin of the Baldwin apple, formerly called the Woodpecker, or, for short, the 'Pecker, and that the tree was on the Samuel Thompson farm. And at his request, in 1813, this spry young man of eighteen years visits the tree, *i.e.*, a tree on a

Samuel Thompson's farm. Woburn in those days adjoined Medford, and there were "a regiment of Thomps-sons in Woburn." One of them, Samuel by name, had a farm just over the line in Upper Medford, and on it, "forty or fifty rods south of the black horse tavern," was the tree the young Mr. Brooks visited. The real Samuel Thompson farm (on which was the tree grafted from the original Woodpecker tree in Wilmington) was seven miles from Mr. Brooks' home; this only two. "It was very old and partly decayed, but bore fruit abundantly." He said he "climbed it." He also tells about the woodpeckers' holes, which he might equally well have found on other trees. Doubtless he thought he had located the tree, mentioned by the governor, on Samuel Thompson's farm in Woburn. Because the fruit resembled the Baldwin, he claimed it as the real Woodpecker tree.

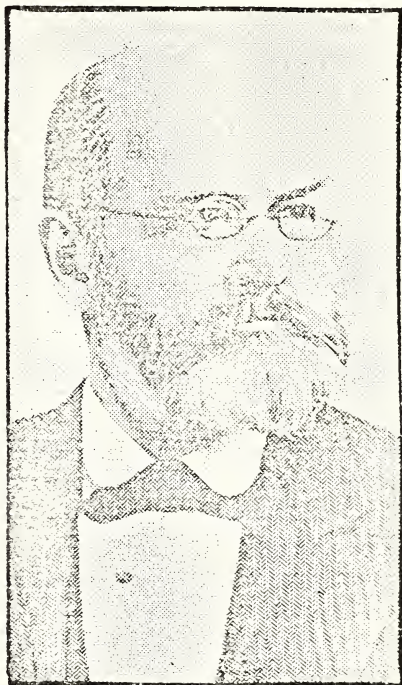
Tewksbury, Burlington, Somerville, and Baldwin (Maine) have claimed the original tree, but the *facts* would seem to be finally fixed by the letter of Colonel Baldwin to Governor Bowdoin, February 13, 1784, when he sent him a "barrel of a particular species of apple which proceeded from a Tree, that originally grew spontaneously in the woods about fourteen miles north of Boston," and Colonel Baldwin *knew the facts*.

Space forbids citing the various arguments in the famous controversy. They were carefully considered by Rev. Leander Thompson of Woburn, in an able article of twenty-four pages, published thirty years ago in the *Winchester Record*. We commend a careful perusal of this, which includes "the Medford claim" of Mr. Brooks, as showing how easily errors creep into public print, and if unquestioned, into public belief. Also, even refuted, they still come into public notice, as did this one in a public gathering in Medford a year since. This is no reflection on the worthy and respected townsman who repeated it in good faith; nor yet on its original author, who was enthusiastic for Medford—but he claimed too much for her, in this as well as in other ways.

AN OLD MEDFORD SCHOOLBOY.

On February 10, at New Bedford, there passed away one, a native of Medford (and whose boyhood days were spent here), who is kindly remembered by his old associates still living. These lines are not intended as obituary; rather an appreciative mention of one we have never met, or even heard of, till in recent years.

Thomas Meriam Stetson was the son of Rev. Caleb Stetson, the second Unitarian pastor of Medford's First Parish. His birth occurred in the house on High street, later the home of Rev. Charles and Miss Lucy Ann Brooks, June 15, 1830. His later boyhood home was the parsonage house, erected on the site of the present St. Joseph's parochial residence. His early education was in the schools of Medford (public and private), and his college course was at Harvard, graduating there in 1849. After study in the Dane Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1854.



His father's pastorate (of twenty-one years) in Medford closed in 1848, prior to the son's graduation, and this may account for the settlement of this Medford boy elsewhere. He began the practise of law in New Bedford, in 1854, associated himself with an eminent and established law firm, and himself attained and maintained high rank. This is evidenced by the important cases of

both public and private business with which he had to do. After a long and successful career, he was succeeded by his sons, under the name of Stetson & Stetson; but he kept up his daily visits to the office, retaining the service of coachman and "sleek horse" instead of modern automobile.

A few years since, the REGISTER's editor was happily surprised in receiving a letter from Mr. Stetson, which by his permission appeared in our columns (Vol. XIII, p. 93), and which was of much interest. From time to time he wrote us encouraging and appreciative letters, indicative of his interest in the REGISTER and of his boyhood's home and haunts. One day when we were absent from Medford for months, he sent a carefully prepared article (Vol. XVII, p. 73), that in our need at the time was "a bridge that brought us safely over." It was our wish to have presented his likeness with the "Medford Octogenarians" but his modesty forbade; and so the old schoolhouse he knew was substituted.

By the courtesy of the New Bedford *Evening Standard* we are now able to do so.

In the stress of his professional life, Mr. Stetson had not been in Medford for years, and upon receiving the map of the city he requested, found it difficult to locate some old places by present names. Consequently, an article he intended to prepare, came from the able pen of our townsman Hooper (Vol. XVIII, p. 25), and in this, Mr. Stetson expressed a lively interest and satisfaction. It was our intent in the spring to visit him, and hear from his own lips something of our home city in the old days.

His son informs us that he awaited with interest the REGISTER's coming, and read with pleasure its last number; and only the day before his passing away told of his boyhood pleasures along the old canal's banks and especially of the great aqueduct over the river. We would have been pleased to have welcomed him in our *editorial sanctum*, from whose pleasant windows he might

have viewed the locality as it now is, and in which he would have been interested.

From the *Standard* we quote:

In his fine, large estate, on Ash street, Mr. Stetson showed his love for nature, by gathering many of the most beautiful trees and shrubs. In his hothouses, he has grown many strange and curious forms of vegetation, — oranges, figs, bananas, century plants, lovely orchids from far corners of the world, and lordly palms.

There is something pleasant in the thought, even in the solemn presence of death, that he was privileged to live his best years amid such beautiful surroundings, and there die at last at an age to which few men attain.

MEDFORD RUINS REMOVED.

It is rarely that a dwelling built of good material and fair workmanship, with but fifteen years occupancy, goes to ruin, becomes a menace, and is demolished within forty-five years of its building, in a residential locality.

In the winter of 1870 and '71, S. B. Brock, carpenter, who lived in the "Gamage corner," built for Erastus F. Brockway on Cottage street a ten-room, two-story house, with mansard roof of slate and tin. After a few years the elderly owner sold it and removed from town. The new owner and occupant improved it, adding a two-story bay-window that overlooked the vacant land which extended to Prescott street and was bordered and crossed by Whitmore brook. Twenty-nine years ago the family left it and it was ever after vacant. After a time the lawless element began to trespass therein, windows were broken, and at least once it was set on fire. Later the tin roof became rusty and loosened and subject to the winds, which finally stripped it. Then the rains and melting snow got in destructive work, and plunderers followed with theirs. Several unavailing efforts were made by citizen neighbors for its removal by municipal action. We are told its final demolition was at the instance of the state authorities, because of fire hazard. Its removal is certainly a relief to the neighborhood and improvement to the city. That it withstood the destructive

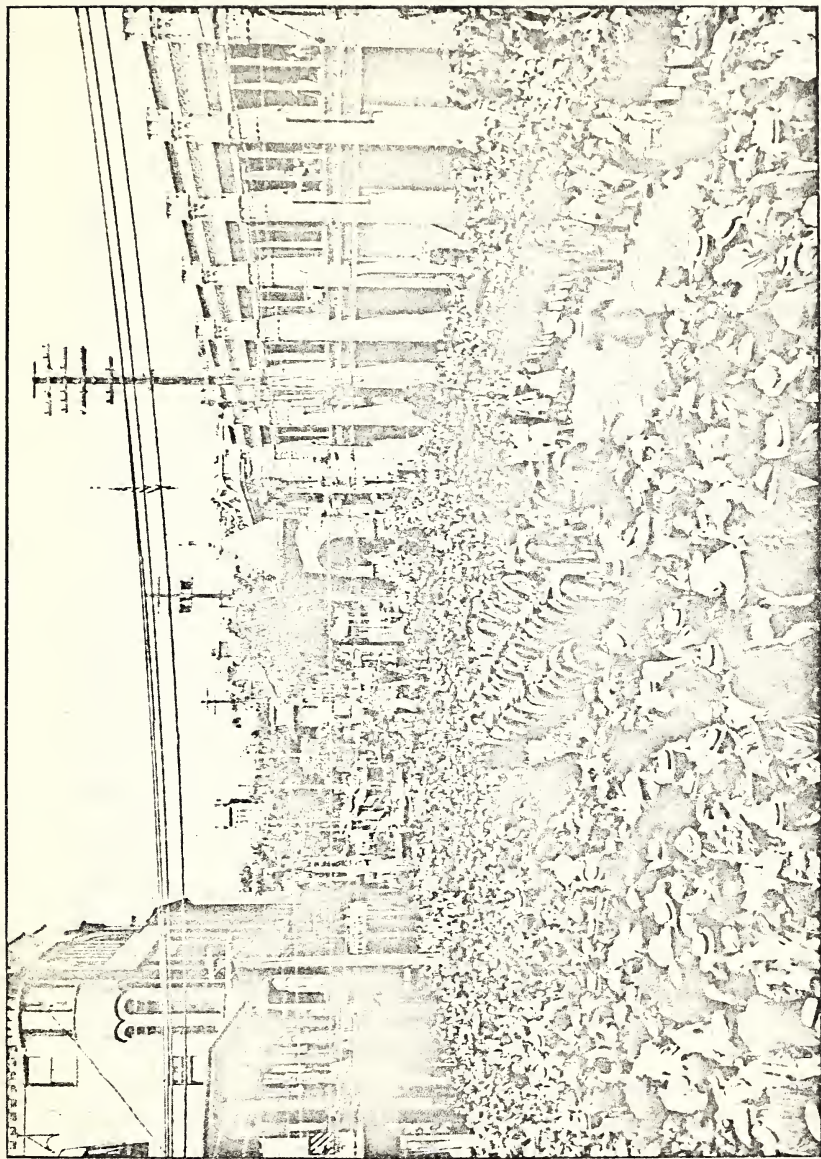
elements so long is due both to the quality of material and construction. Many of those erected in this and other cities within the last ten years, under the same conditions of neglect and exposure, would succumb to the destructive forces of nature in less time, and that, too, despite the improvements of which we boast.

HISTORY FOR MEDFORD SCHOOLS.

A Medford teacher has recently prepared such a work, advance sheets of which have been submitted to us for inspection. They give evidence of much thought and labor in their preparation, quote authorities, and refer to many writings. As a matter of course, the printed histories of Medford are frequently quoted or referred to. After sending the author our criticisms, we gave the sheets to former President Hooper, which has led to the preparation of his article in our present issue.

Mr. Brooks' work was one of the earlier town histories of Massachusetts. He said in its preface, "The gathering of these annals has been too long delayed," and prophesied "discovery of facts" beyond his reach. With no *local* records of the first forty-four years, it is no wonder that he fell into some errors. He was an excellent annalist and wrote interestingly. In his day, and since, he had not the credit he deserved for his work for public education, he was even railed at in the public press. It is not the thought of our present writers to belittle his work, but rather to correct the manifest errors, and, so far as possible, to stop their perpetuation.

We earnestly hope that the work of the Medford teacher alluded to will be completed, and that our local history may be properly taught in our public schools. And now that over thirty years have elapsed since the Usher revision, which covered so little of the thirty previous years, should there not be interest awakened that will secure a new and up-to-date history of our ancient town and modern city in 1920?



Photograph by C. H. Tinkham, from present headquarters of Medford Historical Society.

CO. E, FIFTH REGT., AGAIN CALLED TO THE COLORS.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1916.

No. 3.

TWO MEDFORD BUILDINGS OF THE FIFTIES.

UPON the wall of the principal's room in the Brooks schoolhouse hang four pictures of the successive structures that have housed that school. Each is in marked contrast to the other, as might well be expected. It is of the second that we wish especially to treat just now. It is not known that any photograph was ever taken of the building itself. The picture mentioned is a photographic enlargement of the engraving illustrating Brooks' "History of Medford," which was probably made from the architect's drawing, and was made by Erving Conant at the instance of some friend of the school.

Of the earliest West End schoolhouse an account may be found in Vol. VIII, page 75, of the REGISTER, and the accompanying half-tone is a reproduction of the pen-and-ink drawing which is one of the four above mentioned. The most casual glance at this will suffice to show a marked difference from its successor, while the appearance of the second will be striking as compared with the then prevailing style and appearance of schoolhouses.

There was a reason for this. Historian Brooks devoted nearly a page to this house and its public exercises, and records that on March 10, 1851, the town voted to build it and appropriated \$2,000 therefor, and says,

The inhabitants of West Medford, desirous of having a schoolhouse more ample in its dimensions and more classic in its appearance than the town's appropriation would procure, cheerfully united in adding to it, by subscription, the sum of nine hundred dollars.

For some years prior to the writer's advent in Medford he passed to and from Boston on the railway, and often noticed the striking architecture of this building (the more noticeable because of the few adjacent houses), and

very naturally thought it was the village church. Mr. Brooks gives the names of the building committee and adds, "they spared no pains in procuring a skillful draughtsman." We wish he had given his name, as careful search fails to reveal it. He mentioned the builder, George A. Caldwell, but in his history omits many interesting and noteworthy matters because "courtesy," "usage," or "custom forbids."

Not so the committee, however, for in the city clerk's office are its reports, both majority and minority. The former, dated March 1, 1852, shows the entire expense to have been \$3,370.82. Of this, \$417 was for land at three cents per foot, and \$187.52 for furniture and stove. The committee, pleading guilty to exceeding the appropriation, began by saying that one of its number had declined to serve, prior to the commencement of the building. It told of a plan, "presented by a liberal hand," and of \$939.55 subscribed toward the construction, "rather than to have a one-story" structure erected. It reported \$893.55 of this collected, and that there was still due the contractor \$477.27, all other bills being paid. This sum the town later appropriated and paid. This report was signed by John B. Hatch and James M. Usher.

The minority report covers about four times the space of that of the majority, and is signed by Charles Caldwell, who says he "was met at the very outset by one Gentleman of the committee with a cool indifference that both surprised and astonished" him, and intimating that this was because the said "Gentleman" was not placed as chairman by the town. Evidently the committee were not harmonious, as they could not agree on a location, and three lots were named. Mr. Caldwell describes one as being "out of the way of nine-tenths of the children that attend or will attend in future, beside the Continual passing on the Lowell Rail Road trains of Carrs that can be seen and heard for miles, which Certainly would not greatly aid a Close application to study." Thereupon several meetings of the district were held and another lot

chosen, the price of which was *four* cents per foot. At that stage of the matter Mr. Usher was in the minority, but by "his powerful eloquence" in the district meeting this conclusion was arrived at. Then, "that there be no want of excitement the school committee stepped aside from their proper Calling in order to give their advice in the matter." Then, after more turmoil, when "one would have supposed there was a foreign invasion by the noise," and "Mr. Smith said he would follow the Committee from the foundation to the pinnacle," the schoolhouse was at last located on land of Samuel Teele at the corner of Brooks and Irving streets. Mr. Caldwell says dimensions were agreed upon and he was asked to, and did, draw plans (a front and side elevation) with which no fault was found, the committee meeting soon after to stake out foundation, and fronting it southwest. Mr. Usher was to proceed with the foundation, as he said he had raised money by subscription for that expense.

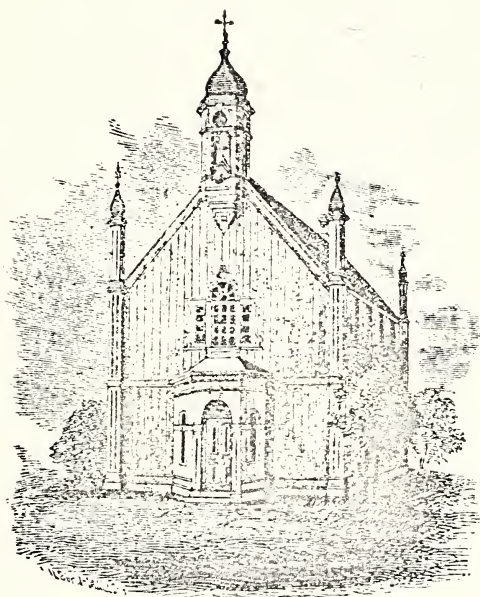
It appears from Mr. Caldwell's writing that Hon. Edward Brooks had become interested in the proposed building, and had suggested or offered to furnish plans for the same. These plans, he writes, were "drawn in the old English style," and were adopted, not without his criticism. Then the question of frontage came up again. "Mr. Usher wanted it northwest," and "here was open war again." "Mr. Usher controlled the subscription," saying, "Unless the house fronts to suit me you can have none of this money." At last Mr. Hatch is quoted as saying that he wanted that style of house, and rather than not have it, would vote to front it northwest, though against his wish. Mr. Caldwell closed the minority report with, "I was now fully satisfied that the present majority of the Committee were proceeding without regard to expense or the interest of the town. . . . I refused taking any further responsibility . . . for I was convinced that the whole thing from the beginning was a selfish speculation, Conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin."

And so at last the house was begun. Historian Brooks tells of the corner-stone laying on the sixth of August. Let us trust that the prayer of the good Baptist clergyman helped still the warring factions. Fortunately the swath the tornado cut two weeks later was a little southward, and the new schoolhouse escaped the fate of the old. On Forefathers' Day, very cold, and a heavy snow-storm under way at its close, the dedication exercises were held. This time the senior clergyman of the town, Dr. Ballou, made the prayer. Mr. Brooks mentions on each occasion original poems recited by pupils. Probably modesty forbade naming their author.

The effort to locate on land of higher price may have savored of "selfish speculation," but at this date we fail to find warrant for the *iniquity and sin* referred to. Possibly the plans finally adopted contributed to the dissatisfaction of the minority, and the final location broke the strained relation. The "old English" architecture of the edifice could not fail of attracting attention, and the more because of its elevated position.

After eighteen years of use, the town decided on a larger structure and secured the present admirable location on High street. In 1869 this second house and land was sold for \$1,200 to Edward Kakas, who had it converted into a dwelling-house. The cupola and the four corner turrets were removed and the exterior re-finished. The entrance porch forms a bay-window, and the roof is slightly elevated at the eaves. The vertical siding was covered with clapboards, the projecting corners below the turrets removed, and the basal finish still shows the corners filled in. This building is now the residence of George H. Remele.

For some years its arched cupola found a resting-place on the ledge next Hastings lane. Till very recently one (or two) of the tall turrets have stood on the hill slope in the rear of Mrs. Kakas' residence, and within a few months the writer has seen and examined the remains of one. They were octagonal, two feet in diameter, were



Brooks Schoolhouse, 1831.

of open construction, and each corner was of pine timber four by six inches in size. Their pagoda roofs were of heavy sheet iron, terminating in iron finials, in which were the letters E. B. in monogram. It would have been well if Principal Hobbs' idea of placing it in the corridor of the new Brooks school could have materialized.

Historian Brooks said the locality was "where pure air comes from the heavens, and pure water from the earth" — and hereby hangs a tale, told the writer in 1866 by an elderly Medford man. He dug a well in the dry summer time into a hillside's underlying ledge; a slow, laborious process, and all the broken rock had to be hoisted out in buckets by a windlass. He had excavated below all other wells, and no water was reached. Resuming his work one day he noticed a moist and seamy place in the rock, and struck it with the sharp point of his crowbar. A chip of stone fell off, and a stream of water flowed in. His helper shouted, "*The tub! the tub!*" and before they were hoisted out by the men on the surface the water was up to their necks. The writer had not heard of the Brooks schoolhouse then, but very likely this is the place.

Reference has been made to the excess of expense above the town's appropriation. In the immediately preceding years several new houses had been erected in the "West End," notably those of Revs. John Pierpont and David Greene Haskins, the two Hastings, and two by D. N. Skillings. Beside these were the Wood, Breed and Spaulding residences beyond the railway. These were all large, well-built houses, which shame some of more modern construction. Too large for present-day use by one family, they do not lend themselves well to the recent craze for "two-flat houses." These and the less pretentious ones of that period can readily be identified by careful observers. With these came the call for increased school accommodation and for a meeting-place or social center. So for this latter was the subscription list and funds the historian and committee mention, and

we are told the new school building was for a little time thus used. In 1852 the West Medford Lyceum and Library Association was incorporated, and continued operative until 1871, and may have had its earlier meetings in the school hall, or until the building known as Mystic hall was erected in 1852.

This was done by Mr. T. P. Smith, who was alluded to by Mr. Caldwell in his minority report. Mr. Smith had purchased the almshouse just vacated by the town, thus adding the old town farm to his extensive domain, which stretched away to the river and on which was the large house in which he lived. (See REGISTER, Vol. XI, No. 3, frontispiece, for this and Mystic hall.)

Upon the completion of this structure it became the social center for such public gatherings as the West End had, with those of the Lyceum Association, and there was the latter's library, until placed in the care of the Village Improvement Society in about 1880. Later this building was the home of the famous Mystic Hall Seminary, which was opened subsequent to the death of Mr. Smith by his widow, and which took its name from that of the hall.

During the sixty-three years that have elapsed it has been more or less a social center of West Medford,—seminary, lyceum, Sunday school, union religious services, churches, fraternal organizations, clubs and polling place. It still houses, as it has in all the forty-six years the writer has known it, a village grocery, with the exception of a few months, conducted by the present proprietor. This is not an advertisement, but history, and "custom" need not forbid mention of the name, Joseph E. Ober.

Possibly its owner (its builder's name has escaped us) may have been dissatisfied with the schoolhouse wrangle and erected Mystic hall as a rival; if so he builded better than he knew for a social center, but certainly both these buildings were and are a credit to their designers and constructors, and the latter bids fair to so remain.

MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

STORY OF SONGS FROM THE MEDFORD WOODS.

BY MARIA W. WAIT.

AS many of Medford's old-time landmarks and people have interested its citizens of today, it seems as though another memory may well hold our attention, and we may be glad to listen to this lay of Medford woodlands, "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT."

These enchanting verses of nature's beauty were written by one of our own townspeople, Caroline Smith, a daughter of Horatio Austin and Elizabeth (Learoyd) Smith, who was born November 12, 1840, at Symmes' Corner, Winchester, said corner at that time being a part of Medford. Always a quiet and thoughtful girl, it was not surprising that some of her thoughts should seek expression even at sixteen years, at which age this poem was written.

The verses were read one day by a friend, Mrs. E. P. Marvin, the wife of the Orthodox minister in Medford, who asked the privilege of showing them to her husband. He also admired them, and after some persuasion Miss Smith allowed him to publish the poem anonymously in the *Boston Recorder*. This was in 1856. Later they were printed in *Gleason's Monthly Companion*, a magazine published during the years between 1850 and the '60s. As Carrie Smith was very retiring in nature, the poem appeared always without her signature.

Other papers copied the verses, and the poem became almost a household friend.

Some years after, the poem, greatly changed, appeared in the little volume named "Child Life," edited by the poet, John G. Whittier. Friends immediately recognized it, however, as the thoughts of "Carrie" Smith, as she was familiarly known, and wrote Whittier concerning it. Some correspondence followed, and the poet wrote Miss Smith, saying the poem had been sent in manuscript form to him by a friend, and at the end of the letter presented this respects and assurances of regret in not having

been able to consult with her at the time of the first publication.

Relative to the explanation the following is quoted from a correspondent:—

“The idea was fine and some of the verses remarkably excellent, but it seemed not complete and some of the lines defective, and supposing it to be his friend’s, he (Whittier) re-wrote and amplified it and signed it as anonymous. Only after printing it had he learned it was not his friend’s.”

“He was very glad to hear of the true author and as he was to issue a new edition of ‘Child Life’ he would give the credit of the poem to Miss Smith if she would accept the additions and alterations.”

The second edition was printed, but by some typographical error the author’s name was given as “Clara” instead of Carrie Smith. Here is her poem, and beside it is the poem as accredited to Whittier, appearing in 1871.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Jack, in his pulpit,
Preaches today,
Under the green trees,
Just over the way,
Close by the mossy
Stone wall; on the air
Ringeth the Lily-bells
Calling us there.
Come—hear what his reverence
Will have to say
To his audience, this sweet,
Calm, Sabbath-day.
Out in the free, pure air,
As, we’ve been told,
The Puritans preached—
Our fathers of old—
Thus Jack discourses
‘Neath the blue skies;
As theirs—perhaps *his* words
May prove as wise.
Lovely the canopy
O’er his head seen,
Penciled by Nature’s hand
Black, brown and green;

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches today,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath-day.

Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled by Nature’s hand,
Black, brown and green.

With the same, sombre hue
 Painted, I see
 The little pulpit
 In which standeth he.
 The surplice he wears
 Is all palely green ;
 Priest was never before
 In such a dress seen.

In court-robcs of velvet
 Black and gold, see,
 Cometh with deep, bass voice,
 Lord Bumble-bee ;
 And unseen spirits that
 Play the wind-lyres,
 Bird voices, soft and sweet —
 These form his choirs ;

And the brave Columbines
 As sentinels stand
 On the lookout, with their
 Red trumpets in hand.

Meek, frail Anemones,
 Drooping and sad,
 In robes all fragile
 And delicate — clad ;
 Buttercups — their faces
 Beaming with sunlight ;
 Clovers, with bonnets,
 Some red and some white ;
 Daisies, — their white fingers
 Half clasped, as in prayer ;
 Dandelions — with their
 Bright, golden hair ;
 Innocents — like children
 Guileless and frail,
 Their little faces
 Upturned and pale ;
 Wild-wood Geraniums,
 All in their best
 Robes of soft, lovely,
 Purple gauze, dressed ;

Green is his surplice,
 Green are his bands ;
 In his queer little pulpit
 The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
 So gorgeous to see,
 Comes with his bass voice
 The chorister bee.
 Green fingers playing
 Unseen on wind-lyres, —
 Low singing bird voices —
 These are his choirs.
 The violets are deacons
 I know by the sign
 That the cups which they carry
 Are purple with wine.
 And the columbines bravely
 As sentinels stand
 On the look-out with all their
 Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones
 Drooping and sad ;
 Great yellow violets,
 Smiling out glad ;
 Buttercups' faces
 Beaming and bright ;
 Clovers, with bonnets —
 Some red and some white ;
 Daisies, their white fingers
 Half-clasped in prayer ;

Innocents, children
 Guileless and frail,
 Meek little faces
 Upturned and pale ;
 Wild-wood geraniums,
 All in their best,
 Languidly leaning
 In purple gauze dressed : —

These, all, are assembled
 This sweet Sabbath-day
 To hear what Jack
 In his pulpit will say.

See those Indian pipes,
 That mossy bank near ;
 I wonder what rude sprites
 Have been smoking here !
 Jack saw the intruders'
 Ill manners, I guess,
 And gave a rebuke
 For their bold rudeness,
 So stern, that, affrighted,
 No longer they stopped,
 But fled — and in their haste
 Their tiny pipes dropped.

Now what of the sermon
 That Jack hath preached ?
 Our wandering thoughts have
 Not that subject yet reached.
 Ah me ! like too many
 That go forth to pray
 In temples and churches,
 This calm, holy day —
 Just as many of those
 Worshippers, I ween,
 We've spent *our* time watching
 The audience here seen ;
 We can tell just what
 Their dresses have been,
 Criticized their bonnets,
 Their looks and their mien,
 Have gazed at the preacher,
 The choir have heard,
 But of the sermon
 We know not one word.

All are assembled
 This sweet Sabbath-day
 To hear what the priest
 In his pulpit will say.

Look ! white Indian pipes
 On the green mosses lie !
 Who has been smoking
 Profanely so nigh ?
 Rebuked by the preacher
 The mischief is stopped,

But the sinners, in haste,
 Have their little pipes dropped.
 Let the wind with the fragrance
 Of fern and black birch
 Blow the smell of the smoking
 Clean out of our church !

So much for the preacher :
 The sermon comes next, —
 Shall we tell how he preached it,
 And where was his text ?
 Alas ! like too many
 Grown-up folks who play
 At worship in churches
 Man-builted today, —
 We heard not the preacher
 Expound or discuss ;
 But we looked at the people,
 And they looked at us.
 We saw all their dresses,
 Their colors and shapes ;
 The trim of their bonnets,
 The cut of their capes.
 We heard the wind-organ,
 The bee and the bird,
 But of Jack in the Pulpit
 We heard not a word !

In 1884 the poem was put into booklet form beautifully illustrated in color, and attached was a copy of a letter

giving credit to Carrie Smith, as Whittier did not wish to claim the originality of the idea.

A book of the poem, with the flowers printed in outline, was published for the use of classes in painting. It was one of a series compiled by Marion Kemble, and printed by S. W. Tilton & Co. of Boston, making a very artistic and attractive volume.

Miss Smith's poems also appeared in the *Portland Transcript*, *Somerville Citizen*, and other papers of note. These attracted much attention and gained her many friends and admirers, and many felt a great loss when Carrie Smith died in 1889. Nevertheless she is not forgotten, especially when each spring "Jack" preaches again in our midst.

Among the poems written, one is quite appropriate here, as it seems a fitting requiem to "Jack" as he steps out of "his pulpit."

AUTUMN'S CHILDREN.

The little gypsy wild-flowers, that so fearlessly were seen
Uplifting brilliant banners from their grassy tents and green,
Have perished in their loveliness, 'neath the destroying blast,
As the first born of Egypt when Death's chilling angel passed.
Autumn is mourning — mourning for her beauteous children dead ;
With wailing, sobbing voice of grief laments her darlings fled.
Stained crimson by the tears of blood her smitten heart hath shed,
All slowly fell the maple-leaves upon their humble bed ;
And where, in constellations bright, star-flowers upraised their eyes
Unto their sister-stars that smiled upon them from the skies,
Autumn hath wreathed a blue mist-veil above her joys that died,
To sadly hide their sepulchre — the barren, bleak hillside.

Twining white, waxen bells around their hair — a numerous band,
No longer in the meadow-grass the lady's tresses stand ;
And at her mirror-brook no more, like a bright, brilliant queen,
Gazing at her rich, crimson robe, the cardinal flower is seen.
The golden-rod no longer flings its yellow plumes on high ;
From the clover's nodding globe no more is fragrance wafted by ;
No more the lady's-slippers call unto their neighbor-flowers ;
"Come, buy these shoes the fairies made — these golden shoes of ours !"

No longer, armed with sharpest thorns, the royal thistle stands,
As if to say : "Who dares touch me with rude and careless hands ?"

No more in vibrant, fragile grace, in beauty frail and fair,
The pendant harebell rings its note of music on the air ;
The gentian doth its blue-fringed lids o'er its deep casket close
No longer, as it were to hide some treasure from its foes ;
No more do constancy's bright flowers, in some secluded spot,
Lift up their eyes of Heaven's own blue, and breathe " Forget me not."

The crickets, in their dusky robes, around their humble bed
Are piping melancholy dirge for Autumn's children dead.
How lonely and how desolate appears sad Nature's face !
Where — as gray age is often seen in rosy youth's embrace —
The ivy 'round the hoar old trees their blushing beauty flung,
And round their rough and knotted arms their scarlet festoons hung ;
Where the barberry's coral clusters gleamed, and where the sumac showed
Its gorgeous velvet cones, that 'mid its leaves, wild fires glowed ;

Where the vine its purple treasures hung ; where lithe birch tree was seen
In its silver coat, and the elm tree in its leafy dress of green ;
Now all is sadly desolate ; and where was softly shed
O'er hill and dale a rose-hued haze, a tear-like mist is spread.
The sorrowing skies weep o'er the earth, as o'er a blighted child,
And Autumn like a Niobe, with wailing voice, and wild,
With voice of grief and fitful tears, laments her darlings fled,—
Her bright and beauteous children, faded, numbered with the dead.

But faith a glorious promise weaves that from this rustling dust,
His hand who crushed the Autumn leaves has drawn a sacred trust ;
A trust that lives forever — aye, a trust of life divine
That yet shall bid the springtide bowers with vernal radiance shine !
So, when in Time's drear autumn we bend in sad'ning prayer
And all the cherished hopes of years strew Grief's bleak hillside bare,
Our Father's hand hath only ta'en the key of joy's attune
Which he shall give us back again in Heaven's eternal June !

SOMETHING ABOUT CAPT. ISAAC HALL.

Eleven years ago a tablet to the memory of Medford's captain of Minute Men was erected at the historic spot where Revere aroused him on the original Patriots' Day. In a later issue of the REGISTER (Vol. VIII, page 100) appeared the address of Mr. Hall Gleason before the Historical Society prior to the erection of this memorial by the Sons of the Revolution, and also a copy of the inscription thereon. In that address, 1789 is named as the year in which Captain Hall died, once directly and

twice indirectly. The accuracy of this remained unquestioned for several years, till early in 1911 a communication from Kansas, addressed to the Historical Society, came into our hands, which we now present:—

On page 100, Vol VIII, of the HISTORICAL REGISTER, appears an article by Mr. Hall Gleason on

CAPT. ISAAC HALL

He is described as a son of Andrew and Abigail [Walker] Hall, born in Medford, January 24, 1739.

Now Capt. Isaac Hall married on October 8, 1761, Abigail *Cutter*, and had a number of children.

The second was Eleanor, born July 23, 1764, and the fourth was James, born December 25, 1768.

Eleanor was married by Peter Thacher on April 24, 1791, to Charles Stimpson the son of Recompense Wadsworth Stimpson, a merchant of Boston, Mass., and the writer of this communication is a grandson of this couple.

The article above cited gives Capt. Isaac's death, (p. 102) (November 24, 1789). This I believe to be a mistake, and that it should be *November 13, 1805*.

The Boston Directory for 1796 and '98 gives the name of Isaac Hall and locates him as a distiller, Distill House square, House No. 12, Franklin Place.

The same name appears in the directories which follow, with his residence on Franklin Place, till 1803, when its occupation is given a boarding house, 12 Franklin Square.*

In 1806 the name changes to *Abigail* Hall, boarding house, 12 Franklin Square,* and so continues for several years.

The Suffolk Co. Deed Records show that one Abigail Howard sold a house at No. 12 Franklin Place to Isaac Hall, distiller, on June 21, 1796. At the time Charles Stimpson (his son-in-law) was twenty-one he began to keep a diary of some of the important events of his life. He was a trader, and from 1789 to 1801 did business at Petersburg, Virginia, making frequent trips to and from Boston. Among the events so recorded is that of his wedding to Eleanor Hall, on April 24, 1791, and of a visit Isaac Hall made him in Portland from August 1, to September 1, 1801. On November 24, 1805, the record is "Mr. Isaac Hall died at Boston Aged 66"

One other event he records: October 14, 1814, Abigail Hall broke up her housekeeping at Franklin place.

By reference to a Bible Record kept by my Uncle William *Cutter*

* I think this Square should be Place but am too far from the B. Pub. Library and the directory to verify it.

Stimpson.* I find "Died at Our House Sept 28, 1825 Mrs Abigail Hall, Grandmother (maternal) of W. C. S. (a- yrs mo) She was on a visit to us, a stroke of Paralysis deprived her of speech and the use of her limbs, in which condition she lay nine days, and then took flight to that world of Spirits whither she had there long since directed her eyes and thoughts,—and in which, to all human appearances, she was, by God's grace prepared to enjoy the company of those who have been redeemed of the Lord Her mortal remains were disposed of by the filial attention of her son James Hall Esq."

FRED. E. STIMPSON.

By some inexplicable means this communication was mislaid and forgotten and has but recently come to light. It conflicts with Mr. Gleason's statement in but one particular, that of the date of Captain Hall's death, but adds interesting facts of the later days of both Captain and Mrs. Hall. We find in "Halls of New England," by "Rev. David B. Hall, A.M., Duanesburg, N. Y., 1883," the date of death November 24, 1789.

The above work was shown us by Mrs. Annie (Hall) Gleason and is doubtless the basis of Mr. Hall Gleason's statement. By the courtesy, also, of Mrs. Gleason, we have examined the old family Bible in which are recorded the marriage of Andrew Hall and Abigail Walker, and the births and deaths of their large family. This Bible record is, "Isaac Hall born January 24, 1739 died November 24, 1805." Just what reason Mr. Stimpson may have had for assigning the 13th as the day of death, when that diary record he quotes from is 24th, we fail to know. Perhaps he made an error in copying, as it is evident that Rev. Mr. Hall did. As both diary and Bible records agree it would appear that the correct date is November 24, 1805. We have written to our correspondent a note of apology, and insert this as tardy justice to him, and of interest to the REGISTER's clientage. In the thirty years that Captain Hall lived after his march to Lexington he saw the beginnings of national life, but the one hundred and eleven since his passing we will not try to compare.

* William was the son of Charles and Eleanor S. and his middle name was the maiden name of his Grandmother Abigail Hall.

A MEDFORD CITIZEN FROM OVER SEA.

EDWARD KAKAS, for many years a resident of West Medford, was born in Budapest, Hungary, August 12, 1828, the eldest son of Kokesch Josef and Szarka Teriz. Educated in his native city, he there learned the furrier's trade from his father, who later established him in business. On the outbreak of the Hungarian revolution in 1848 he, with hosts of other young men, left everything to join the army under Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian national hero.

Kossuth was born in 1802, and when he grew to manhood entered upon a political career. In his teachings, which were considered very radical by the ruling powers, but were eagerly accepted by the young men of the nation, he advocated the emancipation of the peasants, the freedom of the press, and an independent government for Hungary.

In 1848, which has been called "the year of revolution," Europe was honeycombed with revolutionary ideas. The despotism of the government, which ground down the laboring class, gave rise to increasing discontent and led to a widespread movement to bring the conditions of society up to a higher standard of justice and truth. The first outbreak was in France, but its fires had long been smouldering throughout the land. Hungary was the first to proclaim her independence of Austria, and Kossuth was, by unanimous consent, made the leader. Although he had not been trained as a soldier, he put himself at the head of the troops and shared all their vicissitudes and desperate campaigns. Young Kakas fought all through the war and gained the rank of lieutenant. The struggle was carried on for two years and success was almost attained, but the intervention of Russia snatched the victory from the army, and Kossuth, betrayed by some of those whom he had trusted, was exiled to Turkey. Many of his followers were executed or imprisoned and others escaped to England and the United States. Mr. Kakas was one of those who escaped, first to England

and then to this country. It has been a family tradition that he came over here with Kossuth.

In 1851 Kossuth came to this country as the guest of the nation and was received with every honor. He made a tour of the country, going as far west as Cincinnati and south to New Orleans, arousing great enthusiasm everywhere by his bearing and addresses.

Mr. Kakas came over in 1851, and in 1853 established himself in the fur business in Portland, Me., where he was known as an expert in his line of work. That same year he married Josephine P. Kegler, a native of Weinheim, Germany. In 1855 he came to Boston and started in business on Washington street, opposite the old Herald building, being the first manufacturing furrier in the city. He was burned out in the great fire of 1872, but opened a new store on Summer street, which later, when his sons joined him in business, was moved to Washington street and then to Tremont street, where it was known as Edward Kakas & Sons.

Before coming to Medford to live, in 1858, Mr. Kakas lived in Brookline. His first home here was on Prescott street; from there he moved to Allston street, and in 1862 or 1863 he bought the property on Irving street, which was his home until his death. Here he indulged his love for gardening and cultivated rare flowers.

Mr. Kakas became a naturalized citizen in 1886, when, wishing to visit his native land, he found that, having left it as a political refugee, he could not safely return except as a citizen of his adopted country.

Mr. Kakas died September 18, 1904. His wife, three sons and two daughters survive him. He was a life member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and a member of Mt. Hermon Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Boston Commandery.

NOTE.—The Hungarian form of the name was Kokesch Edouard, the surname being placed first. After coming to this country Mr. Kakas changed the order and spelling of his name to correspond to the English form and pronunciation.

KATHARINE H. STONE.

MEDFORD MINING MATTERS.

WE asked, in a recent issue of the REGISTER, for information relative to a Medford silver mine. We are now answering our own query, though not as fully as we might wish. We have no scheme to promote, or mining stock for sale. The subject is simply one of historic interest, and worthy of record.

We naturally turn to the files of the press for information of this mining operation of 1881. The Medford *Mercury*, then in its first year of publication, under date of September 17, tells of a visit made by reporters of four Boston dailies. The occasion was enlivened by the presence of ladies, and somebody's "Old Bill" furnished the motive power up Forest street to the Spot Pond house. From thence the party walked through the woods to the scene of operations. There the writer, who signs himself S. W. G., had "a half-hour interview with Mr. Harrigan," from which he deduced the following:—

This mine was discovered by F. W. Morandi of Malden, who was wandering through the Fells for pleasure. He immediately purchased a large tract of land, and contracted for the sinking of a shaft 25 feet deep with a Mr. Halliday. The shaft is now 12 feet deep, the workmen having been about two weeks at work, putting in from 3 to 5 blasts per day, each bringing forth encouraging results. Mr. Harrigan told us, that if in going down the next ten feet the richness increased as it had thus far, the mine would be a paying investment, and in all probability the shaft would be sunk 100 feet.

The first assay yielded \$18 in silver, \$4 in gold, and the estimate is at present \$50 per ton, with copper in large proportions both in sulphide and oxide. The ore is taken to the smelting works in East Boston. About a mile northeast, Matthew Robertson has discovered silver, which is supposed to be an outcropping from the same vein.

On October 15 appears —

That silver mine at Spot Pond is progressing favorably. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 30 feet, and Mr. Harrigan has contracted to carry it 25 feet farther down. It is understood that the yield is satisfactory thus far, and that more land will be bought for mining purposes.

The above is all that our local paper tells of the mining operations in a technical way. Thirty-three years

had elapsed when we made our query. It was prompted by a telephone inquiry made by some one unknown to us — yes, we have a lot of such, as some take us for an information pagoda. We replied, "There *was* something of the kind, but we have no definite knowledge of it — no — no — we can't tell any lies about it. Good-bye." Some weeks later a very readable and interesting story appeared in the Sunday issue of a Boston paper, with a view of the locality. It located the mine on land of Mr. Willis, and says, "the shaft was sunk to a depth of eighty-five feet, encountering a spring that caused much trouble and that a lateral tunnel was excavated for seventy-five feet and that there all trace of silver was lost." Also that "the work was prosecuted for two years and after \$10,000 was expended, ceased for lack of capital."

How true these details may be we know not, save the fact that work ceased, which is self-evident. We have made some inquiry. One man, an assessor of those days, says, "We went up there to see if there was anything taxable . . . found only a hole in the ground . . . no buildings or machinery . . . nothing doing." Others were at the time in question incredulous, saying it was a scheme to sell land. This was before the territory became a public reservation, also before the construction of the Winchester reservoir, which now stretches away from the near-by "Old Tony's ledge," toward the Lawrence observatory on Ram's Head. The spot is shown on the map of the Fells and marked "old silver mine," and the elevation of "Silver Mine hill" given as two hundred and fifty-five feet. At this remote day it is difficult to get at satisfactory conclusions. One says to us, "Fiction is always readable, but don't believe it." The story of night and day gangs of miners, heavy blasting, and richness of ore in recent accounts do not accord with the testimony of old residents. The *Mercury*, in its *resume* of '81, said: —

Who in Medford would have risked a pair of old shoes on the prophecy, that in the course of the year, silver mines would come

to light within the bounds of the town? And yet an enterprising genius has brought to light in the vicinity of Spot Pond veritable silver mines, in which there is a stratum of bright possibilities, if nothing more. The resolute miner has faith in his mines and holds out the brightest kind of promise. We hope he will not be disappointed.

The recent writer, to whom we have alluded, tells that boys overturned the engine into the shaft, and the debris of crushed rock had filled it somewhat. To satisfy our curiosity, and equipped with the park commissioners' map, we recently repaired to the "old silver mine." We found "a hole in the ground," or rather in the ledge, rectangular in shape, about eight by ten feet, and perhaps nine in depth. We noted the mound of debris piled beside it, now overgrown, as nature has been kindly at work. We wondered if the *Mercury* man's "bright stratum of possibilities" still remains in the lateral seventy-five foot tunnel the other mentioned, or whether, indeed, that tunnel was purely mythical.

Remembering the "Folly's flower" of our school book, we picked a bunch of columbine for a *boutonniere* as a memory of this old Medford enterprise, wise or otherwise. All the silver we saw was the dime we exchanged for nickels to pay our carfares.

LEAD MINING AT WELLINGTON.

The latest Medford mining operation seems to be of the placer-hydraulic variety, for lead instead of silver. The product secured by the use of simple apparatus requires no smelting, and is readily marketable at war prices. On the Wellington marshes amateur sportsmen have for years practiced marksmanship with clay pigeons, and have thus "salted" this latest Medford mine with the baser metal of bird shot.

Recently, according to accounts given, numerous children, and some women, have been engaged (when the tide allowed) in digging over the marsh mud and washing out the metal. Fabulous reports are given of the

yield reduced to cash, one sum named would mean a weight of ten tons, which in bird shot isn't a homœopathic dose, though the size is such. Still, the essential fact remains, that Medford mining for lead is a *success*.

Some years since, it was said, a "Marine Salts Co." extracted gold from sea water down on the coast of Maine, for "*divers*" reasons, as its stockholders had cause to remember.

We congratulate the Medford Salt-marsh Mining Associates (*not* incorporated) on their legitimate success, and the originator of this latest mining scheme for his happy thought, doubtless more profitable than the silver mine in the Fells.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN TAVERN.

IN Vol. VIII of the REGISTER is an interesting account of the old Medford taverns. One of these long remained, used as a dwelling in its later years, and is remembered by many Medford people. The author, Mr. Hooper, has since discovered some additional matter relative to one of them and sends us the following item, quoted from Waters' *Newhall Family of Lynn*, which shows its antiquity, and also something of conditions when Medford was *wet*:—

Samuel Wade of Medford, married Lydia, daughter of Lieutenant Thomas Newhall of Malden. He was an innholder in whose tavern, at the sign of the Fountain in Mistick, on Monday the 27th December 1714, arose a brawl between Captain Edward Sprague and Thomas Newhall Jr. of Malden, resulting in the Captain being badly bruised about the head, thrown to the floor and barely escaped being thrown out of the window. As usual both parties seem to have been at fault.

Mr. Brooks, in his history, devotes some space to the Fountain tavern and its signs, saying it was built as early as 1725. He tells of platforms built in the spreading branches of the big trees, and their connecting bridges that reached also to the house, and that these were much used in summer as places of resort for drinking punch and cordials. "Tea-parties were sometimes gathered

there," as though *tea* was of secondary importance, as it probably was. It would appear that the modern roof-garden isn't anything new after all.

In his account, which may be somewhat mythical, he tells of an *earlier* sign that gave the house the name of *Palaver Tavern*, but no evidence of this has been elsewhere found. Now this appellation is quite interesting in its derivation from the Portuguese *palavra* = a word. It was used to designate the parleys or conferences held by Portuguese traders with the native chiefs on the African coast, and very likely introduced here by sea-faring men, a relic of the slave trade. It degenerated from its original significance to that of idle chatter, gabble, and wily flattery (*modern softsoap*), by which some advantage is likely to be taken by shrewd calculators. The alleged earlier sign is said to have had painted upon it figures of two men shaking hands and evidently engaged in conversation, and that they were styled *palaverers*.

On the great thoroughfare from Salem to Boston, this house had extensive patronage. It would be interesting to know why the sign was changed within one year. Probably the liquid cheer there dispensed had an exhilarating effect, and stimulated the *palaver* in its later meanings and caused the selection of "sign of the Fountain." Just how this fountain was depicted we do not know, other than "*pouring punch* into a huge bowl." It is very evident that the liquid was *not water*, or represented in *white* paint. As the Fountain "aimed to be superior to other houses," it had decoctions other than punch to pour from smaller mugs and glasses down the throats of its thirsty patrons.

Probably this was not the only "brawl" within its hospitable walls that proved true the proverb, ". . . strong drink is raging," and in which "both parties were at fault." The innholder was the sixth of the eight children of Major Nathaniel Wade, and the Wades were the solid men of Medford of that day, as witness the "town rate," or tax list, in the ancient record book. After sixteen years

in the business, Samuel Wade was the third in the highest tax payers. Captain Sprague's name does not appear among the sixty-seven "rated" that year, so we conclude he was a guest from elsewhere, and the other brawler was a brother-in-law of the innholder. We may wonder a little if the author of *Newhall Family* (while admitting the fault of Thomas, Jr.,) chronicled the rough handling of Captain Sprague as an example of the Newhall prowess, or creditable to the family. Such scenes were all too common in the old days, and Medford is better *dry*.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

At the latest meeting of the Directors it was decided to recommend to the Society the taking of *immediate* action to secure a *permanent home* by the purchase of land and the erection of a suitable building. Eligible sites are being considered and plans and estimates secured. Already a building fund has been commenced. The progress of this forward movement can be hastened by an early and generous response to the appeal of the Directors to our members, and through them to the public.

The design is to build, with masonry walls, a structure creditable to the Society, and adapted to its uses, both educative and social. It is eminently desirable that the same be at once begun, and the opening of the coming season mark its completion and the observance of the twentieth anniversary of the Society.

Treasurer Fuller will immediately acknowledge the receipt of all contributions to the building fund.

7-7-7—MILITARY CALL.

As in 1775, '61 and '98, Medford men responded to the country's call on June 21, '16. As we go to press, we have only time to allude to our illustration of Medford square which shows Co. E, Fifth Regt. leaving for camp.

MORE MEDFORD MILESTONE.

Since our issue of October last an observant citizen has called our attention to an error we wish to correct. We were told that the first mile-stone of the old Andover turnpike "was removed some years since." As we considered our information correct we did not verify it by a personal visit to the spot. We have recently done so, and find at about seventy paces below the entrance to the Metropolitan Police station the stone in question, which may or may not have been removed during the progress of the work of improvement along the line of Forest street. This stone is shaped much like the second, with a flat surface toward the pike (Forest street). The back and top are roughly curved, and the top has been fractured somewhat. The painted letters, ^I I^M still show near the top with a larger M beneath them, and lower down and barely legible are ^{Mil} rudely cut in the stone, much as might have been with "hammer and nail" (see page 10, Brooks' "History of Medford") in the hands of an amateur.

This stone is in the grassy slope between Forest street and the Fellsway, upon which last the electric cars and automobiles hurry along in marked contrast to the slow travel of the old turnpike days.

A MEDFORD AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE.

Referring to Francis Green, a Medford author, we said (page 83, Vol. XVIII),

As yet we have not learned his dwelling place.

Had we consulted our former pages we should have found the following (page 97, Vol. XV),

Francis Green, . . . came to Medford about 1798, and two years later occupied the house later belonging to Samuel Swan (Watson house.)

We have received the following from the author of the above, which by *request* we insert,

If the editor will refer to the October issue of the REGISTER, page 97, he will find a statement which disproves [?] the one made on page 83 . . . 1915.

We have *now* learned where was the dwelling-place of Francis Green, and on the authority of Caleb Swan, as noted by our contributor, state it to have been in that house next north the old third meeting-house, which was more recently known as the Watson house, and a few years since demolished.

PERSONS SHOULD BE PARSONS.

Not all persons should be parsons, but on page 12, Vol. XIX, the name T. W. Persons should read Parsons. The surname, as printed, "got by" unnoticed. Mr. Parsons was a person, and though his occupation or profession is unknown to the editor, we feel sure that Mr. Parsons was not a parson, but an entertaining writer, translator of Dante, a poet, and one of the story-tellers of the Wayside Inn.

IN THE INTEREST OF ACCURACY.

The writer of the article in the July number of the REGISTER, 1915, on "Turell Tufts and His Family Connections," desires the following corrections to be made in the interests of accuracy, and begs her readers to recall that oft-quoted line,

"To err is human, to forgive divine,"

as an adjustment of the matter.

Page 54. High and Forest streets, instead of Main, etc.

Page 55. . . . the late Dudley C. Hall, whose father Dudley Hall named a child of his, who died young, for this distant relative.

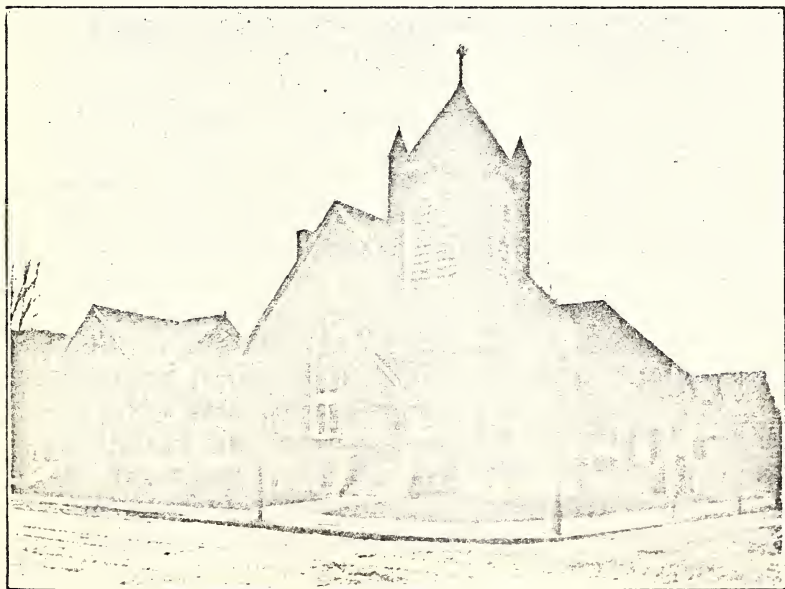
Page 59. Willis Hall (1733-1812), had a daughter Mary (1772-1853) who married Dr. Luther Stearns, December 20, 1798, and a son George H. who married Sarah Chandler of Brattleboro, Vt. Elizabeth (1801-1862) daughter of George H. Hall and his wife Sarah, married George W. Porter, February 17, 1824. They were the parents, etc.



REV. NATHAN R. WOOD.



REV. EBEN F. FRANCIS.



WEST MEDFORD BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1916.

No. 4.

THE STORY OF THE WEST MEDFORD BAPTIST CHURCH.

BY FRANK WOODS LOVERING.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 17, 1916.]

THE life-story of the West Medford Baptist Church spans a few months over twenty years. It was soon after the middle of 1895 that the Rev. James P. Abbott, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church of Medford, urged upon those of his parishioners dwelling in the western section of the Mystic city the formation of another body. Mr. Abbott saw in the future the opportunity for an organization of West Medford Baptists which now, as we see this end of our city grow, seems a future still, but one even richer in opportunity than it has been in the two decades that have passed since 1895.

Eager to have the denomination of his faith extend its usefulness, Rev. Mr. Abbott encouraged a movement which, in the fall of 1895, took shape in the first meeting of those most vitally interested. This occurred at the home of the late George F. Spaulding, on Monument street—a large, square, old-fashioned residence, with summer house and garden, and fence on every side, that so many of the older ones so well remember; a house which passed as its owner passed. Only memory remains.

Mr. Spaulding was strongly opposed to the proposition. In his opinion the idea was too big to finance. He believed it unwise to make any definite move until it could be seen where the money was coming from. The leaders in the movement who were present refused to be discouraged, and the matter of a suitable building lot was agitated, although no definite action was then taken.

Other meetings were held later at various homes in

the community, notably with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Stevens, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Lovering. A committee was selected to examine definitely into the matter of a church site, and among these was the Bishop estate on High street, across from the railroad station, and the large Boston avenue frontage of the Spaulding property.

In the meantime, under the guidance of Mr. Abbott, the movement for a church body of Baptists in West Medford took permanent form at an assemblage in Mystic hall on October 20, 1895.

This is the first actual date in the life history of the church. The meetings were held on Sabbath afternoons, with growing numbers, until January 1, 1896, when Rev. Mr. Abbott's duties with his home church increased to such an extent that he was compelled to relinquish his work in West Medford, and, following various supplies, Rev. Arthur A. Cambridge was called to the leadership of the new church body, not then incorporated.

The initial steps toward organization were taken on January 20, 1896. Rev. Mr. Cambridge was called March 5, and came in May from the Baptist Church in North Billerica. On the 9th of May a committee was selected to secure land, since the problem of financing the building proposition had been solved, and it was then that the Spaulding lot was settled upon.

Mr. Spaulding refused to sell the part of his estate directly upon the corner of Boston and Harvard avenues, requiring that the entire Boston avenue frontage be assumed. Out of this grew the parsonage, and oddly enough the parsonage was erected before the church. The committee bought the parcel of land which Mr. Spaulding agreed to sell, and Lewis H. Lovering purchased from the society the two lots adjoining the parsonage lot on the east. There now stand the residences of M. E. Bearse and E. W. Shedd.

On July 9th a finance committee was chosen to raise the funds, and a building committee to arrange for plans

and later make a contract. The drawings of architect G. Leslie Nichols were adopted, and Lewis H. Lovering was selected as builder. Work on the parsonage was begun immediately, and when completed it was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Cambridge. After his retirement it was rented, in order that it might carry itself in the Medford Co-operative Bank. In this connection it is of timely interest to note that on May 1, 1915, the church society became the owner, free and clear, of the pastor's home.

On July 16, 1896, a council of churches was assembled in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church (Mystic hall being engaged) for the purpose of formally recognizing the organization of the West Medford Baptist Church. Nineteen churches were reported through their delegates, and the young society was thus definitely placed upon the list of churches of the Baptist denomination in the district embracing Medford and adjacent communities.

Ground was broken without delay for the starting of the church building, and the corner-stone was laid November 24, 1896, at 2 P.M., by the late Rev. William Howe of Cambridge, and Dea. O. M. Wentworth of Tremont Temple made the leading address. The church cost, including land, organ, furnishings, etc., \$21,507.79, with subscriptions amounting to \$8,715.00. Individual contributions in the form of carpets, memorial windows, mantels, etc., added greatly to the original value of the structure.

Easter Sabbath, April 18, 1897, was the date of the first occupancy of the building. Rev. Mr. Cambridge preached an Easter sermon at the morning service and gave an address at night. Formal dedication took place on the following Wednesday afternoon. The Rev. George C. Lorimer, late pastor of Tremont Temple, Mayor Lovering the builder, and other men of prominence, made addresses at a banquet later in the day. At this dinner were over one hundred invited guests, besides those who had come to see their dream and the dream of the Rev. Mr. Abbott realized.

Rev. Mr. Cambridge resigned March 5, 1899, and on November 24 of the same year Rev. Truman O. Harlow of Somerset, Mass., was called to the pastorate. He resigned January 6, 1901, to take effect on March 1, but twelve days later, on January 18th, the society chose a pulpit supply committee, which shortly reported in favor of hearing Mr. Nathan R. Wood of Newton as a candidate. He was chosen at a meeting on the 29th of March, and read his letter of acceptance the following Sabbath. Mr. Wood was not then an ordained minister, and this was to be his first charge after ordination.

Thursday, April 25, a council was assembled in the church to participate in the ceremony of the ordination of Mr. Wood, and to confirm the action of the society in calling him to be its pastor. The examination of the candidate proved wholly satisfactory. The council recommended acceptance, and in the evening of the same day Mr. Wood's father, the Rev. Nathan E. Wood, then president of Newton Baptist Theological Seminary, and now pastor of the First Baptist Church in Arlington, Mass., preached the ordination sermon. Other prominent Baptist clergymen had a part.

Rev. Mr. Wood continued as pastor of the growing church until 1911, when the repeated call for him to become dean of the Gordon Training School for Missionaries in Boston grew so urgent that he felt duty bound to heed it.

His going was with mutually deep regrets, but in his place came one who has grown into the hearts of his parish day by day, widening the sphere of the West Medford Baptist Church and its activities, helping with unflagging energy and zeal to build it up to greater good and greater strength and greater things for the people of the growing western section of the city—the Rev. Eben F. Francis, who at the time of his call to this charge was assistant pastor at the Clarendon Street Baptist Church in Boston.

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I have dealt, up to now, wholly with the men, in this review of the West Medford Baptist Church and its development, but the women have always had a prominent part, particularly in assisting financially, when the church needed such assistance. From the beginning there was a strong organization of women who took active part in all the efforts to promote the welfare of the church, and the success of the society has been in no small measure due to their sacrificing efforts. There was at one time a Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, which was the nucleus of the Farther Lights Society. Out of the latter grew the present flourishing Philathea Class. The Ladies' Social Union was affiliated with the organization almost from the beginning, and the enthusiasm of this body of earnest women has done much at all times to help in the betterment of the church, corporate and spiritual.*

West Medford is growing in a good direction. New fields of religious work are opening with the passing of each new year. Additional families are coming to dwell there; new faces are to be seen in both church service and Bible school, Sabbath in and Sabbath out. There lies the strength of this Baptist body, and there its paths of effort are defined. The church membership today numbers two hundred and forty-one; in the Bible school are registered two hundred and sixty-eight.

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Thus rather briefly I have outlined the birth of West

* In the new church manual, just issued, the constituent members of the West Medford Baptist Church are given as follows: Mrs. L. A. Ambler, Mrs. Mary A. Bass, Rev. Arthur A. Cambridge, Mrs. Belle S. Cambridge, George E. Crosby, Mrs. Augusta R. Crosby, Archer G. Crosby, Mrs. Mary S. Crosby, Miss Cora N. Crosby, Miss Amy L. Crosby, Frank S. Dows, Mrs. Olive M. Dows, Mrs. Mary T. Dows, Robert H. Grace, Mrs. Melvina E. Grace, Mrs. Emma F. Hixon, J. Gordon Kempton, Joseph N. Leach, Mrs. Carrie E. Leach, Mrs. Emma F. Lovering, Charles A. Mitchell, Mrs. Eunice Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie D. Marden, George E. Parker, Mrs. Frances Parker, George M. Ritchie, Mrs. Carrie S. Ritchie, Mrs. Nancy M. Stevens, Edwin E. Stevens, Mrs. Clara B. Stevens, Miss Estelle M. Stevens, Mrs. Mary Smart, Mrs. Lucy F. Swett. The first deacons were: George E. Crosby, J. Gordon Kempton, George M. Ritchie.

Medford's third permanent religious body, and its development to the present day through a period of two decades.

Prediction of its future is idle, except to make the safe prophecy that the society must grow as West Medford grows, or else go back. And that it is growing needs no better proof than the presentation of the definite fact that its Bible school quarters have been sadly cramped for a year, and that plans are under serious consideration now for their enlargement. The church itself will accommodate a growing congregation for some time to come, the problem of the Bible school is pressing. But this problem will be met and conquered before very long, for to conquer problems such as this one is the way in which those who formed the nucleus of the West Medford Baptist Church set forth upon their mission.

A MEDFORD MEMORIAL—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

We notice in the design of the new city hall of Medford a memorial of the soldiers and sailors who have served our country in its wars. Without venturing any criticism on the artistic merits of the same, we wish to say, "It is well, and such recognition should long ago have been made in our public square."

Medford was not, in one way, remiss in her duty in the matter, for within a year after the close of the civil war, the old town erected a sepulchral monument in the silent city of Oak Grove, bearing the names of forty-three "Medford Volunteers who sacrificed their lives in defence of the Union."

It was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 6, 1866. Medford had then no local paper to make note of the event, and to which we might now refer. A few programs of the exercises may have been preserved. The publisher of Medford's history of twenty years later inserted in his work a wood-cut of the monu-

ment, but made no reference to it in the text. But that a former editor of the REGISTER made note of it (Vol. IX, p. 33), reproducing the program, inscriptions and portions of the addresses then made, we should have remained in ignorance thereabout. On that occasion Medford's historian, Rev. Charles Brooks, made the address, in which he spoke of the lessons the monument would teach to posterity, when the storms of a century should have blackened its surface. He also said, "Fifty years hence let the hoary-headed soldier come and kneel in prayer as he calls to mind the young friend who fell at his side, and here let the aged mother come, to read the name of her patriot son." He spoke also of the lessons for the historian, the poet, and the statesman. But it is doubtful if many of these visit this memorial, save as the ever-decreasing ranks of veteran comrades do so on Memorial Day. The monument itself is beginning to feel the tooth of time, and its inscription, none too legible, is seen but by few.

Fifty years have passed, and we are writing on September 6, the anniversary day. It had been in our thought for the Historical Society to take some formal notice of this day, on the same spot where Mr. Brooks' words were spoken, and in presence of such Grand Army veterans as might be gathered for such occasion. The pressure of other important matters has precluded this, but we think it both timely and fitting to thus call attention in our columns to this event in Medford's history that occurred a half century since.

It seems eminently fitting that the new memorial we have mentioned should find place in the designing of the new civic structure that must serve for many years to come, and the names of those who gave up their lives in our country's service be there inscribed in enduring bronze.

In our public square, they will be read by many, and such memorial will there teach lessons of patriotism that the memorial erected by the former generation does not and cannot do.

MEDFORD IN 1821.

Now that our old town house and city hall is gone it may be well to consider what Medford was at the time just prior to its building. The story of its construction has been compiled from the records, and ably written in the REGISTER (Vol. IX, p. 40) by Miss Wild, and we commend its careful perusal. The architect was one of the best of his time, and the builders did their work well. What present workmen know how to do such work in wood, now that iron work has come into use?

Our veteran townsman, Francis Wait, has compiled from the state census, taken in 1821, the following items of interest:—

STATE VALUATION TAKEN 1821 TOWN OF MEDFORD

Polls 16 years to 20 years	30	Acres of tillage Land	394
Polls 21 years upwards	202	Bushells of Rye	65
Polls o not Ratable	2	Bushells Indian Corn	5230
Polls Supported by the town	12	Bushells Barley	295
Dwelling houses	152½	Beans & peas	6
Shops in the Same	2	English mowing	877
other Shops	19	Tons Eng ^h Hay	751
Distill houses	4	Saltmarsh	535
Tan Houses	3	Tons of Hay from the same	416
Slaughter houses	3	Cows the whole farm will keep	394
Grist mill	1	Barrels of Cyder	128
Saw mills	1	unimproved Land	1253
Bake Houses	2	Land improvable	130
Barns	121	acres of Land for Roads	160
other Buildings Value		Land owned by the town	10
20 dollars	66	Land covered by water	434
Superficial feet of Wharf	2240	Horses	105
Stock in Trade	5350	Oxen	78
Money at Interest	69050	Cows	237
money on hand or in any Bank	18300	Swine	131
Bank Stock	1300	Total amount of Real Estate	384440
Ounces Plate	575	Total amount of Personal Estate	186259
Shares in toll Bridges	17		570690

Some interesting deductions may be made from these statistics. Medford was then a town of one thousand five hundred inhabitants. The polls were about one-sixth, their votes one-eighth, and the boys and young men (ten to twenty years) one fiftieth of the population; this last seems a small proportion, but perhaps the girls were in the majority.

The number of dwellings shows that an average of ten persons inhabited them, with perhaps two polls in most of them. That half house probably joined the line next Malden, Charlestown or Woburn. Medford was then certainly in the rural district, for the number of barns was four-fifths that of the dwellings. The one hundred and five horses were not enough to allow each barn one, but the cows were enough to average two, though the Medford farms might have accommodated one hundred and fifty-seven more.

Then there were thirty-nine yoke of oxen. Wouldn't they be a sight on the Medford roads today? Who knows when the last ox-team was owned in Medford, or who drove it?

One hundred and thirty-one swine were enough to keep the hogreeve busy. As the family pig was in evidence in those days, the number is not excessive, and probably the piglets were not enumerated.

Medford land produced a little less than a ton of hay to the acre, and the salt marshes about the same proportion. The tillage land was about one-half the grass land and two-thirds the salt meadow acreage, but the unimprovable land we know as the Fells about equalled both the latter. The roads, river and ponds were of about the same area as the productive marshes, and two-thirds the area of the grass land. The tillage land might have been increased one-third, by the area of improvable land.

Medford's staple product (at least as shown by these statistics) was Indian corn. Its barley and rye only about a fifteenth as much, while the *six bushels* of peas and *beans* looks insignificant, considering the proximity to Boston.

No statistics of orchards are given, but the one hundred and twenty-eight barrels of "Cyder" would have averaged three-quarters to each dwelling. There is no reference to that beverage that made Medford famous, except that *four* distill houses outclassed other industrial pursuits. Slaughtering of cattle and tanning of their hides kept pace with each other in *three* places.

Medford had even then paid the penalty for forest destruction in the loss of its water power of the brooks, and only one grist- and one saw-mill are named, these on the tidal river. Its two "bake houses" were the predecessors of the Medford cracker.

Two householders had shops in their dwellings, and nineteen other shops were named. Perhaps some were the little New England shoe-shops, though these last may have been among the "other buildings, value 20 dollars" that numbered sixty-six.

Parson Osgood, in his somewhat peculiar letter to his sweetheart, tells of some Medford people being "bridge mad." Not the *present* "bridge" of social functions, but Malden bridge across the Mystic. Here is the evidence, "Shares in toll bridges 17."

It would be interesting to know how the Medford tradesmen did business with a stock of only fifty-three hundred and fifty dollars, but prices were not like today's. The wealth of the little old town is indicated by the items, "Bank stock, money at interest and on hand"; while the "ounces of plate" shows the style affected by the wealthiest ones.

We have read somewhat of the ship-building and commerce of Medford, and the wharfage space (only fifty per cent. larger than our new society home covers) seems rather inadequate.

If we add the old third meeting-house (there was then no other), the few schoolhouses Medford then had to the barns, houses and half house, and include the shops and all other structures, we will find that three hundred and seventy-five will be an ample total for the Medford buildings of ninety-five years ago.

Our city has grown from this to its present proportions during the lifetime of our friend who has copied and sends to the REGISTER these statistics, which we have thus reviewed briefly. Doubtless by others many other interesting points may be seen.

MOVING FORWARD.

In our last issue we alluded to a forward movement. This issue is delayed that the progress of the same may be recorded as current Medford history.

The Historical Society has purchased of the city of Medford a somewhat peculiar but eligible site on Governors avenue and begun the building of a permanent home. Work thereon has progressed so far that the foundations are laid, the basement enclosed and floor-timbers in place.

On Saturday, September 30, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate exercises. During the weeks the work has been in progress there was but little rain, but on Friday evening the intense heat and drought was terminated by a copious rainfall and a resultant change in weather conditions. But for the contrasting chill and breeze the day was ideal for the occasion, and at four o'clock members and friends in goodly number assembled, filling the improvised seats on the temporary floor, for the beginning of the realization of a cherished hope and fond dream.

It was fitting that the last speaker in the old home should be first in the new, and so Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville gave the invocation:—

God of the nations, Jehovah of old, Thou art the guardian of the generations, Thou preservest the people, thou knowest all they do and desire. Thy presence we invoke in the placing of this stone, which we pray may be set for Thee and the welfare of Thy people; that on this corner may be builded that which will be for the preservation of interests dear to this city. Thou wast with the fathers, we pray Thy presence with the sons. Gather with us, keep near to us, make us to serve and honor Thee ever, evermore. Amen.

The President then made a brief historical statement, saying that this occasion was the beginning of the twentieth anniversary celebration, of which we trust the "house-warming" will be the finish within this year 1916. The greetings of the city were briefly and ably spoken by His Honor, Mayor Haines. Former Presidents Will C. Eddy and Henry Edwards Scott gave expression of their satisfaction that at last the Society was to have an attractive and convenient home. Their remarks were followed by the poem written for the occasion by a member (who modestly wished his name withheld), and read by Miss Alice E. Curtis.

Beside the banks of Mystic stream,
The scene of Winthrop's toil and dream;
And Cradock's pride in power of State,
And Royall's house of beauty great;
A home of modern day we raise
With grateful thought of earlier days.

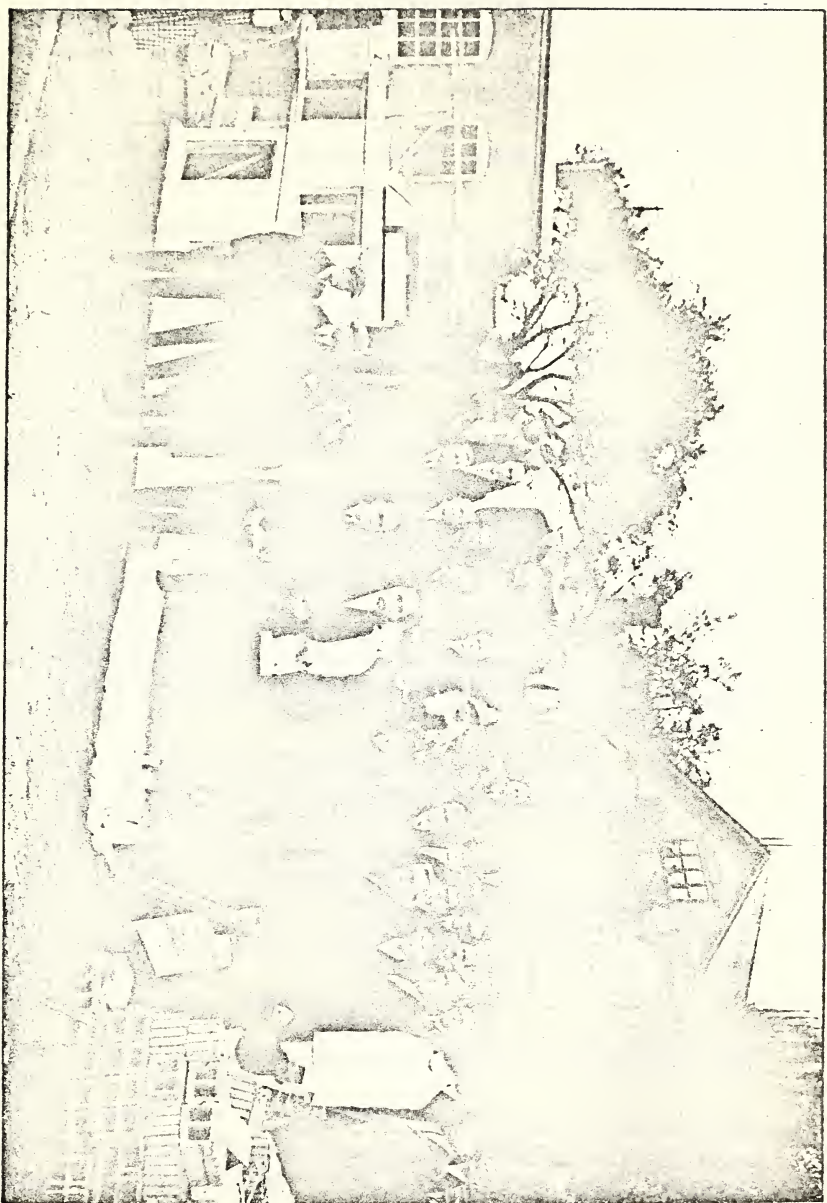
Could Winthrop stand upon this spot
Well might he say "I know it not,"
And Royall from the stately home,
Whose acres broad he loved to roam,
Would gaze with a bewildered look,
Back to the mansion he forsook.

And are we in Old Medford still,
Woods, streams and pastures, vale and hill
All changed in form by modern hand?
Our forebears could not know this land.
We miss the forms by Nature lent,
We bow to change by centuries sent.

Changed though the land, by Nature given,
Old Medford's spirit works its leaven,
And memory clings to days of old,
With reverent thought their good we hold,
Though changed be wood, and field and hill,
To us it is Old Medford still.

How best to show the love we bear
And others lead, our work to share,
To safely guard through fleeting time,
The treasures that deserve a shrine,
This building to such work we give,
Historic Medford long shall live.

—C. H. L.



LAYING CORNER-STONE OF NEW SOCIETY BUILDING.

The congratulations of neighboring societies were extended in felicitous addresses by Hon. James Parker Parmenter, President, of Arlington; Charles Edward Mann of Malden; and in absence of President Carpenter, by Albert L. Haskell of Somerville. The President then read a list of the contents of the copper box to be deposited beneath the stone:—

First and latest issue of the REGISTER.

Latest issue of *Mercury, Messenger and Review*.

Boston Transcript, September 29.

Medford City Manual, 1916.

Historic Festival — On the Banks of the Mystic.

List of members at present date, September, 1916.

List of Presidents of the Society.

Poem written for the occasion.

Sermon and address at 250th Anniversary of the First Church in Medford.

Medford High School *Review*, June, 1916.

Course of Study in Medford High School.

Directory of Teachers in Medford High School, 1916-17.

Photograph of old City Hall.

Print of new City Hall.

Banquet Program, 275th Anniversary, June 15, 1905.

Commemoration Exercises, June 15, 1905.

Dedication Program enlarged High School, November 20, 1914.

Catalogue of Loan Collection at Royall House, October 12 to 20, 1896.

The Parada given by the Medford Historical Society, 1903.

Annual Announcements of Medford Historical Society.

Lincoln Centenary, February 12, 1909.

Book Plate of Society (impression).

Guide to tablets marking historic sites, 1905.

Indian arrowhead, found on High street near Train estate.

Cheese, cracker and rum with certificate.

Medford Granite, Medford Red Gravel, wild flowers and sumac leaves from lot.

Card of Inspector of Buildings.

Some merriment was indulged in as those typical of "Old Medford" were named.

The stone was donated by the West Medford Real Estate Trust, which purchased the grounds and mansion erected by Hon. Peter C. Brooks in the years 1802-6.

This is now gone, and the stone is that of the front entrance porch and carriage drive, and now, after a century's use, is of historic interest, and bears the incised date of its new use, 1916, on its circular front.

Prayer was next offered by Rev. Dr. Frederick A. Leitch of Trinity Church (Methodist Episcopal)

“O God our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.”

As needy as any that have passed before us in the journey of life we lift our hearts unto Thee our Heavenly Father, the Creator, Redeemer and Saviour of mankind. Hear, we beseech Thee, our humble prayer, and inspire our hearts to keep Thy law. We pray Thy blessing upon this gathering. Bless this enterprise. Bless the officers, the members and friends of the Medford Historical Society. We are met to lay the corner-stone of this building. We are reminded of the passing years. We build to preserve that which other hands and hearts have cherished and loved. Some day other hands and hearts will gather to preserve from the ravages of time that which we hold precious, that through which we pass our lives. May we learn wisdom from what this hour suggests. Help us in the building of our lives to build upon the imperishable. May the corner-stone of our characters be built upon the Rock of Ages, may it be plumbed and squared with the principles of truth and righteousness and laid in the cement of eternal love. Impress upon our minds the truth.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

May Thy blessing rest upon the city of Medford and its inhabitants. Bless the chief executive the mayor, and those who hold offices of trust. May each use his office for the welfare of the municipality and feel that trust is of God for the welfare of the people. Bless the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the governor of the state. Bless and endue with wisdom the legislators and administrators of law. May righteous laws and sound discretion preserve us from calamity. Help us to learn that “Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord and blessed is the nation that maketh God their trust.” Hear us, O God, our Maker. Pardon our sins, bring us at last unto Thyself.

All of which we ask in the name and grace of Christ, our Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

The company then repaired to its site, and after depositing the box in the concrete base the stone was placed in position by the President, assisted by workman Kelley. Symbolical of the varied talents which are brought into the work of the Society, the mortar used in its setting was of a composite character. Water having been taken from the city supply, the reservoir on College hill, Mystic lake and Spot pond, was mixed with salt water from the river and the soft rain water that fell on the previous evening. This was used in tempering, and finally poured upon the stone by our Secretary, who also provided the beautiful wreath of salvia and bouquet of wild flowers that lay upon it. The President applied the plumb and level, and finding it correct, with a hammer struck three blows, declaring it well, truly and safely laid, adding, "May the Giver of all good

‘The heads that plan endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we who these foundations lay
May bring the capstone in its day.’”

Two verses of "America" were then sung, with cornet accompaniment by Mr. George Weston, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. George M. Butler of the Mystic Church.

MEDFORD MARKET-PLACE MADE MODERN.

In the June (1915) issue of the REGISTER we recorded some current history under the above caption, alluding to a proposed improvement not yet realized, and suggested some that might later come. Relative to this we quote our own words:—

It will only remain for the city of Medford to cure what need *not* be endured, by the purchase of its neighbors' holdings on both sides of the ancient but much-maligned city hall, and erect on their sites a substantial municipal building such as may spread its protecting mantle over the less beautiful neighbors' defects. Then Medford square, bigger, better and busier, may be made modern, and creditably, too. Will this latter ever be history?

We think it will, judging by present appearances, though we scarcely expected the change so soon. The above came from the press early in June (Vol. XVIII, p. 46). In the *Medford Mercury* of June 25 the mayor wrote to the public, saying,

"I shall ask the aldermen to assist me in purchasing at a reasonable figure the building in the square next the present city hall, and we can then cut off the corner into Main street and open up Medford square where the city hall now is and build a municipal office building.

We are aware that as usual in such matters there are differences of opinion relative to sites. These we are not discussing. We are recording matters of history. At the present writing all the five buildings have been razed and the space between High street and the river lies open, but not for long, as contracts for the foundations of the new structure are awarded. This will certainly be in marked contrast to those removed, and will add to the attractiveness of our water park as no business buildings that *might* (or more likely might not) be erected could do. By courtesy of Mayor Haines we present a view of the same, made from the architect's drawing.

The city's executive offices are at present housed in the new "Medford Building," recently erected on the sites of the old Seccomb house and Tufts hall. Into this several Medford merchants have moved and some new business concerns have come. Medford's old marketplace is thus made *more* modern, "bigger, busier, and better."

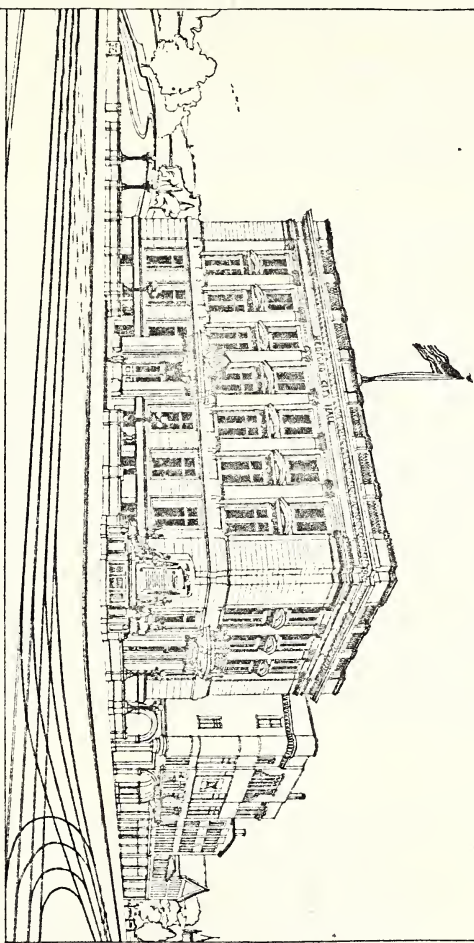
LAWRENCE LIGHT GUARD HOME AGAIN.

After four months' absence (almost to the hour) Company E, Fifth Regiment, returned on October 21, with unbroken ranks, from their service at the border.

Met at Tufts square by the veterans of the Grand Army, and city officials, and escorted by the high school battalion, in solid formation with swinging stride our

HON. BENJAMIN F. HAINES
MAYOR.

ELMER SMITH BAILEY, ARCHITECT.
33 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



· MEDFORD · CITY · HALL ·

soldier boys marched into Medford square at 11.45 o'clock to the inspiring strains of "Onward Christian Soldier" by the Everett City Band. At Governors avenue the column turned, and recrossing the square marched to the common, where the greeting and welcome of the city was extended by the mayor, after which the assembled throng gave expression to theirs in three rousing cheers and a vociferous tiger. The march was then resumed to the armory, and as the great doors closed behind them the boys realized it was "home again" for them.

In our last issue we had barely space (page 70) to allude to their departure, which we witnessed, and to call attention to our illustration, showing the company at attention during the mayor's address. As we flung out the flag in greeting from the window of our rooms, where we also watched their departure, we could but notice a change in the appearance of the assembled throng. The tense, strained look upon the faces of the elders had given place to glad smiles and shouts of welcome, and behind it all, a thankfulness that Medford's boys had *all* come back. And the Grand Army men, the Boys in Blue of the Civil War, though now so few, in their welcome of the Boys in Khaki, showed the same feeling, intensified by the memory of *their* times and home coming. The events of today are history tomorrow. As such the REGISTER notes this event, and our laureate adds the following tribute:—

COMPANY E.

In days of June, sweet smiling June,
When queenly roses bloomed,
The peace that brooded o'er our land
Was threatened by a hostile hand,
Black clouds of warfare loomed.
The states were roused from sea to sea,
We said good-bye to "Boys of E."

We hear the trumpet's joyful sound
One bright October day,

And streets resound with rhythmic tramp
Of men returning from the camp

Flags blazing all the way.
While eager throngs press close to see
And welcome home the "Boys of E."

Quick beats our heart for soldier lads,
We hold them as our own.

In peace, in war, whate'er the call,
One crowning thought must govern all,

One flag, one country, one alone.

Secure our faith shall ever be,
That duty rules the "Boys of E."

C. H. L.

A MEDFORD TEACHER.

ELLEN M. BARR.

About half-way between Mt. Monadnock, N. H., and Mt. Wachusett, Mass., lies the little village of New Ipswich, N. H., where may be found a large old-fashioned mansion dating back to 1768, and belonging to the Barrs.

On one side stands a large willow tree with the most comfortable rustic seats built among its trunk-like branches. In this colonial house, with its large fireplaces and cozy-corners, was born, in 1840, a little girl destined to become one of Medford's most beloved and influential teachers.

The *New England Magazine* states that James Barr, a Scotch gentleman traveling in the American colonies, was caught here when war was declared against Great Britain, and falling in love with a bright-eyed New Hampshire maiden, never went back to his Highland home.

"His son, Dr. James Barr, prominent as a physician in New Ipswich, endeared himself for miles around for his sturdy character and genial wit." He married Laura L. Bellows of Walpole, N. H., daughter of Col. Caleb, and granddaughter of Gen. Benjamin Bellows, an officer of the Revolutionary War.

In the Barr mansion Dr. and Mrs. Barr reared a family of seven children, the following of whom have been connected with Medford's history: Mr. George Barr, who

married Maria Lawrence, purchased, but never occupied, the Royall House. The last of his life was lived in a house built by his brother-in-law, Samuel T. Ames, on Oakland, corner of Chestnut street. Mr. Ames's son, James Barr Ames, was dean of Harvard Law School. Another brother-in-law, Sanford B. Perry, Esq., built and occupied the house next to Mr. Ames.

A sister, Miss C. Frances Barr, was a Medford teacher from 1853 to 1858. Medford's school report for 1854 has the following:—

The Everett Primary School, taught by Miss C. Frances Barr, maintains with great evenness its former high reputation. An incumbrance of overgrown and ignorant boys, some, twelve years of age, whom the committee thought it wise and just to retain at their true level, has been a source of trial to teacher and committee; but the perseverance of Miss Barr has not been thereby foiled of its reward.

Miss Ellen M. Barr, the youngest of Dr. Barr's children, came to Medford a young girl, attended our high school under Mr. Cummings, and later gave to its teaching force a part of her active and earnest life. In answer to my inquiry, her sister, Miss Fanny Barr, writes:—

There was nothing unusual in my sister's character in her early life. She, like many New England girls, was bright, affectionate and wide-awake. She began her education in the public school of her native town, afterwards attending our Appleton Academy and then going to the Medford High School. She was a pupil of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and also had private instructions in music and language in Philadelphia.

At the age of eighteen she went as a governess to Arkansas, in the family of Hon. Robert W. Johnson, a member of U. S. Senate and of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet during the Civil War. She was there two or three years, thoroughly enjoying her duties and the delightful society with which she was brought in touch. So loyal was she to the North, that she refused to sew an Arkansas star on a Confederate flag, and left the South on the last train that could bring her to the North.

Her first school in Medford was the Swan Intermediate, which she taught from November 11, 1861, to April 1, 1864. One of her pupils, Mr. Herbert N. Aker-

man, recalls the fact that the children picked lint and made stripes and epaulets for the soldiers. He also told this incident, which occurred when Miss Barr was attending the high school. A classmate of hers, feeling sure of her position at the head, made this remark, "It is rather monotonous, being at the head all the time." Miss Barr quickly responded, "Then I'll break that monotony for you." This she did, and retained the place till the close of the year.

Miss Barr was called to the high school to be Mr. Charles Cummings' assistant March 1, 1866, which place she held until the summer of 1875, when she left to devote a year to study in Europe. At this time her salary amounted to thirteen hundred dollars, the largest sum she received in Medford. In the school report for 1875-6 may be found this comment:—

Miss E. M. Barr's return to her place in the school was greeted with satisfaction by her old pupils and by the public at large. The committee have seen with pleasure that she brings to the discharge of her duties all her former energy and enthusiasm, securing even more than the old measure of success.

At the end of the term of 1877 Miss Barr left Medford to take charge of an endowed school for girls in South Boston. The school report for that year reads as follows:—

The committee were reluctantly compelled, at the close of the summer term, to accept the resignation of Miss Ellen M. Barr, she having a call to a higher and more lucrative position in Boston. The committee gratefully acknowledge the service she rendered to the High School during her long connection with it. She brought to the discharge of her duties not only sound scholarship, energy, and habits of systematic labor, but a weight of character which did much to elevate the tone of the school.

Mrs. Walter Cabot of Brookline, wishing to open a school in Boston for her own daughter and a few of their friends, invited Miss Barr to take charge of it. After two or three years in this school Miss Barr decided to open a school of her own. For this purpose she built a house in Marlborough street, and met with eminent suc-



ELLEN M. BARR.

cess. The History of New Ipswich, referring to this effort says:—

Miss E. M. Barr's school for girls in Boston for ten years was recognized as one of the best ever conducted in that city. Few teachers in New England have had the confidence and admiration of so great a circle of friends.

In 1893 she gave up this school and made a journey around the world, returning in May, 1894. She was taken very ill in India and never fully recovered.

In February, 1895, I had the extreme pleasure of meeting Miss Barr in Boston, and took advantage of the much-longed-for opportunity to say, "If I have the influence over one of my pupils that you have had on *my* life I shall feel that that life has not been lived in vain." The smile of heart-felt pleasure she gave me will never be forgotten.

This was my last opportunity. The following week brought the sad news that our beloved teacher and friend was at rest.

At the twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Medford High School Association Miss Annie H. Ryder, a pupil and afterward an assistant of Miss Barr's paid the following tribute to her memory, which I fully believe was heartily endorsed by every one who came under the influence of this more than teacher. She said:—

"My friends, since you welcomed to your last reunion, as guest of honor, a teacher of former years, she has gone from this life. The nights of her earthly striving, the nobility of her endeavor, are changed. Yet human hearts are frail to bear the parting from lives like hers—so strong in themselves, such inspirations of strength unto others—that not even the thought of death occurs to us in regarding them. Small though my tribute be—a mere blade of grass where else should be the victor's wreath—in all gratitude and love, I place it to the memory of Ellen M. Barr; a woman who inspired love of duty as few can inspire, aye! made it sacred to every pupil whose life she touched; a teacher who lifted the eyes of her scholars to culture's heights, and never allowed them to look upon anything debasing farther down the way. Her memory lives in lives made better, stronger, happier by her presence, and though time pass, the responsibility she imparted to make the utmost of one's self—

this will hold her forever in our hearts. O, say not the past has no charm like the present, when it has given us a teacher and friend like this! Say not that such lives have not been at the very foundation of present prosperity."

What more fitting tribute to a teacher! Just to see her was an inspiration. I dearly prize this quotation she wrote in my album, for her life proved that she believed it:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."

She left to Radcliffe College between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, to be used as scholarships. Some of Medford's girls have taken advantage of the privilege so graciously held out to them.

ANNIE E. DURGIN.

AT OUR SOCIETY'S MEETINGS.

We resume the record closing in Vol. XVII, p. 72, and begin the season of 1914-15.

On October 19 Moses W. Mann presented "The Cruise of the Merrimack," an extract of which appeared in the REGISTER as "Medford Steamboat Days."

November 16, Rosewell B. Lawrence, Esq., gave us a delightful illustrated account of his "Trip to the Hawaiian Islands."

December 20, Mrs. Augusta Brigham read her interesting story, "Ten Soldier Brothers in the Revolution."

At the annual meeting, on January 18, 1915, Mr. John H. Hooper read of Aaron K. Hathaway, "An Old Medford Schoolmaster."

February 15, Mr. George C. Wolkins of the Old South Association read, "The Old South Meeting-house."

March 15 was "Old Home Evening," when Mr. George Hersey, in an informal talk, with numerous lantern slides, presented the old landmarks, dwellings and citizens of earlier years.

April 19 was a patriotic observance. The President

directed the exercises and was ably assisted by the Misses Rowan, Falt, Grimes and Meloon, the latter furnishing mandolin selections, and also playing the old London piano. This gathering was the one most fully attended in the season.

May 17 proved a very stormy day, and the attendance at what proved to be the last meeting in our old home, as well as the last meeting of the season, was extremely small. Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville gave a most interesting lecture on "Some Economic Conditions at the Close of the Revolution."

The season of 1915-16 found the Society housed in hired quarters (as the REGISTER has noted), and opened on October 18. The President read his "message," which is on file in the records, making a clear statement of the Society's affairs. These were discussed at some length and laid over till the next meeting. Light refreshments were served.

The November meeting was devoted to discussion of ways and means, and the reports of committees relative to securing other and permanent quarters.

On December 20 Mr. Charles F. Read, clerk of Bostonian Society, gave "A Schoolboy's Recollections of the Civil War."

The annual meeting, January 17, 1916, was devoted to reports and election of officers.

February 21 we were honored with the presence of George and Martha Washington, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Fenton, who sustained their parts with dignity and grace. Master Topezia and Miss Jergueson, also in costume, vied with their elders, and danced a minuet to the accompaniment of the ancient seraphine. Mr. Edward Finnegan (High School, 1916) read the Farewell Address, and mandolin music was rendered by Miss Myrtle Meloon and Mrs. Grace Savage. Among the patriotic airs was the "Star Spangled Banner," which brought the company to its feet. As in the previous year, this was the largest attendance.

On March 20 Mr. Gordon Boit Wellman of Malden entertained us with the "Ornithology of Middlesex Fells," to the delight of all.

The paper at the meeting of April 12, by Mr. Frank Woods Lovering (who was unavoidably absent), was read by Mr. Edwin Crosby — "The Story of the West Medford Baptist Church." The choir of that church sang several hymns to the airs of "Duke Street," "Coronation" and "Miles' Lane," organist Sefton accompanying upon the seraphine. The external accompaniment was a *deluge* that made the attendance unusually small.

On May 15 a goodly number assembled to hear of "The American High School," from Principal J. D. Howlett, an address of unusual interest. Adjournment was made, subject to the call of the President, and on Friday, June 30, a meeting was held to hear and act upon committee's recommendations. These were adopted with conditions (already met), and by adjournment another meeting held on September 29, when report of progress was made, as appears elsewhere in this issue.

ON THE UPPER MYSTIC.

Passers along Boston avenue, while crossing Canal bridge, frequently stop to view the river, the sweep of the parkway and the railway arches over both. But more are especially interested in the incessant bubbling in the river's surface, a little way down stream. Many conjectures are made as to its cause, some very fanciful. The majority attribute it to a subterranean spring, stronger than the river's flow. It was first observed some twenty years since, and is more noticeable since the building of the dam at Cradock bridge, and the consequent cessation of the tidal flow above said dam.

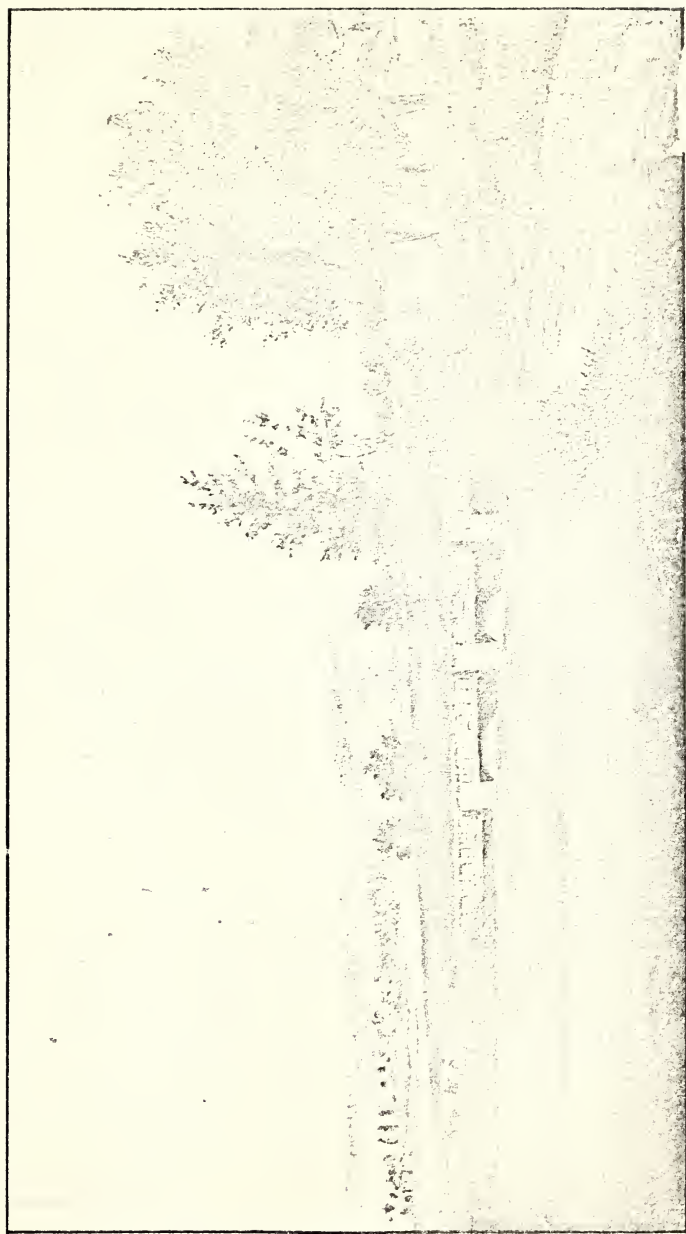
Comparatively few know that at this point a branch of the Metropolitan sewer passes beneath the river, and that air from within its siphon is forced through an imperfection in its masonry. It has been thus from its first use, and efforts to remedy the same have been unavailing.

THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL
REGISTER

VOL. XX, 1917



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MEDFORD, MASS.



CANAL AQUEDUCT ACROSS MYSTIC RIVER, 1865.
Old house in distance is that of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College.

MEDFORD

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER



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JANUARY, 1917

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The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XX.

JANUARY, 1917.

No. 1.

MEDFORD'S DISUSED SUBWAY.

[BY MOSES W. MANN.]

WE remarked recently in the hearing of several persons, "There's a subway a mile and a half long in Medford." Our auditors, first incredulous, were later curious to know where it might be, and we told them—of its size, location, and purpose for which it was constructed.

It lies beneath Jerome and Sherman streets, crosses under High, and extends through the former Brooks estate to Mystic upper lake. Its terminal stations were the brick gate-houses beside the river and above the dam that separates the two divisions of what used to be called Medford ponds ere this was built.

It is, or rather was, a sub-waterway, the conduit of the Charlestown Water Works. At the time of its building, public water works were confined to the larger cities. The city of Charlestown, after considering various sources of supply, decided upon Medford pond, whose watershed extended backward to the divide between the Ipswich and Aberjona rivers in Wilmington.

By natural configuration Medford pond lent itself well to the design. The Narrows, or the Partings, were the names by which the location of the impounding dam had been previously known. It must have been a picturesque spot. We have found no view of it preserved by artist's brush or pencil of those pre-camera days, but have heard it much spoken of.

Two wedge-shaped portions of Medford and West Cambridge extended into the pond so nearly that a plank would bridge the strait, and in which was but slight fall.

Of this entire work of so much magnitude and importance but little has been preserved in Medford annals,

and but for the fact that one of the engineers engaged on the work made a private record of his doings from start to finish it would be difficult at this time to ascertain the facts.

Preliminary surveys were begun "on a high bluff east of the Narrows on April 14, 1862," by two engineers, with a laborer to assist, and on April 16 Roberdeau Buchanan joined them. It was he who made the record to which we allude. It is illustrated by accurate drawings of the entire work, explanatory of the text of his record, and is now in the office of the Metropolitan Water Commission, by whose courtesy we were permitted to examine its interesting pages and compile this account.

These engineers reached Walnut hill, the site of the distributing reservoir, on April 25, 1862, and it is interesting to note just here, that in their more than two-mile walk they passed near to no dwellings until reaching Winthrop, then called South street, where there was a house which was later the residence of Mr. J. W. Perkins. Seventeen houses, four of which were upon the Brooks estate, comprised all then west of and near the railway, and but three buildings housed Tufts College then. Contrast this open plain and hill-slope with existing conditions and population.

On April 21 another party began a survey westward toward Wyman hill in West Cambridge, on which the reservoir would have been located had that route or plan been chosen. But the eastern route, suggested by engineers Baldwin and Stevenson in 1859 was decided upon and work begun thereon by survey on May 19, 1862. The actual work upon this portion was begun on January 8, 1863, in the construction of the coffer-dam for the gate-house and bridge across the Mystic.

Just here we obtain a hint of the forestry conditions at the "Partings" then existing:—

Piles, of white oak *recently cut near* the pond . . . 11 pairs 13 feet apart and 15 feet between the two rows, driven 4 to 5 feet below the bed of the river.

These piles supported a narrow bridge 143.9 feet long, and were a part of the coffer-dam within which the conduit was built beneath the river. This conduit here consisted of two 36-inch iron pipes, placed five feet from centers, laid in and covered with concrete and puddled on either side. The cost of this (bridge and pipe) section was \$6,700.00.

We were told years ago by Supt. Luther Symmes, that at that time the commissioners made effort with Medford selectmen to have our town share in the expense of a wider and more desirable bridge, as this was in the line of a proposed street, but without success. Built as originally designed, and though the traveling public had no right therein, it served as the only passage across the river between Harvard avenue and Winthrop street until Canal bridge and Boston avenue were opened. It continued in use until 1910, and since its removal has been greatly missed.

The two iron pipes mentioned form $485\frac{1}{2}$ feet of the conduit from pump-well to gate-house. The remainder is of brick construction, the lower portion a semicircle of five feet inside diameter, the upper an oval of two axes, giving an inside height of five feet and eight inches. The invert is laid in a bed of concrete, and in various places this required a pile and timber support.

As the lower pond received the inflow of the tide twice daily, an artificial channel with automatic gates was made in the river below Wear bridge to keep out the flood, and removed at completion of the work. Even then, and with the aid of two steam pumps, but 30 feet could be built at a time, and some sections had to be rebuilt because of insecure foundation.

Inlets were provided in the top at regular intervals, but nearly all were permanently covered beneath the surface of the ground, leaving but a few with removable iron covers. We recall one of these near Harvard avenue, which was a sort of way-station used by the operating workmen, who entered for the purpose of sweeping the

bottom, which had but one-inch incline in 100 feet on its course.

Among the trees (the "Mystic hickories") on the Brooks estate was a star-shaped brick structure, about nine feet high, with overhanging roof, which served as a ventilator. We once saw an attractive water-color of this in a West Medford home and hoped to secure it for illustration. Recent inquiry failed us, and it is probably lost. No longer needed, this structure was removed in the building of the Parkway.

The conduit in one place lies close to the course of the famous old waterway, the Middlesex canal. Indeed, the old canal contributed to its construction by the removal of one of the banks to grade over the new structure, as shown in Mr. Buchanan's drawing and record.

The slopes of the old Middlesex Canal have been cut down as far as the conduit is built so as to make a four-foot fill on the center and eight feet wide on top, and from the outer edge of the canal to the inner edge of the back filling it is graded off like the following section.

[Then follows drawing.]

The conduit was finished on October 12, 1864, and on October 31 water was let in as far as the waste-gate near the river and all loose dirt washed out, and on the following day to the pumping station.

Two years and a half had elapsed since the engineers began work. The entire system, of which this was but an essential part, was also complete and ready for service. At one time three hundred and fifty men were employed, making a scene of busy activity along its course through Medford.

The completed works supplied not only Charlestown, but Somerville, East Boston, Chelsea and Everett, and were taken over by Boston on the annexation of Charlestown, and later by the Metropolitan Commission. Because of the pollution of the water by the leather factories of Woburn and Winchester this Mystic supply was abandoned in 1898, and since that time this brick conduit

has been the disused subway of which we spoke in beginning. That it will ever be used again now appears unlikely, unless, indeed—and who knows?—some new and now unthought-of industry, public or otherwise, should arise, to which this great work of a half century ago may in some equally unthought-of way lend itself.

Of the dam at the "Partings," the pumping station and reservoir we may make other mention as of interest in Medford annals.

MEDFORD HILLSIDE.

There are many of them, but the term is distinctively applied to but one, the northwestern slope of Walnut, now for half a century called College hill. As a portion of the so-called Hillside district is included in the level plain beside the railway, and its development has been in a way different from the real Hillside, this sketch will deal with that mainly.

The name came into use when the present station house of the railroad was built. Prior to its building, the depot, as it was called, was on the opposite side of the railway cut, reached from the tracks by one long flight of stairs, and was appropriately known as Medford steps. When disused, the old station house was moved to Auburn street near the river, and later crowded out by the Parkway to Cotting street, where it now remains, a dwelling.

From early times there had been two "rangeways" through this territory, from Menotomy road to the Mystic, one became Winthrop street in Medford, the other North street. The first proved the most convenient stopping place for the Medford patrons of the railroad, which laid its track between two towns all the way from Boston to Lowell.

The college was established in 1850, and had only three buildings when the reservoir and gate-house was constructed in 1863. One dwelling, the home of J. W.

Perkins, had been built on Winthrop street west of the railroad a little earlier. C. C. Stevens came next in 1870, building his house on North street. No highway crossed the Mystic between Winthrop and Usher bridges till 1873, so when Mr. Stevens moved his barns from his former residence on Warren street in West Medford, they went via High street to Winthrop square, crossing the river and railway on the Winthrop street bridges, then down across the field, a roundabout journey, to the spot where one still remains. At that date, the embankments, tow-path and bed of the disused Middlesex canal could be plainly seen, extending from Cotting street westward to the railroad and through the Somerville appendix, to the river. The slowly decaying aqueduct, with its abutments of boulders and its granite piers, still spanned the river—a picturesque ruin. Because of the fact that a citizen of Medford, Nathan Brown, had eyes to see, and skill to paint, and that others appreciated his work, we of today may know how that locality appeared in 1865.

When Mr. Stevens moved to the Hillside, in 1870, Medford's entire population west of the railroad consisted of an even dozen of families. In 1871 the new owners of the Smith estate (the level plain of West Medford) purchased a tract called the "Osgood estate," bordering on North street. This was laid out in small lots, with Adams and Quincy streets intersected by others, and plans plotted. The long-disused stonework of the canal aqueduct invited a crossing of the river by Boston avenue, and strange to say this was opposed by some. The wisdom of the county commissioners in its laying out is amply justified, however.

In those years the elder Josiah Quincy of Boston had formulated a plan which resulted in a co-operative company of fifty working men, called the "Quincy Associates." Their purpose was the acquiring of homes of moderate cost, in a manner similar to the methods of the co-operative banks. Mr. Quincy was indeed, a little later, the originator of that banking system in Massachusetts.

The Associates divided into two branches, one selecting home sites in Dedham, the other at Medford Hillside, mainly on Adams street. Those locating at Dedham erected houses chiefly of one design, which was in accord with Mr. Quincy's idea. It was a forerunner of the Queen Anne style that obtained later, and perhaps designed by an artist friend of Mr. Quincy.

The Medford section became impatient at the delay in the financing of their enterprise, and some proceeded to the erection of houses on the lots they had selected. Six were built in the fall of 1872, five constructed by the late John H. Norton. Four were practically of the same design, and the other planned by the writer, who built the sixth to plans made by its owner. All were on Adams street and were, on completion, occupied by Messrs. Fuller, Rockwood and Moakler (on the left going south) and Messrs. Bartlett, Cooper and Briggs on the opposite side (returning). Mr. Cooper, after some years, removed from town, while only Mr. Rockwood remains a resident. Mr. Briggs died eighteen years since, and Messrs. Moakler, Fuller and Bartlett more recently. Others of the Associates came in later years, but not all.

The force-main of the Charlestown Water Works was laid through this territory, and over it one street, known by various names—Lawrence, Waterworks and Capen—intersected North, Quincy and Adams streets. Several others of shorter length were opened, and on all, houses were erected, some by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Stevens, the earliest comers.

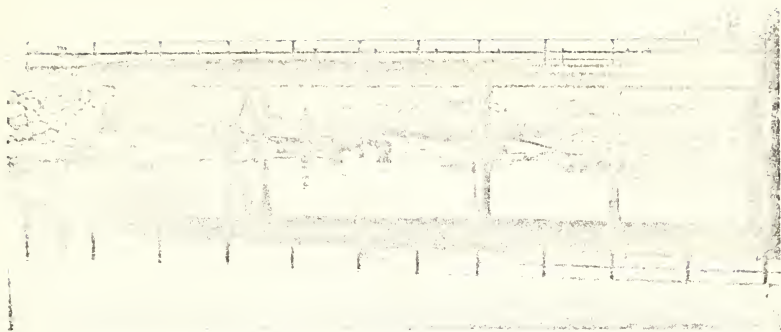
Topographically considered, this section of the town was peculiar. The railroad bounded it on one side, Winthrop street and the lofty reservoir, then but eight years built and by some thought a menace, formed another, while the zig-zag boundary of old Charlestown extended from Winthrop street around it across the railroad to "Second beach," which is now only a memory. Between this crooked line and the winding river lay a portion of Somerville, partially marsh-land. On this were three

residents, Thomas Martin, William McCracken (better known as Billy Hamilton, "the wild Irishman") and Bernard Born, the engineer at the pumping station of the water works. Thus in a measure isolated, the Hillside people have always had a neighborhood feeling, and on several occasions local celebrations of public holidays, creditable both to promoters and participants.

Close under the shadow of the college the little (?) red schoolhouse found a place, as also did churches, which first met in private houses, later acquiring attractive houses of worship.

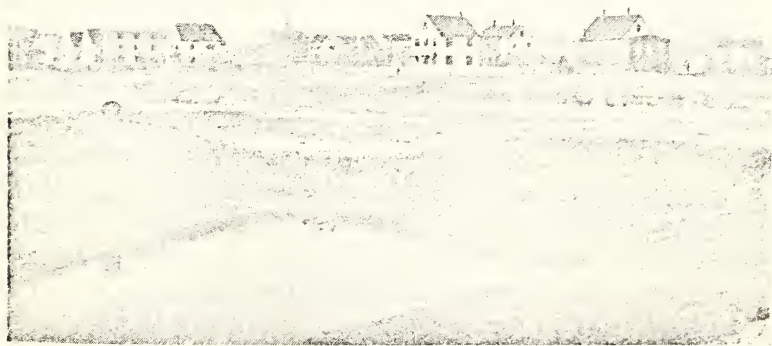
After forty years the unsightly and malarial Alewife brook, that made the outer Somerville boundary still more crooked, has been transformed into the Menotomy river. The Mystic and Powder House boulevards have been built, with Somerville field between. These are not a part of the Hillside but adjoin and affect it. It is an historic fact that the first Massachusetts governor, John Winthrop, got lost in the Charlestown woods that were on this hillside, and here spent a lonely night, waiting for daybreak. It is also said that Burgoyne's army from Saratoga cut off the trees from this same hillside during their winter stay in Medford as prisoners of war.

The establishment of the college and the building of the water works were notable events; but the steady development of the Hillside began in 1872, when the Quincy Associates came. All were worthy men and good citizens. One of the two families that were the first residents is now represented by the son and daughter of Mr. Stevens, who still reside in the house their father had erected on his hillside cow-pasture. Mr. Brown's picture shows the former, when a boy, driving the cows homeward on the old tow-path. We read today the written observation of a surveyor in 1862: "About half way up hill is a swamp about eight hundred feet long." Through this was laid the force-main of the water works. Mr. Stevens' house is just on its border. Built around it within six years are numerous houses. Across Capen



WATERWORKS BRIDGE ACROSS THE MYSTIC
AT JEROME STREET.

One section of piling removed for passage of dredger.



TEMPORARY DAM ACROSS THE MYSTIC AND NEW
CHANNEL OF MENOTOMY RIVER.

Courtesy of Medford Mercury.

street and between the eight hundred and seventy-seven feet of Medford-Somerville boundary line (bounds sixteen to seventeen) we recently counted thirty-one two-apartment houses erected since August last, and more begun, and this on the identical spot above noted. Truly "the fashion of this world changeth."

It is a far cry from those conditions and pasture land of those days to the conveniences of today, the present avenues, busy factories, trolley cars, numerous stores, churches, schools and club house, apartment houses and comfortable homes.

On the southern side the growing city of Somerville is building close up to Medford border and the Somerville appendix may soon become congested. It would be well if by some legislative surgery it might be operated upon, that the western end of our city might no longer be separated because nearly two centuries ago some Charlestown folk had a cow pasture beside the river and wished to retain it. This should be a part of Medford Hillside.

MYSTIC RIVER MADE OVER.

Could some old observant Medfordite of seventy years ago pass over the river's entire course in a forty-foot motor-boat (as we did last summer), or along the Parkway in a swift automobile, he would note a marked change from the Mystic of his time.

How these changes have been wrought is worth noting in Medford history, even though it seem technical. With our knowledge of modern engineering difficulties, we have wondered how Labor-in-vain was cut off.

Our river is deeper now than before, though from Wear to Cradock bridge no tides ebb and flow in its less serpentine course, because of the dam at the latter site. But how many know of another dam that once lay across its course? In the work of deepening the channel below Usher bridge a dredge of the "orange-peel" type was

used. This was mounted upon a double scow and deposited the material on either bank. The season of 1908 was one of drought, and the natural flow of the river was insufficient to float the dredging apparatus when the tides were no more. To relieve the situation a temporary dam of earth was built just below the mouth of the tributary Menotomy, more commonly called Alewife brook. Some twenty feet of its overfall was made with sand bags that resisted the action of the water. This dam raised the river in its upper reach about eighteen inches, and served its purpose well for some weeks. When no longer needed it was removed, leaving no vestige thereof to tell of its existence.

The REGISTER herewith presents the visible proof of the above, looking from the Somerville side of the Mystic toward West Medford. A portion of the Mystic is seen undredged. Beyond this is the overflowing stream, while to the left is the higher earthwork portion of the dam. The water in the immediate foreground is the new Menotomy, not then cut through to the Mystic. Farther away to the left a wider excavation was made, and in this the Parkway bridge was built ere the water was allowed to flow in, an engineering process that materially saved expense, as but little pumping was required to keep the "hole in the ground" free from water during the time of construction.

It was just a few rods further up-stream that Thomas Broughton built his "corne and fulling mills in the River of Misticke" and constructed the first dam across the river in 1656. In dredging the river at this point the clay he used therefor two hundred and fifty years before was encountered and was with difficulty removed. From this point down stream to Cradock bridge the water was allowed to pass out at low tide, revealing what the eye of mortal had never seen before — the bottom of the river, across much of which one could walk with comparative ease. When the river was refilled it was by allowing the salt water to come in from below the

dam, and we were fortunate in securing a view of its inflow up-stream under Canal bridge.

These pictures prove what might otherwise be doubted in later years, and may well be of interest in the future.

M. W. M.

AN OLD LANDMARK.

In the year 1769 Mr. John Bishop sold to Mr. Noah Floyd one acre of land on the south side of the road (High street), opposite the site of the Unitarian Church, with the proviso that no building should be erected on the same within three rods of the road without permission of the selectmen of Medford or their successors in office. Also a tenement or dwelling-house on the north side of the road occupied by William Tufts. This house stood upon the site of the Unitarian Church and was removed to its present location on the land above described to make way for the new third meeting-house, the land on which it stood having been selected by the town of Medford as a site for the new meeting-house. May 14, 1772, the selectmen of Medford gave liberty to Mr. Noah Floyd to build a shop on his land before the meeting-house.

A noticeable feature of this house is that the living rooms are at the northern side, this being caused by the removal and reversed frontage in its new location. This house has been known in recent years as the "Magoun cottage," and was damaged by fire in March, 1915. The shop has long since disappeared, and a portion of the land is now occupied by the street, the use of which for street purposes was probably anticipated by Mr. Bishop when he conveyed to Mr. Floyd, although it was over one hundred years before it became a portion of High street.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

AN UNSHADED RIVER.

"It seems strange to see a river with no trees on its banks." Such was the remark made by a visitor while looking at our Mystic and its nearby Parkway. "Well, there's a reason," we replied, "for till recently the river has been salt, because of the tidal flow from the ocean."

In the construction of the Parkway, along the marsh-land, provision was made at regular intervals for shade trees by excavating a "tree pit" some seven feet in diameter in the salt mud and filling the same with a suitable soil, in which trees (many of them oak) have been planted. But nature is doing something closer to the river's edge in a few—very few—instances. On the river bank, down stream from Canal bridge (Boston avenue), are two birches, now about twenty feet high, that have sprung up in the made land beside the Metropolitan sewer. These are close to the water's edge, and have sprung up since the exclusion of the tide-water. At the top of the bank are two elms that started earlier in the fill made by expressman A. W. Welch twenty years ago, and on which he erected his stable. This was his business quarters until taken over by the Park Commission. These trees are not in Medford however, but in Somerville, and within the Mystic river reservation, and their roots are above the former tidal flow at its highest.

Till recently we supposed these birches to be the only trees on the banks of the Mystic. We find, however, that there are two smaller ones just below the Metropolitan pipe bridge. But for an example of nature's work in recent years, look along Meeting-house brook, both below and above Winthrop street, and see the numerous birches there rapidly growing.

It is but six years since our opening remark was made by one unaccustomed to a treeless river bank, and as in future years conditions may well be different, we make note of this as worthy of record. It would be well if the ravages of the gypsy moth could be thus remedied on the rocky hill slopes about the source of Whitmore brook.

ZIPPORAH SAWYER.

1819-1916.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, December 18, 1916.]

Miss Sawyer was born in Bolton, Mass., August 31, 1819. Her ancestors were of that vigorous, self-reliant stock of New England who worked not only for the settlement and progress of their native towns, but were engaged as well in affairs that advanced their country. Miss Sawyer's grandfather, Benjamin Sawyer, served in the war of the Revolution. Her father, Dr. Levi Sawyer, was the physician of Bolton and of all the country around. He was a man of marked individuality, a quality our townswoman inherited to a high degree; she was Miss Sawyer on the street, in the church, in the committee room, Miss Sawyer and no one else.

Her earliest years were spent in her Bolton home, where, as time went on, she combined the duties of a farmer's daughter with those of a doctor's helper, for in those days of thrift and industry a profession was rarely separated from the work of the farm. As her mother died when Miss Sawyer was only four years old, she devoted much of her girlhood to the care of her two brothers, she being the oldest child of her family. It was with pride and sincere satisfaction that she spoke of having mothered her younger brother Rufus from his tenth year. Her friends and large number of acquaintances can testify to the wonderful unity of thought and feeling that existed between the brother and sister, a closeness and harmony that lasted through Mr. Sawyer's life. Her older brother, Sterling Konisky Sawyer, passed much of his life on the home farm in Bolton, where his children and grandchildren now live. From this early life it is easy to see whence Miss Sawyer's domesticity, industry and thriftiness sprang, qualities, alas! from which our new race and complicated ways of living are falling rapidly away.

Passing out of girlhood Miss Sawyer devoted herself to teaching. She graduated from the Bridgewater Normal

School, where her brother Rufus also received his professional education. She taught at first in the towns neighboring upon Bolton — Boylston, Northboro, Marlboro, as well as in Newburyport. Then, in July, 1857, she came to Medford.

Just at this point our enthusiasm for Miss Sawyer and her work is especially aroused, for there are few of our Medford citizens who realize how sincere and widely spreading her interest was, not only in the schools of her town and city, but in every smallest concern of Medford for the past fifty-nine years. It was an interest that did not flag, up to the very day of her death. She taught eighteen years, most of the time as an assistant to her brother Rufus, in the Everett Grammar School. She numbered many of our residents among her pupils, whose respect and gratitude bear ample testimony to her lasting influence. On resigning her position as teacher in 1875, she was elected a member of our school committee, the first woman, I am told, to be elected to that board. She remained in this position eighteen years, filling the difficult office of a general mediator between homes and schools. She was eminently just in her duties as school committee, and always strove for the good of the individual as well as for that of the town. She had great insight into whatever was practical. She served her town with unsparing zeal, and all for the general good.

After her retirement from the school board Miss Sawyer spent her years dispensing liberal hospitality in her home on Salem street. Here her brother Rufus died in 1896. Left alone in the home where for so many years brother and sister had lived as one life, Miss Sawyer bravely clung to the interests that had always been hers in the affairs of home, church, town and nation. Though so thrifty a New Englander that the pence were as important to her as the pound, so thrifty, indeed, that she amassed a goodly property, she was generous with her means and her benefactions were numerous. The Historical Society of Medford can testify to her liberality, so can the church of her choice in Medford, Bolton and

Northboro. Other organizations benefited by her gifts, the Teachers' Guild, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Bolton Library, the Unitarian Ministerial Fund, and probably other institutions.

In religious belief she was a Unitarian and was consecrated to the work of that church, interested in its charities, devoted to its literature, and particularly loyal to the First Parish of Medford.

Miss Sawyer died October 24, 1916. Her very long life of ninety-seven years, while not full of great events, was remarkable for its evenness, steadiness of purpose, calmness of judgment, lack of violent, impassioned activities that rend souls. Her interest in life never grew less. The last political situation discussed in the morning paper keenly aroused her, and a detailed account of the last library book brought to her was sure to be a part of her conversation with her callers. She loved the world she lived in, even though for the past few years she had to view it from the easy chair in the corner of her living room.

The Rev. Benjamin Bailey, her cousin, at the funeral services of our friend, tersely and beautifully expressed the leading trait of Miss Sawyer's character. "She was a searcher after truth." The facts of the case were what interested her. She was not given over to sentiment or emotion, but she stood on the solid ground of reason, justice, right. Not that she was unfeeling, oh, no! She might speak her mind plainly, but if she did it brusquely not a day passed before she set matters right in her neighbor's heart as well as in her own. Sensitive herself, she was sensitive to the feelings of others. Indeed, there was a kind of tenderness in her heart which extended from her care of human beings down to the animal kingdom.

We cannot pay Miss Sawyer the debt we owe her, but we can stop to consider what she has given to our past, we can be grateful for the influence she leaves upon her city and her friends. To many of us she seemed, as Lowell says, "The type of the true elder race."

ANNIE H. RYDER.

FRANCIS A. WAIT.

Passed out of this life, Francis A. Wait in his eighty-eighth year, on Tuesday, December 12th, 1916, at his home, 63 Ashland street. Here, on December 15th, a very stormy day, his funeral services were conducted by Rev. Louis C. Dethlefs, pastor of the Unitarian Church.

Mr. Wait had resided on Ashland street with his three sisters, Misses Susan M., Hetty F. and Sarah H. Wait, for some fifteen years. The family previously lived in a house on Main street, near Cradock bridge, the site of which was included in the takings of the Metropolitan Park Commission. This house was on the site of the Wait homestead, and was built to replace the one destroyed in the great fire of 1850. The burned house was the house in which Mr. Wait was born, July 28, 1829, the second son of Nathan W. and Susan (Smith) Wait.

His father and his grandfather were blacksmiths. His father's grandmother was Sarah Bradlee Fulton, and Mr. Wait was an attendant at the exercises of dedication of the monument placed in the Salem-street cemetery in her honor by the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

He received his education in the Medford public schools. When quite young he learned the trade of a blacksmith in his father's shop, and successively as apprentice, journeyman, foreman and master mechanic, was employed by the Boston and Maine railroad for a period of thirty-two years, in the locomotive department. Retiring therefrom he busied himself in "farming" about the home, and "always found something to do," as he himself said.

Mr. Wait's great-grandfather (on the maternal side), when five years old, witnessed the battle of Lexington, whose scenes were so distinctly impressed on the lad's mind as never to be forgotten. By inheritance (or otherwise) Mr. Wait possessed a remarkable memory and was quite an authority on Medford in the 50's. He furnished the material for several articles in the HISTORICAL REGISTER

under the caption "Reminiscences of Medford Fifty Years Ago." He was a Mason, a member of Henry Price Lodge since 1863, in religion a Unitarian, in politics an Independent.

By appointment, the writer of this article walked with Mr. Wait during the forenoon of a fine day in September last, up Forest street, by Bellevue, and Quarry road around Pine hill to the main highway, recalling the names of the families who forty years since occupied the houses by the way, paying special attention to the remaining evidences that quarrying stone was a considerable business eighty years ago, looking at the dignified profile of the "Old man of the Fells," viewing Wright's pond from the site of the old pumping station, and inspecting the station of the Metropolitan park police. Mr. Wait evidently enjoyed the woods walk and spoke with much satisfaction of the time when he owned a boat and made frequent trips on Mystic river both ways from Cradock bridge, and on Mystic lake.

He was well liked by both social and business acquaintances and had a pleasant salutation for each. As a member of the Medford Historical Society he was interested not alone in the REGISTER, but in its collections as well. He contributed some old Medford town reports, in one of which he took pleasure in showing me the amount of taxes paid by Ackerman & Philbrick (my grandfather and great-uncle), owners of one of the afore-mentioned quarries. He was also interested in our new home, visiting it several times a week to watch its construction and talk over the plans with the building committee.

The Society needs new members to fill the places left by such as he. Who, who will now take their places in our ranks?

H. N. A.

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

But a short time before his passing away Mr. Francis Wait brought us two slips of unruled paper, yellow with age, but on which the ink is black and permanent, and legible as when written one hundred and thirty years ago. We reproduce their words as nearly as can be in type, wishing we might the excellent script of the writer.

Dr. Mr. Zakariah Sims to John Fullton.

1785

Aug 3	To 4 Gall ^o Rum & Sundries a 2/	£0.8 -
	To 1 Gallon Mollasses	" 1.9
	To 1 Mollasses Hoghead	" 5 -
	To ½ Barrell Rum 15½ Gall ^o a 1/6	1.3.3
	To 10 Gall ^o do a 2/	1 —
		<hr/> 2.18.0

By 1 load Salt-Hay —

This slip had been folded four ply to the size of $1\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and endorsed on the end.

Zakariah Sims

Acct —

1785 —

Both parties were Medford men; the first was great grandson of Reverend Zechariah, the first minister of Charlestown to whom a grant of land was made, which later became a part of Medford. By inheritance a portion remains in the family name today in what used to be called Upper Medford, the Symmes Corner of present Winchester. This Zakariah was a farmer, and even yet his descendants till the soil in a more intensive way. John Fulton, it seems, doubled the *l* in his name — it is supposed that he knew how to spell his own, if he did not his customer's. But it was probably Zack, and phonetic spelling in those days.

He was the husband of Sarah Bradlee Fulton, for whom our local Chapter of the D. A. R. was named. We are informed that he was a distiller and "book-keeper at the distillery." The time of this bill is just after the close

of the Revolution and before the adoption of the Constitution, yet the same is in English money.

What the "Sundries" were does not appear, nor yet their value, as the amount carried out only equals the rum part of the charge. There also seems a disparity in the prices with ten gallons at two shillings and fifteen and one-half at "one and six," with the half barrel "thrown in." Perhaps the "Sundries" were also.

With molasses at "one and nine" and rum at "one and six" we are led to wonder wherein lay the profit of the rum manufacture. Mr. Brooks wrote "It was never a profitable branch of trade; and till 1830, it ruined many persons who entered it."

The load of salt-hay of which Mr. Fulton could not carry out the price, was a product of the lower Medford marshes, which Mr. Symmes, like others of upper Medford, owned.

These papers were found in Mr. Fulton's desk. How the account was settled does not appear, but a few years later these Medford men had a settlement, as appears by the following in the handwriting of Mr. Fulton and signed by Mr. Symmes.

Received Medford 3d Feby 1790 of John Fullton One pound & four Shillings in full, of all Accounts debts dues or Demands to the above date as Witness my hand
£1 " 4—

Zechariah Symmes

Still English money—and during the first administration of Washington, who visited Medford the previous year, and was doubtless seen by both these old Medford men.

ANOTHER ANNUAL APPEARANCE.

The present number of the REGISTER is issued from the new home of the society, 10 Governor's Avenue. Though it is not wholly completed, the Society has moved in and will gradually get settled in its housekeeping arrangements, and hopes to present a view of it to our readers on our next cover page. This will take the place of the old

familiar one, and a description of our new home will then be in order.

Already three meetings have been held in its assembly hall, and as its lighting system is not yet installed, kerosene and the more ancient candles have served for the time. We confess to a feeling of disappointment that our appeal to our membership and the public has not met with a more generous response, and that the final completion of the work is being thus delayed for want of funds.

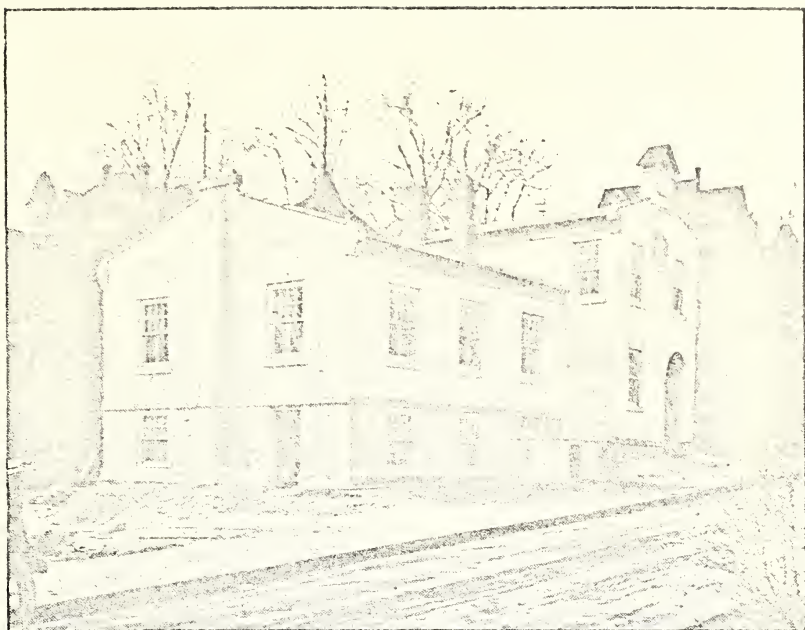
It is our earnest desire that the building be completed without any mortgage debt resting upon it to hamper the work of the society in the future. To those who have generously and readily contributed to the building fund our most sincere thanks are due, and to those who have had only discouraging words to contribute—we ask, What are you doing to help? The places of those that have passed on should be filled by new workers and our membership doubled.

The subscription list of the REGISTER should be also doubled, and both objects can be attained by interested effort. The past year has been the best in the history of the REGISTER (save one of its earlier), and we hope to improve upon this during the current year.

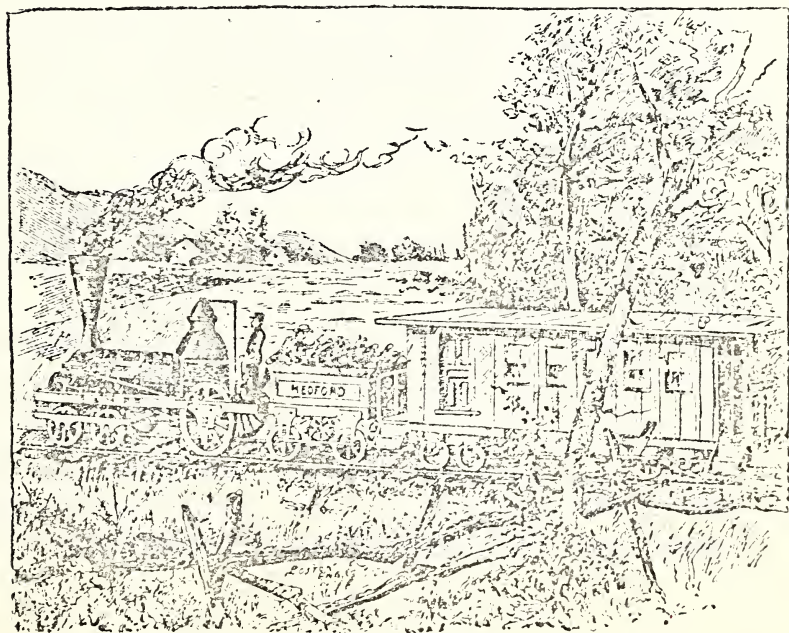
Just here, we wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Tinkham for the excellent photograph of the cornerstone laying (secured under difficulties), and of the American Engraving Co., who kindly furnished the half-tone cut of the same. By an oversight these acknowledgments were omitted in their proper place in our last issue. This mention is better late than never.

When settled in the new home, members and friends will have better opportunity than ever before to see what the REGISTER has been doing for the Society and for the preserving of Medford history during its nineteen years of publication.

This issue begins a new volume and is unavoidably late; but we hope our next will be nearer on time and prove of interest as current history.



MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S BUILDING.



AN EARLY MEDFORD BRANCH TRAIN.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XX.

APRIL, JULY, 1917.

Nos. 2, 3.

THE MYSTIC WATER-WORKS.

THESE water-works are those built a half century ago by the (then) city of Charlestown for its own supply, and located mainly within, and traversing the entire length of, Medford. The REGISTER has already described a portion and, as then intimated, now completes the story.

The Mystic lakes of today, with their surroundings, would have an unfamiliar look to Medford people of sixty years ago. There was then really but one, and that was known as Medford pond, though the "Narrows," or "Partings," did all nature could to make two of it.

The city of Charlestown, in its quest of a water supply, took it over, and then were begun, in 1862, the changes that resulted in the two lakes of the present time. At that time the shores of the pond were well wooded, and the white oaks there growing were utilized for the piles, that were driven fourteen feet and cut off level three feet below the surface of the ground. Upon these the masonry of the dam was built, while a double row of sheet piling was driven, within which the concrete core or backbone of the structure was filled, and back of this, the slope. Even the old Middlesex canal, discontinued ten years before, was laid under tribute, as the "puddle" of its old embankments near by, made up fifty years earlier, consisting of one-eighth clay mixed with sand and gravel, was used in this work. The granite for the overfall had been quarried at Chelmsford, as had been the stone for the canal's aqueducts. At this stage of the work labor troubles were evident, as one hundred and thirty men struck for twenty-five cents addition to the daily wage.

On June 2, 1863, Albert Whiting took charge of the masonry construction. His experience on the dry docks at Norfolk and Charlestown, and at Fort Independence, qualified him for this important work. On the tenth of June the northeast corner-stone of the dam was laid, but we find no record of any formal ceremony, other than the placing of a small vial containing the names of Charlestown's mayor, water commission, engineers and contractor in the lewis hole of the lower stone. In sealing the vial, a new cent of that year's coinage was embedded in the wax; not a heavy investment, rather an expression of old-time sentiment that still obtains at corner-stone layings. We hardly think any vandals will undertake to make away with *this* particular coin, as has been attempted in our own and neighboring cities.

The basal construction at this point was found difficult, as a centrifugal pump discharging four hundred and fifty gallons per minute failed to keep the excavation dry.

A year and a week elapsed ere the work was complete. The demand of the men in May, 1863, seems to have been acceded to, as we find that on April 9, 1864, another strike occurred, and that ten days later the men returned at the same wage as before, \$1.50 per day. On May 2, 1864, their pay was raised to \$1.65, and even this did not conciliate, for on June 1 another strike occurred. The laborers then got notice that the permanent men would get \$1.66 and the transients \$1.50 per day. The dam was finished on June 17, 1864, just eighty-nine years after Bunker hill day, and the pond began to fill. Water was not the only thing to rise, as we note that on July 1 the laborers' pay was increased to \$1.80 per day, and no strike is mentioned. These were the days of the Civil War, when the high cost of living was equally apparent with present-day experience.

At 11.30 A.M., September 30, 1864, the stop planks were put permanently into the dam and the water allowed to rise to the required elevation. This changed the entire

shore line, shape and extent of the upper lake, and as the water backed into the tributary Aberjona, the mouth of that stream (sometimes called Symmes' river) became fixed at the bridge below the Bacon mills. There was a water privilege that was rendered useless by the construction of the Mystic dam. The proprietors of course claimed damage and made show of resistance, but one day a keg of powder placed under the old structure wrecked it, and although a steam engine was placed in the mill, no work of account was thereafter done, and the buildings were gradually removed. Incidentally we note that, owing to the scarcity of cotton, caused by the Civil War, a substitute therefor, made from flax, and called "flax cotton" or "fibrilla," was being made or experimented with and machinery installed for that purpose. And so closed the history and usefulness of this old mill privilege, first established on the grant to Rev. Zechariah Symmes by his son William as a fulling mill. During that last winter the writer worked in the old mill with his father, who was present and witnessed the destruction of the dam by explosion of powder. Perhaps, at the present writing, the only living witness of the somewhat dramatic scene is Mr. Griffin, the old retired gate-tender at West Medford, better known as Faithful Mike. (This digression may, as a matter of history, be added to page 395 of Brooks' History of Medford.)

Today, extending from the parkway, there may be seen in excellent preservation the embankments of the canal, and at their end, beneath the water, the lower courses of the aqueduct masonry, a reminder of the canal's prosperous days. These mark the channel of the Aberjona as it was prior to the raising of the lake, but elsewhere the course is now a matter of conjecture, unless, indeed, old maps or plans may be in evidence.

More or less litigation resulted from the flowage, but this was nothing new, as witness case of Symmes *vs.* Dunster, Broughton and Collins in 1656 [REGISTER, Vol. XIII, p. 12], when the Mystic was first dammed. While this

work was in progress some information relative to the lower lake was obtained, which we quote: —

An experiment was made by Engineer Buchanan to ascertain the depth at which the water in the lower pond becomes salt. A copper wire coated with silver was suspended from a float anchored in 54 feet of water. The wire was allowed to remain in the water 24 hours, and was found to be *very* slightly discolored from 18 or 19 to 21.57 feet below. At 21.57 the corrosion increased for 4 feet, then very rapidly disappeared leaving it bright copper. This agrees with the report of Mr. Baldwin which was at 19.4 below the surface of the pond.

By the recent building of the Cradock dam the level of the lower lake has been reduced (and consequently its area, slightly), and as the tides no longer come, the water is no longer salted.

That the work of building this dam, with its waste weir, conduits and gate-house was substantially performed is evident even to the casual observer. Though disused since 1897 it is well cared for, and the new lake thus created is kept at the normal height.

Just here we digress a little from our subject, to quote from Mr. Brooks' History of 1855: —

The lands on each side are slightly elevated, and in future times will doubtless be filled with country seats.

Today sees something of fulfilment of his prophecy. Writing over sixty years ago he did not foresee the electric light or railway on the farther side, nor yet the broad parkway on the other, or the swift automobiles almost momentarily traversing its course. The present limits of its Medford border are only within a few years invaded by dwellings, but the "Baconville" of which he wrote, the "Upper Medford" of his earlier days, now styled Wedgemere, since 1850 a part of Winchester, more than fulfils his forecast by the beautiful residences there erected. Not a few of these have their motor-boat house on the water's edge, and near the Aberjona a lighthouse adds to the attractive view.

Along the Arlington side the street cars pass, and the

many passengers obtain at Morningside an unobstructed view across the lake in either direction. Here tasteful residences crown the heights above, and the vine-clad garages of "You-Say," and the sun-parlors and modern pergolas, add to an attractive section of Mystic street. Even now the lower slopes are being opened for residence, and "Interlaken" may become filled with "country seats." Not such as had just been erected at the time of Mr. Brooks (where is the stone windmill tower) for during the years Arlington has slowly grown toward the lower lake, and even now there is building a pleasure road there with a bridge across the tributary stream, Sucker brook, that probably will receive a less prosaic name.

We have thus mentioned the storage basin and vicinity of the Charlestown water-works. In a previous article we have told of the conduit that connected it with the pumping station. This last was in Somerville and was a structure of brick, later twice enlarged. At its erection it contained two duplex pumping engines and requisite boilers. At its rear, in the hill-slope, the coal bunkers were built and a miniature railroad track passed through an underground passage to the boiler room. The brick chimney was monumental in shape and finished in graceful lines at the top. In recent years, after its disuse, a small tree grew in the curved cornice from seeds brought by bird, or wind borne, but this has disappeared. A spring of excellent cool water used to be near the chimney's base. The square base was twenty feet high, capped with stone, and into this was built the iron smoke flue leading from the boilers. The tapering shaft with its angular buttresses rose to the height of one hundred feet, and the whole was tasteful in design.

Nature's force of gravity brought the Mystic water to this station. From this an iron force-main extended up the hill slope to a point midway the northeasterly side of the distributing reservoir on the hill-top. In November, 1862, three hundred and fifty men were employed, many of them in excavating for this main. Just above

North street a ledge of soft rock was struck. Meanwhile the work was progressing on the reservoir, which had been begun two months before, as appears by the following:—

On September 25 the first ground was informally broken. About 2.30 P.M. a plough opened the first furrow on Walnut hill. This was purely informal, but Mr. Grant, the division engineer, by the desire of the few present, guided the plough. Afterwards the site of the reservoir was ploughed around three times that day. The ground for the water-works was formally broken on Saturday, September 27, at the site of the reservoir. At 3 P.M. the members of the City Government and invited guests came upon the grounds. Mr. Edward Lawrence, chairman of the Water Commissioners, prefaced his remarks by asking a prayer of Rev. Mr. Miles and after a few words introduced the Mayor of the City, who after a short speech, received a spade and placed a sod in a wheelbarrow. Mr. Lawrence then made a speech and placed another sod in the wheelbarrow, after which Mr. James McDonald the contractor wheeled the sods away and placed them on the site of the embankment. The President of Aldermen, Chairman of Common Council, Chief engineer, six ex-Mayors, and others were introduced and spoke, each placing a sod in the wheelbarrow at conclusion of remarks.

Nothing is said in this record of Mr. Buchanan's about the wheeling away of these numerous sods, but in another column is the testimony of an eye-witness.

Mr. Lawrence invited those present to his home, where a collation was served, thus ending the formal beginning of the work.

Mr. McDonald sublet the construction of the embankment and reservoir to Charles Linehan. Engineer Buchanan made an interesting record of the manner of its construction and of the difficulties encountered. Springs were encountered near the westerly corner and for many years fed a watering trough beside the road beyond the Somerville line. A record was made of this fact of their existence prior to the construction of the reservoir, but even this did not allay a feeling of insecurity, and for many years little building of houses was done on the nearer hill slope.

The approximate width of the reservoir is 350 feet, with a length of 563 feet, and the embankment 19.4 feet wide at the top with a slope of 1.5 feet in 1 ft. A sufficiency of material being at hand it was made higher than originally intended. The water level is 162 feet above Boston base-line, and is 27.25 feet deep (plumb height). The induction chamber is in the northeast side, and a division wall across divides the reservoir into two chambers with drain wells at the northerly corners. Thus provision was made for the effectiveness of the works in case of accident or for repair.

At the easterly corner is the gate-house, from which the conducting mains extend down the hill slope and on to Charlestown. The first was of cast-iron and later one of sheet-iron with cement lining was laid when Charlestown began to supply its neighboring municipalities.

We recall reading in the daily print in after years, of a laborer in some excavation beneath a certain school-house, that had inadvertently been built above it, striking his pickaxe into this later main and of his surprise at the copious flow of water therefrom.

The artificial banks of the reservoir were stepped into interval spaces of from twenty to fifty feet, to avoid seepage, and inner slopes faced with rock and surmounted with a granite coping. The reservoir was completed in early November, 1864. At that time the neighboring buildings of Tufts college numbered but three. Beginning with the erection of West hall in 1871 their number has increased with the expansion of the college work, and gradually the hill slopes have been built upon until the suburban cities of Somerville and Medford have crowded closely upon the once distrusted earthwork that for a half century has proved its stability and faithful construction. From the promenade of over a third of a mile around its top a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be had and is well worth the time and effort of any one. It lies entirely within the bounds of Medford, though the angular line of the Somerville

boundary is very near, and within recent years closely built upon. We quote again from the record before alluded to:—

On November 5, 1864, the water had risen in the lake $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. On the same day the pumping engines were started slowly, at first pumping air only. A few leaks were discovered and the engines were stopped. On the 10th at 6.30 P.M. they were again started and water was first pumped into the northerly division of the reservoir.

On the 11th the concreting of the southerly division was completed, and on the 15th the last stone of the coping was laid. On the 14th the engines pumped steadily all day from 10.15 A.M. On the 17th water was let into the feed main to test it; on the 22nd into some of the distribution pipes, and on the 25th the Commissioner and some 40 invited guests inspected the works. On November 29 the celebration of the introduction of water took place, consisting of a long procession through some of the principal streets, exercises at Winthrop square that were closed by letting the water on the fountain, and subsequently by a grand dinner at the City Hall.

The writer well remembers his first visit to the pumping station in June, 1870, and the walk over the decaying aqueduct of the canal, that still spanned the river. It was the show place of the vicinity, and a record book was kept for the visitors to sign. The two duplex pumping engines, resplendent in their polished steel and brass, were encased in equally polished walnut, and one was steadily at work day and night. Mr. Born and Mr. Hines arrived from Brooklyn on July 18, 1864, to erect them, and the former remained as engineer during the entire use of the works. He showed us about the station and explained the working of the plant, which a few years later was enlarged to double its earlier capacity and size. Still later it was again enlarged by building an extension of the engine room and the installation of a rotary engine and pump, also an electric lighting plant. This latter was something unknown but a few years before, when the works were built. We little thought then of seeing the plant abandoned and, disused, fall into decay.

Upon its taking over by the Metropolitan Water Commission (the city of Charlestown having been previously

annexed to Boston) and the water supply having become polluted by the factory drainage of Woburn and Winchester, its use for domestic service was at once abandoned. For a time it was kept in commission for emergency, but this was not for long. The engine last installed was taken to the works at Spot pond and the newer boilers removed. The others remained for some time, and within a few years have gone to the junk dealers, as also the three duplex pumps that used to have extra duty on Monday, when Charlestown, like other places, had that as washing day. At least thus we were told, and we recall that one shrewd observer said, "Why did not Charlestown take Sandy pond up in Lincoln and get good water and enough of it by gravity, instead of this eternal pumping." But he did not foresee the end that came in time rather than in eternity.

Not all the extensive construction is now useless, however. The reservoir on the hill is connected with Spot pond (which was raised several feet higher) and the water flows downward through the force main to the gate-house in West Medford, where an iron main (laid beside the brick conduit to Sherman street) conveys the water to Arlington. There, a mile up the valley of Sucker brook, is a pumping station that supplies the water tower at the heights for the high service.

The Mystic dam remains intact; indeed, if it were removed it is questionable if such would be a wise procedure. It has been suggested that an additional elevation be made, and thus the improvement of the Aberjona.* The elevation proposed would raise the upper lake to 17.50 feet above Boston base, or fifteen inches higher than the tailrace of the next then existing water power on the Aberjona. The highest level the water commis-

* Mystic dam is	16.25
Flow of dam	6
Original level of Aberjona river	10.25
Feet above river	2
Symmes' meadow	12.25

Communication of A. E. Whitney.

sion could maintain is 16.25 feet, and is marked by a copper bolt in the Aberjona bridge. During more recent years that stream has been dredged and much improved by the town of Winchester, adding much to the attractiveness of the parkway. This was accomplished by the purchase of the ancient water privilege, and removal of all the factory buildings and dam. The elevation of the various ponds above is maintained by a new concrete dam of artistic design, while two fine bridges span the stream beside the parkway. These improvements have been effected without raising the Mystic dam or upper lake. A lock built at this dam would give access to motor boats as far as "Converse bridge" in the heart of Winchester. But it is doubtful if the Mystic supply is ever used again, certainly not until the picric acid and other deleterious matter from the chemical works, miles up stream, is eliminated. Mr. Brooks wrote of Medford pond:—

This beautiful sheet of water, though cousin-german to the sea, is as quiet and retired as if it never received a visit from the Atlantic waters. . . . Every twelve hours it is raised from two to six inches by the inflowing tide.

This variation is, of course, now eliminated, and the lower pond or lake remains at its normal level, regulated by the tide-gates in the Cradock dam. There is yet room on both sides for the erection of the desirable dwellings that in the growth of Arlington and West Medford are coming, and to the occupants of which, years hence, the foregoing account may be of interest.

MOSES W. MANN.

ON OLD WALNUT-TREE HILL.

In the fall of 1862, as I was taking a stroll about the town, I happened to be on that part of College hill now the site of the reservoir at the time of the arrival of a party of gentlemen who climbed the hill and gathered themselves around a wheelbarrow that stood there with

a shovel laid across it. I saw at once that something unusual was in progress. I was informed of its nature when one of the party, after making a few remarks concerning the object in view, thrust the shovel into the earth and broke ground for the construction of the reservoir to be used as a part of the water-supply system to be constructed by the city of Charlestown. After depositing his shovel of earth upon the barrow he passed the shovel to his next neighbor and it passed from hand to hand until all but one had made their little speeches and deposited their shovels of earth upon the barrow. The last gentleman then came forward and as he took hold of the barrow to wheel away the load said, "The city of Charlestown has a big job on its hands in providing for a water supply, but our Uncle Samuel has a bigger one on his hands in putting down this rebellion and I am going to help him." He wheeled the barrow a short distance and dumped the load.

He went to the front and never returned — was killed in his first engagement.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

A MEDFORD TOWN MEETING.

There are yet some in Medford who can vividly recall town events of sixty years ago, but there are few who have written the story. Mr. Brooks' history had then been published but two years, and he was resident in the town of his boyhood. His was one of the earliest town histories, and despite some inaccuracies was one of the best. Up to 1857 no one had the courage to start a weekly paper in Medford by which current events might be chronicled, but on January 8 of that year there appeared the first of the *Medford Journal*, "a paper devoted to news, literature, science and art."

Mention has already been made of this in the REGISTER, with a review of its initial number. During its all too brief existence occurred the annual town meeting, commonly styled the "March meeting." This was held on

the ninth day of the month (Monday, of course), and the *Journal* appeared on Thursday. The editor said:—

The business of the town was transacted with great unanimity and good feeling and despatched with great celerity, but with due regard to the important interests involved.

Thirty thousand dollars was to be raised by taxation, and twenty-five cents for each ratable poll appropriated for the support of the town library. The budget for that year was—

\$5,000 for new schoolhouse, south side of river.

5,000 for road and bridge on South street.

8,000 for support of schools.

1,500 for support of poor and almshouse.

2,050 for fire department.

1,500 for salaries and fees.

2,000 for interest on town debt.

2,500 for highways, bridges and street lamps.

3,000 for miscellaneous and contingent expenses.

2,000 for outstanding and accruing demands.

325 for reservoir on Park street.

The balance in the treasury was \$16,551.17, and the town debt \$39,000.

There was then no town hall project on hand, but this town meeting was numerously attended, and the *Journal* editor gave the town clerk, Joseph Hall, credit for furnishing an "early and reliable report," and devoted two columns to remarks of his own relative to the proceedings.

Apparently the usual appropriations were readily made, and that for the new schoolhouse (still in service and known as the Cradock) only amended that it be built by a "mechanic resident in town." The growth of the South and Summer street section is indicated by the erection of this schoolhouse, as also by the "projected bridge to Somerville." This was the Winthrop bridge at the elbow of South street, and was "strongly opposed" by one speaker, but too late, as the same had already been contracted for. South street in those days was but sparsely settled between the river and Somerville, which latter was the western slope of Walnut hill, then begin-

ning to be called College hill. In recent years that portion of South street has become Winthrop street.

Indefinite postponement of action upon the "road from Medford to Edgeworth" (*i.e.*, Myrtle street) was averted by the taking up of another warrant article, and after an acrimonious discussion this road was deemed a public necessity and "carried with enthusiasm."

The town, by unanimous vote, increased the salaries of its clerk and treasurer to \$200 and \$150 respectively. The same citizen who had so vigorously opposed these roads and bridges also "made an ineffectual attempt to disallow the compensation heretofore allowed the School Committee."

Rev. Mr. Brooks sent a communication, which is thus noted: —

Resolved that the bridge on Main street be called the Cradock Bridge, and that the new bridge running from South street to High street be called Winthrop Bridge, in honor of early settlers. Carried.

A motion was carried to call the new bridge at West Medford the Usher bridge. This latter is that connecting Harvard avenue with River street in Arlington, then West Cambridge. We only wish that Editor Morgan had stated whether this action was in honor of an early settler and owner of the Royall house (Lieutenant-Governor Usher) or the more recently well-known citizen who was doubtless present at town meeting.

The next article was of special interest, for after several ballots, by a vote of 52 to 38, "the selectmen were instructed to enforce the law imposing a tax on dogs."

The selectmen were also directed to dispose of the old schoolhouse lot near the residence of Rev. Charles Brooks. This was up Woburn street (opposite where is now the Sarah Fuller home), and had been purchased when the first West Medford schoolhouse was built in 1829 (see REGISTER, Vol. VIII, p. 75). An amendment was suggested "that it be used for a pound." The account says "it was by the same gentleman who had dissented from or opposed several earlier matters," and that

"he sat down amid considerable laughter without completing his remarks. Mr. H.'s course generally excited considerable amusement, especially to the youthful portion of the audience, but which tended to alleviate the business of some of its dullness."

The motion that the school vacations be abridged to four weeks in each year shared the fate of previous ones after remarks by Schoolmaster Hathaway and others relative to "cramming children at our public schools."

At the time of this town meeting the town hall was in the glory of its renewed youth, having survived the damaging effect of two fires, and renewed and refitted for public service. A school of citizenship for the Medford boys was the old town meeting, and some of them learned well its lessons, in that old town hall, that contrast greatly and compare more than favorably with what is learned by the average youth of today. The New England town meeting, of which this Medford one of sixty years ago is a fair exponent, is both a school in, and example of, democracy that should not be hastily discarded for a delegated city government. It is a question in the minds of many today whether or not Medford people, with all the boasted progress of sixty years, are as well circumstanced or as happily situated as in those days "before the war."

"THE LITTLE REPUBLIC."

Sixty years ago a little book of two hundred and twenty-eight pages was published by a lady who soon after became, and for some years was, a resident of Medford, the preceptress of the famous Mystic Hall Seminary, Mrs. Eliza T. P. Smith. In her preface she says:—

Most of the articles in this little volume were kindly contributed by the respective writers expressly for this purpose, and these writers include some of the most distinguished in the land. . . . The editor has interspersed some trifles of her own, which she hopes may be leniently regarded. The volume is intended as an agreeable and instructive Miscellany, for presentation, free from

all sectarian prejudices, and such an one as may contribute to the moral and intellectual progress of Young America.

The title of the book is "The Little Republic — Original Articles by Various Hands," edited by Mrs. T. P. Smith, from the press of Wiley & Putnam, New York, and is dedicated, on a special page, to her father. The initial article is an ode of one hundred and twenty lines, entitled "Justice," by John Quincy Adams, former President of the United States. Mrs. Sigourney, Ex-Governor Briggs, Bayard Taylor, Elihu Burritt, and eminent clergymen (including Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America"), are among the twenty-one contributors. The "trifles" mentioned number thirteen, the first being fifteen pages of prose on Self-Culture, and the last in verse, as follows:—

MY FATHER.

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

And I am conscious of affecting thoughts,
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
And elevates the mind.

Wordsworth.

My father! What remembrance dear
Arises when that name I hear.
Memory's voice brings back to me
Childhood's moments full of glee,
All its gambols, all its plays,
All my father's kindly ways.
Ah! it brings to me again
Days of weariness or pain,
When soft cradled in his arms,
Gentle songs soothed all alarms.
Those years, alas! how quickly flown —
Those years, with love and blessings strewn.

Memory's voice it wakes again —
That parental, tender strain;
Love and precept, line on line
Did my father's word combine —
Yes, it was his lavish hand
Ever placed at my command
All that could adorn and bless,
Knowledge, truth and happiness.
Those halcyon days have passed away —
But his counsels with me stay.

My father! yes I see him now,
 With generous hand and sunny brow,
 Making happy those around —
 Soothing grief wherever found,
 And though now my father's hair
 Whitened is by age and care,
 By his counsels I abide,
 In his love I still confide,
 O God, his life long to me spare,
 And let me still his goodness share.

Another "trifle" was her "Echo Song," with introductory note —

On the shores of the Adriatic the women come down to the shore at nightfall and sing, then listen for a response from their husbands and friends on the water, that they may be guided home by the sound of their voice.

Her verses beginning

The curfew tells the closing day,
 The last sun-rays have left the bay
 And the shore;

imitate the women's song, the men's echo and the chorus, and are preceded by the music "Soft and slow, adapted by S. Hill," in which occurs twice *pp.* Echo.

The book is finely gotten up (in the style of its time) in red embossed cover, the central feature of each being a wreath-encircled lyre imposed upon a scroll, pen, and sprays of flowers, the front figures in gold. Each page is bordered with wavy ruled lines, and each of the articles begins with ornamental capitals and have head and tail pieces of intricate geometrical design. The author and editor was the daughter of Ebenezer Smith, and became the wife of Thomas P. Smith, who in 1852 erected the Mystic Hall building at West Medford, and whose death soon after was a loss to Medford.* For her educative work in Medford, the reader is referred to REGISTER, Vol. XI, p. 49. In "Literary Medford," REGISTER, Vol. XV, p. 4, is a mention of the seminary and studies,

* Mr. Smith contributed two articles, one "A Word to Mothers," to the book.

but the name of its preceptress does not there appear, nor direct mention of her as an author, nor is this book under consideration in Medford's Public Library, which has a special case for Medford authors. Well worthy of perusal in the present days, it is a recent accession to the library of the Medford Historical Society.

MEDFORD BRANCH RAILROAD.

Three years since, in Vol. XVII, p. 34, the REGISTER gave an account of the "Branch," quoting from various authentic sources, and venturing a prophecy which now seems likely of fulfilment.

With the impending possibility of discontinuance of passenger service, interest in the road is aroused, and it is difficult to answer all queries or to obtain *correct* information relative to its earlier days. The earliest of Medford's histories deals with it but briefly, only fourteen lines, but gives a view of the terminal station on Main street that is of interest. Thirty years later Usher's history devoted two pages to the subject. Of this but fourteen lines, mostly a reproduction of the former, are textual, the remainder being the report of James Hayward (who surveyed the route) and his *estimated* cost of the proposed work.

Both these histories give the names of the corporators and the date of the charter (March 7, 1845), and here all printed and published allusion to the Medford Branch Railroad *corporation* ceases, *i.e.*, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

In "Medford Past and Present" (Medford Publishing Co., 1905), Mortimer E. Wilber mentions the "Branch," quotes from Usher and gives the names of the (then) station agents, with date of appointment and their four likenesses in group. In the "Brief History of the Town and City" Mr. Hooper devotes but three lines to the Branch and two to the Boston and Lowell. In his letter prefacing the history he says, "The limited space allowed

has excluded much of interest," and this is certainly true. These are the sources to which we naturally look for information, with results as stated.

The facts are, the "Medford Branch Rail-Road Company" had but a brief existence, while the Branch railroad has been in public service over seventy years. The original corporators (as they were privileged by the charter to do) disposed of their charter and franchise to the Boston and Maine. We have before us a printed copy of the latter's petition to the county commissioners of Middlesex, which sets forth that fact, and also that it had undertaken to construct the "Branch," had filed location thereof according to law, and was desirous to proceed with construction forthwith. Then follow the names of the property owners along the line with whom question of land damage was unsettled, beginning with Luther Angier at Main street and ending with William Bradbury at the other end. The petition was signed by the president of the Boston and Maine, Thomas West.

On the first Tuesday in June, 1846, at their meeting at Concord, the commissioners ordered the petitioners to give notice to all these interested persons and corporations of its meeting for a view, and a hearing at the Medford Hotel on "10th of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving each of the land owners named with a copy of this petition and order thereon, fourteen days before said view," etc.

The copy mentioned is endorsed as to Mrs. Eliza Perkins and is attested by the signature of "John T. White, Constable of Medford." In all there were forty or more. The only *corporation* we notice is the First Baptist Society in Malden.

We must accept this as "documentary evidence" that the Medford Branch Rail-Road *Company* had but brief existence, and that the Branch *railroad* was built by the Boston and Maine and always has been a part of its system. And now arises the query, Just when was it built and when did it begin operation of passenger service?

In the reports of railroads to the state, that of 1846, the Boston and Maine reports " $9\frac{6\frac{5}{10}}{10}$ miles of branch road of single track." Of this the Medford Branch is a little less than two miles (9,800 feet) according to Hayward's survey, and is probably included in this report. We base this conclusion upon the statements of the foregoing petition and the date of commissioners' view of location, as compared with the time of running the first trains. Who knows when that "eleven-ton engine, built at Lowell," with two cars first traversed the branch? Inquiry among the oldest residents of Medford has so far been unavailing. The "documentary evidence" available is this: up to and including March 1, 1847, the Boston and Maine Railroad advertisement in the *Boston Advertiser* announces *no* train service to Medford. In the issue of March 2 appears

Medford to Boston	$6\frac{1}{2}$ & 8 A.M.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ & $5\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.
Boston to Medford	$7\frac{1}{4}$ & 9 ,,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ & 5.50 ,,

The above we consider as conclusive evidence that the Medford Branch began operation on that day, and was obtained from the file of the *Boston Advertiser*. We found no mention of it in the news columns, though we did notice that on the Fitchburg railroad at Cambridge, on the previous day, the snow-ploughs were derailed and engines sent out from Boston to clear the track — a sidelight on the weather conditions of the time.

Of the cost of building the Medford Branch, and whether it tallied with Mr. Hayward's estimate, we have no means of knowing. The reports to the State are complete, and answer the law's requirements, but are for the entire system, and other than tabulated matter are very brief and deal mainly with the accidents that occurred.

We have seen in print the statement that its cost was \$38,208.60. This tallies with "Medford Past and Present," which in turn agrees with the total *estimate* given by Surveyor Hayward and quoted in detail by Usher

(see p. 73). Mr. Hayward's report consists first of an estimate of cost, *not including* "land or damage to real estate," \$25,082.50. At this point comes a matter of interest that is now forgotten, as neither history alludes to it. It was proposed to build the road on the *south* side of the river, and just here is a lesson in local geography with a touch of local history also, with a little of engineering thrown in. Fifty years before, this last had been shown in the survey and construction of the Middlesex canal along the Mystic marshes of Charlestown and Medford, but for the last ten of the fifty the competition of the Boston and Lowell Railroad had been disastrous to the water-way. The charter of the latter railroad allowed no other railroad into Lowell for forty years, but there was no hindrance toward Boston. The canal embankments could be used as a road-bed for the Medford Branch, and the cut through the ledgy shoulder of Winter hill in the corner of Medford and Charlestown was already made. The canal was but little used, and a proposition to discontinue it as a water-way, and by the laying of iron pipes along the ten miles of the southern end to Woburn utilize it as a water supply for Boston, had just been made. Mr. Hayward said:—

To the expense of building the branch, I have added that of building a second track on the Maine Extension Road,* from the proposed junction with that road to the Middlesex canal, where the route proposed on the south side of the river would meet the Extension road. This I do, that we may have all the data for comparing the two routes proposed.

This expense (in five items) amounted to \$9,652.60, and, added to the estimate already given, total \$34,735.10, to which ten per cent. (\$3,473.50) was added for engineer, contingencies, etc., making \$38,208.60. As yet we have not ascertained the actual cost of the branch, as only the accounts of the Boston and Maine can give proof.

By this it appears that the recent "Interurban" project and even the defunct Mystic valley were not the first to

* The railroad from Wilmington to Boston was then so styled.

consider a way paralleling the Medford turnpike. Mr. Hayward placed his report before "Messrs. Bishop, Lawrence and others," the corporators of the railroad (Mr. Usher says a committee of citizens employed him), closing thus —

The distance to Boston by the northern route is thirty-two hundred feet greater than that by the southern route; and the southern branch will be forty-two hundred feet longer than the northern.

They decided for the shorter *branch*, all within the bounds of Medford, but the longer distance to Boston.

It was twenty years before the Wellington district began to increase materially in growth. To be sure, some ten years later, Editor Moody of the original *Medford Journal* suggested "a suspension bridge to the highlands of Somerville," but he was ahead of the times. Not until Middlesex avenue was opened, with its bridge across the Mystic, had that peninsular district a direct outlet to Boston, and even then its growth was slow.

In the second year of service, April 28, 1848, there were three accidents reported:—

April 28 James Gregg, having laid down between the rails on a curve near Medford, was run over by an engine and killed instantly.

May 5 Samuel Baldwin, in getting out of the cars at Medford after they had started, was struck by the baggage car and his arm was broken.

November 4 James Pratt, Medford, legs broken by collision at Medford Junction.

In 1853 Enos Ormsbee and Silas Bumpus of Charlestown, carpenters, walking on the track to Medford, were instantly killed by the 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ A.M. northern train, the So. Reading train passing at the same time. [This must have been below the junction and not on the branch.]

And another, in which the Medford Branch figures:—

June 28, 1854, L. G. Brown killed at Causeway street [Boston]. He was driving with two others when his horse became unmanageable and dashed open the gate. Brown was struck by outward Medford train.

Doubtless there are those that remember that for some years locomotives were not allowed to cross Causeway and Traverse streets in Boston, and that the trains were

hauled by horses to the locomotives waiting just below Causeway street and also inwardly.

Another report throws a little light on the manner of operating the branch:—

January 3, 1854, Saugus and Medford train coming in at 2.20 P.M., Baggage Master Caleb Eames, Jr., of Saugus, killed near freight house owing to misplaced switch.

This record indicates that some Medford Branch trains were attached to other inward trains at Medford Junction and the combined train taken over the Main line to Boston by one engine. A similar arrangement obtained on other roads. Such would have left the Medford engine free to return with cars brought to the junction by another outward train, and better accommodated the time schedule.

Report of another accident was nearer home:—

September 4, 1857, Mrs. Dexter Loud of Abington was fatally injured at Park street station. It was not known whether she stepped from the car on to the track; her dress caught on the step of the engine and she was dragged under the wheels.

Doubtless further search of reports would reveal further accidents and fatalities, and we have only quoted those on the branch or in some way related thereto.

This branch railroad certainly was of great service to Medford in its earlier years, and had its first competitor in passenger service in the Medford and Charlestown Horse Railroad in 1860. This continued until 1873, but it is questionable if the long haul over Winter hill was very attractive to Medford people, other than the few who dwelt along its line, and even its operation attracted few new residents. This road was taken over by the Middlesex corporation and, after 1873, eleven years discontinued. Reopened in 1884, extended to West Medford and Malden, and soon after operated by electricity, it became a powerful competitor. Taking its patrons at their very doors and landing them at their places of business is an advantage the steam railway with its fixed terminals cannot offer, even were it electrified. So the problem remains.

Of the engineer's estimate for depot buildings, the larger part went into the terminal station on Main street. Printed views show it in its various appearances to date, and incidentally some other changes near the square.

Near the other end of the branch one resident still remains that witnessed the building and opening of the branch — the oldest man in Medford, J. Everett Wellington. His name does not appear in the petition referred to, as his family *gave* the strip of land the railroad required. It crossed their orchard, and he tells us that on the Fourth of July, 1846, "we dug up and replanted ten sizable apple trees. Apples were already formed on them, but all the trees lived and bore fruit that year." Of the many trees in that orchard, over which numerous houses have been built, a few still remain, but have suffered for want of care in these later years. One of the conditions of land grant was that all Medford Branch trains should stop there. At first there was no station house, a signal was shown. After a while a little "shack" was provided for shelter, and later a station house erected.

We had a pleasant interview with him recently, sitting on the lawn and looking over the village grown up around his home. A whole history might and should be written of this corner of Medford called by his name and practically bounded landward by the Medford Branch Railroad.

CREDITABLE TO MEDFORD.

On Patriots Day, fortunately aided in weather conditions, a modern Paul Revere rode over the historic route to Lexington as a part of Boston's patriotic observance of the day. For convenience' sake this ride was at mid-day instead of midnight, as was the original.

Invitations having been extended to the four cities and towns to co-operate, a committee therefor was appointed by Medford's mayor. His selection was Alderman Dowell of the city government, Superintendent Nickerson of the School Department, Comrade Oscar Allen of the Grand

Army, President Curtin of the Board of Trade, and the President of the Historical Society as chairman. This committee met with that of Boston, and later arranged a simple but effective program for the Medford portion, and to Comrade Allen, over eighty years young, and Superintendent Nickerson, who mustered his numerous forces, its success is mainly due.

James H. Phelan of the Boston Committee personated Revere and started from the patriot's house in Boston, instead of from "Charlestown shore," and at the top of Winter hill stopped for a brief time. There the Somerville exercises took place, in which former President Taft had a part. The rider was timed to come "over the bridge into Medford town" at 11.30 A.M. "by the village clock," and just as he galloped over, a bugler in the square gave sound of warning to the assembled crowd, which was in the thousands. His continental dress was in marked contrast to everything worn today, whether the modern khaki, Grand Army of the Republic uniform, school uniform or civilian dress, and was very noticeable.

High street was packed solid on either side, but the way was kept open by a squad of Medford's police. A detachment of cavalry attended him, and as he turned the corner into High street there arose a mighty shout and the singing of America. The Boy Scouts were out in troops from all over the city; the High School Battalion and a detachment of the Light Guard occupied places assigned them. The central point of interest was, of course, the Capt. Isaac Hall house, where, on either side of the flag-draped entrance, were assembled the veterans of 1861-65—the Grand Army men, the Women's Relief Corps and the other affiliated organizations, all bearing their respective colors. Massed on the opposite sidewalk, fully a thousand of them, were the school children, in charge of their teachers. Badges of red, white and blue, and flags everywhere were in evidence.

Arriving at the house, "Revere" was welcomed by His Honor the Mayor and the members of committee,

and invited to enter for refreshment. The present resident, Edward Gaffey, deemed it an honor to open the historic mansion for the occasion and dispense the hospitality Captain Hall had no time for so long ago. During this interval Arthur Joyce of the high school, standing on the door-steps, recited in a clear and carrying voice Longfellow's well-known poem; Mayor Haines, standing on the car-track, spoke of the lessons of the day, citing various historic events and incidents of American patriotism, and expressing the firm belief that America will not fail in the present crisis and in coming days. As the mayor ceased speaking Cornetist Milton Rich and Sub-master Gilkey led in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and the modern Revere mounted his horse and with his attendants started for Lexington. His Honor and the committee soon followed in the city automobile, the city messenger bearing the mace and the street commissioner at the steering wheel.

At Arlington a similar scene was enacted. That the event was a success goes without saying, nevertheless we quote from the Boston committee's letter, as written by its secretary:—

The Boston Committee were much impressed with the excellent manner in which the Medford arrangements were carried out. It seems to be the unanimous opinion of all those who followed the entire day's celebration through all cities and towns, that in Medford there was less confusion and better results than in any other place. The police seemed to have an intelligent conception of how to handle the situation. The exercises at the Capt. Hall house were carried out in a manner to indicate good foresight and equally good execution. The whole impression was, as I have stated, very complimentary to Mayor Haines, to Medford, to you and to your Committee.

The moving picture men were on hand along the entire route, and on a subsequent date the Medford committee witnessed the results of their work shown in Boston. The thought has been expressed, and very likely will take form, of something even better on another Patriots Day.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY REACHES MAJORITY IN ITS
NEW HOME.

It was fitting that the Society's hearthstone should figure in the exercises of the April meeting just prior to Patriots Day. It is current history that troops of boys known as Scouts, and their sisters, the Camp Fire Girls, are taking up beautiful and instructive lessons in patriotism, loyalty and usefulness, that has a hopeful indication and outlook. Three of these camps, Sagamore, Mystic and Nahanadah, united under their guardians, Mesdames Kenny, Proctor and Snell, as the Sag-my-nah Council, were the guests of the evening.

Their entrance of the hall, their costumes and ceremonies, their salute to the flag and pledge of loyalty were of great interest. Surrounding the broad hearthstone they lit the Society's initial fire, that some members had been anxious before to do. We will quote here from Mrs. Fuller in the *Medford Messenger*:—

In accordance with the usual custom at all meetings of the Camp Fire Girls, the central symbol of the society was then demonstrated by kindling a fire by the Indian method of the rubbing stick. For the first time the flames of a matchless fire rolled brightly up the new fireplace, as the girls, seated on the floor in a semi-circle, chanted an ode to the Great Spirit, followed by the singing of "Burn, Fire, Burn," "Mammy Moon," and "Wo-he-lo," the latter portraying the keyword of the organization, "Work, health, love."

The President introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville, who spoke on "Present-Day Patriotism," contrasting the fires on the hill-tops and lanterns in the church tower, with the wireless and cable of today, and closing with—

These are great days in which to dedicate ourselves. The noble utterances of the President of the United States should grip and grasp every fibre of our being. A greater day is coming.

On May 21st the Historical Society held its regular meeting, the last of the season of 1916-17.

Its charter bears date of May 22, 1896, and the names of nine persons are therein written. Of these, seven are

still living and six were present at this meeting, which, considering proximity of date, took the form of an anniversary occasion, as in fact the Society has rounded out its minority years and is now of age.

Additional interest attached to the occasion as the exterior of the new home at 10 Governors avenue is now practically complete. Within a few days the scaffolding about it has been removed and the Society seal worked in the concrete is plainly in evidence thereon. None need ask the purpose or use of the structure, as "he who runs may read."

The seal of the Society consists of a shield and crest within a circle, on the border of which is the legend "Medford Historical Society." On the upper half of the shield is a sheaf of wheat, that being part of the arms of the Royall family. On the lower half is the seal of Medford—a ship on the stocks. The crest, a muzzled bear, is the crest of the Cradock family. In the exergue appears the motto, "Venerate the Historic."

Members began early to gather and to inspect the new home, which though not complete entirely as to its interior finishings, yet has a homelike look. The greetings and congratulations delayed the opening but five minutes past the hour, when the President rapped for order and welcomed the assembled members and friends, congratulating all upon the success of the former years.

A highly interesting record of the April meeting was read by the Secretary and duly approved. After some minor details, the various speakers were introduced. The first to respond was Charles H. Loomis, one of the incorporators of the Society and its first Treasurer, who said his "would be in lighter vein," and read the following verses:—

WE 'RE TWENTY-ONE.

Eighteen hundred ninety-six,
A year we find not hard to fix,
The M. H. S. that year begun,
So now, of course, we're twenty-one.

Well we recall those early days,
Their memories bright cast pleasing rays,
We bask in them as in the sun,
We're glad because we're twenty-one.

Our leaders pass us in review,
They're very choice because they're few.
We really do not need to state
The very first one gave us Wait.

We gathered headway in his term,
Of active work we much did learn.
"Banks of the Mystic" gave us zest
To Hooper up when Wait chose rest.

And here we lay a memory flower,
For one who labored every hour;
Whose faithful interest would not down,
We speak with love, the name of Brown.

And then a whirling Eddy came,
He gave to us "Parada" fame.
'Twas in his brain that we were born,
And much good work by him was done.

In Medford's anniversary year
Of nineteen five, it doth appear
That Eddy's *views*, if you will look,
And Hooper's *history*, make a book.

The M. H. S. bore well its part,
Historic knowledge to impart,
Upon its chosen work intent.
Then later Scott was President.

How could events more fitting come,
That when our years are twenty-one,
Our list of officers we scan,
And find for President a Mann.

A Mann in name, a man for work,
A man who never learned to shirk.
Whose tireless work today we praise,
While grateful thanks to him we raise.

These corporate members' names were filed
DeLong, and Wait, and Dame and Wild,
Sargent, Loomis, Joyce and Gill,
And Eddy, will the number fill.

The passing years their changes bring,
And some have gone, their memories cling.
'Tis but a step from earth to heaven,
Tonight we write our number seven.

And for all those who from our ranks,
Are resting on those farther banks,
We weave tonight in memory's net
Forget-me-nots and mignonette.

The past has many pictures fair,
They crowd upon us everywhere,
Stamped on the tablets of the heart,
Of life itself they form a part.

Do you recall our old red home,
Its open fire which bade us "Come,"
Those Saturday nights of friendly chat,
The chafing dish, and all of that?

And genial spirits who beguiled
The passing hour with stories wild,
And tales of travel, wit and joke
Quite often wreathed in fragrant smoke?

Hail to the friends of every year!
Their names unspoken bring us cheer.
Did space permit the roll we'd call.
Our greetings go to one and all.

And you, my comrades of today,
As birthday greetings here we pay,
Let every daughter, every son
Rejoice because we're twenty-one.

C. H. L.

It is needless to say the above were heartily applauded. Will C. Eddy, now of Auburndale, a corporator and former President, and who first formulated the idea of an historical society in Medford, told of the earliest efforts, the developments of the work — incidents and occurrences, and paid tribute to the workers of the earlier days and the memory of those passed on.

As announced, the principal speaker of the evening was the Hon. William Cushing Wait, the first President

of the Society, his subject being, "What We Have Done for Medford in Twenty-one Years." Judge Wait told of the various lines of work and how the efforts of members had resulted in the clearing of some formerly accepted myths, by careful search and authentic record; of the writing of new and more accurate history and publication of the same; of the making of maps to illustrate the papers written by painstaking members; of the interest taken in the historic festival called "On the Banks of the Mystic," and its financial success; of the marking of historic sites and the initial work resulting in the city's observance of its two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, and the later publication of the "Proceedings" by a committee composed entirely of members of the Society, as was also the historian whose careful work is therein embodied; of the genealogical work, the acquisition of a library and collection with the later purchase of the old home at 2 Ashland street and finally the erection of the present structure. The address was interspersed with numerous incidents and references to interested workers, among them a worthy tribute to President Brown, whose enthusiastic work made possible many things. Listened to with the utmost interest and greatly appreciated and applauded in its close, was this address.

Because of another engagement which took him away, His Honor the Mayor could speak but briefly, but in encouraging and appreciative words.

Miss Helen Tilden Wild, one of the first Vice-presidents and former Editor of the HISTORICAL REGISTER, told of the Society's work in the gathering up and publication of Medford history and annals. This is now over two thousand pages, as the REGISTER is in its twentieth volume. She especially noted the amount of information to be found in the brief articles the Editors use for "filling," and how worthy of preservation. She also alluded to the work of her successors and did not forget "the man behind the gun," *i.e.*, the printer. At this point several members expressed their appreciation

of the REGISTER and made valuable suggestions. The present Editor told of his experience of the printer's helpfulness and also of the appreciative words of the editor of a great weekly, who styled the REGISTER submitted to him as "superb."

The chair then asked for the Society's appreciation of the printer's work, but found the vote was not wholly unanimous, as one man had not risen. Asking him to rise he was introduced as "the printer," J. C. Miller, Jr. Mr. Miller responded that he came to enjoy the occasion but found he was unexpectedly hearing good things about himself. He was gratified that the Society was satisfied with the appearance of the REGISTER, for he had tried to do good work on it. Everybody knows he has succeeded.

At this juncture Judge Wait wanted the floor again. This accorded him, he wished to add, "That the Society's existence and work had set forces in motion for the preservation of the Royall house." At the risk of contempt, the President regretted his recognition of His Honor, as he was about to speak of the same and to introduce Dr. Charles M. Green, president of the Royall House Association. This was then done and Dr. Green responded in felicitous remarks, alluding to the work of both organizations as important to our old city. Dr. Green is the author of the able paper, "Early Physicians of Medford," and also substantially interested in the new home of this Society.

Attention was called to the portraits of the late Miss Zipporah Sawyer and her brother, Rufus Sawyer, recently come into possession of the Society according to her wish. A letter from the attorneys of her estate was read by Judge Wait, presenting to the Society a bill of 1794 in the handwriting of Paul Revere of "One Silver Cann £8.3:2" to one — Whitman. This was Dr. Whitman of Boltón, Mass., with whom Miss Sawyer's father studied medicine and of whom he received his certificate as Doctor of Medicine and Surgery. Evidently Dr. Sawyer

recognized the interest that in after years would be taken in the autographs of the patriot Revere. The old paper, yellow with age, will be preserved in the Society's archives. Another item of interest was several old coal bills of "Pyam Cushing, Entrance to wharf on Ship street, near the Town Pump," to Mr. Sawyer. One reads

1867, July 29.

5 tons Furnace \$8½
putting in

\$42.50
1.50

After fifty years coal is the same price; but the town pump is no more.

During the two hours' session there was not a dull minute, and after adjournment the members and friends spent a half hour in inspection of the new home.

ANOTHER MEDFORD AUTHOR.

"Life on the Nile, and Excursions on Shore Between Cairo and Asouan, also A Tour in Syria and Palestine in 1866-67," is the title of a little book in our public library that was printed for private distribution. On a fly-leaf the following is written in ink: "To the Medford Public Library from Wm. Wilkins Warren, Boston, July, 1875." As the title is self explanatory, we leave the disclosure of its contents to the investigation of our readers, but of the writer we may with fitness speak briefly, as his work gives him a place in that department of our public library devoted to Medford authors. This term is used broadly, and includes their writings published before and after as well as while residing here.

Mr. Warren's New England origin is shown by his ordering in Marseilles, when procuring supplies for the Nile journey, such goods as "potted oysters, tomatoes, salmon, mincemeat for pies, all put up in America." Thus did this traveler of fifty years ago foreshadow the slogan of today. For the benefit of American tourists he gave the name of the only ship supply establishment where these goods could be purchased.

His parents were Isaac and Frances (Wilkins) Warren. The father was born in Arlington (old Menotomy), April 22, 1787, and the son in the same town, then West Cambridge, April 11, 1814. About 1820 the father went to New York and William was sent to the grandparents, who then lived on High street, in West Medford, where is now the street that was named for this family. He and two sisters were baptized in the First Parish meeting-house, June 18, 1820. He lived here about eight years, then went to work in a printing office in Boston.

He married at Billerica, Mass., Rebecca Bennett of that town, October 17, 1837. At that time he was living in West Cambridge, or was registered there. In 1830 he engaged in the West India trade, living in St. Thomas (one of the Danish islands recently acquired by the United States) until 1840, when he, with his wife, returned to their native land and resided in Boston.

Mr. Warren was successful in business and retired therefrom early. Both he and his wife possessed ample means and traveled extensively. He was of a genial disposition and drew around him a large circle of friends. He was philanthropic and his interests were far-reaching. He was a director in many organizations, and after his death his wife continued the benefactions and was a generous patron of many of Boston's well-known institutions.

They celebrated their golden wedding in a manner appropriate to their position and wealth at Hotel Bristol, Boston, October 17, 1887. The invitations bore the words, "No gifts desired"; the pleasure of friends meeting friends only was desired and was realized.

Among the guests were the following, with their wives, Ex-Gov. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. Thomas N. Hart, Chester Guild, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. M. J. Savage, Moses Kimball; the Misses Kimball; Rev. James Reed, and J. M. Rodocanachi, the Greek consul.

Poems written for the occasion by Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. M. J. Savage, and Elijah B. Smith of West Medford were read. These, and others not read for want of

time, were printed in a beautiful souvenir volume containing an account of the occasion, with the names of the guests, fifty copies of which were printed for private distribution.

The fellow voyagers of twenty years before were there and a more remarkable fact was that the bridesmaid and groomsman of 1837 were present; the former, Mrs. Sarah W. Hart, a sister of Mr. Warren; the latter, Elijah B. Smith.

A valued keepsake in a Medford family is one of these little books, inscribed on a fly-leaf, "The Bride and Groom, 1837, To Mr. Elijah B. Smith, Xmas, 1887."

Mr. Warren died in Boston, January 23, 1890. A pamphlet published after his death testified to the esteem in which he was held. Words written by officers of churches, savings banks, the Washingtonian Home, Bostonian Society, directors of the public library of Billerica, corporation of the South End Industrial School, and others, formed a fine testimonial and gave proof of good stewardship.

Mrs. Warren died at Hotel Bristol, where she had lived for thirty-seven years, July 31, 1916, at the age of ninety-seven.

ELIZA M. GILL.

POEM.

BY ELIJAH B. SMITH.

Fifty years have rolled on, as the records will say,
This month of October, this seventeenth day;
And well is remembered a long morning ride
In the "Old One Horse Shay," with no one beside,
Well wrapped in a cloak, then the garment in vogue,
That covered the faults of the saint or the rogue.
A wish or a summons had come from a friend,
That duty and pleasure induced to attend;
As once was the custom in old Galilee,
A wedding that day we were destined to see.
The bride and the bridegroom, both youthful and fair,
Were pledged to each other life's duties to share.
The guests were assembled, the service was done,
And two were pronounced to be merged into one.

The bride cake was broken ; the marriage feast o'er,
The pair left their home for a tropical shore.
Successful and crowned with the blessings of health,
Time brought to their coffers the comfort of wealth.
No longer required were the labors for gain ;
They thought of New England and homeward they came.
What since has befallen, no need to portray ;
Respected and honored we know them today.
Though touched it may be by the finger of Time,
The spring-time within them is still at its prime.
The knot that was tied at a date that is old,
Today is refastened and burnished with gold ;
And next when the future requires it again,
The tie will be strengthened and decked with a gem.
But few will sail over the ocean of life
For full fifty years without trouble or strife ;
The breezes too often will end in a gale
That founders the vessel or shatters the sail.
Exceptions there are, that will sometimes appear ;
The bride and the bridegroom, behold, they are here.
No signs of a skirmish are left to our sight,
As each has been governed by duty and right.
Their evening of life may be made to adorn
And finish the duties neglected at morn.
Far hence be the summons, and distant the day
When one shall be called from the other away !
We would not desire a decrepit old age
Confined to a chair, like a bird to its cage ;
But while there are comforts in life to be sought,
This wish we would utter, — may such be their lot !

EDITORIAL NOTE.

In 1883 a third edition of Mr. Warren's " *Life on the Nile in a Dahabe'eh* " was published. A copy of this, with illustrations, has just come into the Society's library by courtesy of his nephew, Henry W. Hart.

In 1884 Mr. Warren published his autobiography (forty-five pages), with the genealogies of affiliated families (Bennett, Schouler, Russel, Wilkins and others), the former containing interesting side-lights on Medford history.

On page 217, Brooks' *History of Medford*, is a view of his boyhood home when in Medford.

WHAT THE WOMEN OF MEDFORD ARE DOING IN THE PRESENT WAR CRISIS.

As the events of today are making history, it is fitting that the REGISTER record the work of Medford women.

Four societies, distinctly patriotic in character, have worked along these lines many years. The oldest, S. C. Lawrence Relief Corps, was formed thirty-eight years ago, being the fifth in Massachusetts, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. While organized in the interest of those veterans and true allegiance to the United States, it is not strange that initiative steps in time of war should be taken by the local corps. During the Spanish American war, and in the later Mexican trouble, Grand Army hall was a busy center for work for Company E. In the present European war, preparedness work was again started in the same hall, several of the older members of the corps enjoying the distinction of having engaged in similar work in 1861, 1898 and 1916.

In co-operation with the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness two hundred comfort bags, one for every boy who enlists from Medford, have been made and filled with useful articles. Fourteen were sent to the enlisted boys from Wellington, being paid for by a benevolent individual from that section; twelve were called for, to supply those going from the high school; and the remainder are stored in the armory, ready for distribution, and more will be furnished if needed.

Hand-in-hand in the same work, ever remembering the unselfish life of their namesake, and ready not only to emulate the deeds of their fathers, but to aid others in the service of our country, is Sarah E. Fuller, Tent 22, Daughters of Veterans.

With equal loyalty to the cause of liberty for which their sires fought in '76 are the Daughters of the American Revolution, named for Sarah Bradlee Fulton, whose name has come down in Medford annals as one of her loyal patriots. The Chapter, Mrs. Ellen L. Tisdale, Regent, is holding special meetings every Monday after-

noon in the slave quarters of the Royall house. Their special line of work is the bandages and fracture pillows called for by the local Surgical Dressings Committee in aid of the Allies.

Carolyn R. Lawrence Spanish War Veterans Auxiliary is of more recent formation. They too are doing their "bit" in commendable work for preparedness and service.

These four societies, through their efforts to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among the children by presenting flags to the schools and telling of Old Glory and the principles it represents, have unconsciously been giving first aid in patriotic valor to the "Boys in Olive Drab" who are now nobly responding to their country's call.

With the formation of the Medford Branch of the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness in April, representatives of the numerous local societies and churches joined their forces for co-operative work. Much interest is being manifested in its various activities. The membership in Medford has already reached over one thousand, which includes earnest, patriotic women and girls in all walks of life, each realizing the necessity of asking herself what she can do to assist in the present war crisis. Many have noted on cards the particular activity in which they have had training, and stand ready to serve when needed. Others are taking immediate steps in some line to make themselves proficient for service.

The officers of the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness are:—

President, Mrs. M. A. Atkins.

Vice-president, Mrs. Willard Dalrymple.

Secretary, Mrs. E. I. Langel.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles H. Barnes.

And a Board of Directors.

Committee chairmen are:

Information—Mrs. A. P. Vialle.

Membership—Mrs. H. P. Van de Bogert.

Emergency — Mrs. Charles T. Daly.
Ways and Means — Mrs. L. C. Boynton.
Publicity — Mrs. George S. T. Fuller.
Navy League Work — Miss Katharine H. Stone.
Food Production and Conservation — Miss Laura P. Patten.
Home Workers — Mrs. James Rogers.
Work for Company E — Mrs. Herbert F. Staples.

Permanent headquarters were secured in the Medford building and an information bureau installed, with committee in daily attendance. A list of articles needed for the relief work in France, also patterns and samples, are there for the use of workers who apply.

Mrs. Daly, for the Emergency Committee, has secured the use of several halls, homes and autos, also beds and cots in preparation for any emergency call, and the promise of funds to buy dry food when needed.

The Woman's Navy League Auxiliary began its work the middle of March, but when the Special Aid Society was formed it became one of its committees. Its work has been largely in the line of knitting warm garments for the men of the naval reserve and coast patrol. Already nearly three hundred articles have been sent by the Medford knitters and the work is going on. The Hillside group have made a specialty of knitting for the navy. In addition to the sleeveless sweaters and mufflers sent to the boys at Marblehead, other articles have been supplied to the Naval hospital at Chelsea, the women of the Universalist church furnishing numerous helpful articles and hospital supplies.

With the imminent possibility of a food famine it has been no uncommon sight to see the women and girls of Medford with hoe in hand to help increase the number of gardens and the production of foods, while many lawns and flower-beds have been sacrificed that an extra amount of potatoes might be planted.

The Food Production and Conservation Committee has been alert. Miss Patten has given two courses of lectures and demonstrations on the canning of fruit and

vegetables, and will conduct a third course during the summer. Miss Lura Wakefield has given two lectures on "Meat Substitutes" and "Feeding the Family," also an evening course of five lectures on the "Cold Pack Process of Canning." Medford housewives and teachers alike have profited by these practical demonstrations.

The committee has also aided the school-garden work and offers prizes for canned fruits and vegetables to be exhibited at the fall show of the Horticultural Society.

It is of interest to note that since April the girls of the high school have completed a total of five hundred and ten separate hospital articles under the direction of their sewing teacher, Miss Miriam R. Woolley.

The Medford Teachers' Club has shown its interest by donating a sum of money to aid the work, raised from a successful military whist party given under the direction of Miss Amy W. Bradbury.

Wellington women are showing noticeable energy, Mrs. Joseph C. Smith, chairman. Mass meetings have been held, an entertainment to provide funds for their work, and a successful plan to increase the fund by weekly pledges, with Mrs. I. A. Ordway collector.

An interesting feature is a class of forty girls and about twenty boys who meet in the Wellington Club house for instruction in knitting caps, sweaters and wash-cloths for the French wounded, under the direction of Mrs. E. G. Goullau. Mrs. George Randall has been kept busy supplying the yarn through the Navy League Committee.

The Home Workers Committee supplies material to many unable to attend the meetings but who desire to lend a hand.

The Woman's Volunteer Aid Association (although short lived) did commendable work for the Light Guard at the Mexican border. To John D. Street, president of the Volunteer Aid Society is due its inception. Much enthusiasm was aroused with Mrs. Charles Holyoke president and an active board of directors.

Mrs. Willard Dalrymple had charge of a very successful concert given at the Medford theatre through the courtesy of Manager Hackett. Thirteen hundred tickets were sold and a goodly sum realized for relief work.

Mrs. B. F. Haines and her efficient committee were much appreciated in social service work.

The Surgical Dressings Committee is composed of

Mrs. George L. Bachelder, chairman.

Mrs. William B. Lawrence.

Mrs. George S. Hatch.

Miss Fannie B. Chandler, secretary.

Miss Ruth Carroll, treasurer.

Since starting its work in November, 1915, it has prepared 84,130 dressings, which were sent to the Peter Bent Brigham hospital for sterilization and then carefully packed and sent abroad to be used by all the allied nations. During the summer of 1916 the committee made 2,731 Red Cross dressings, which were stored in Boston for future use. These have since been forwarded for use among our wounded at the front.

Last but not least among the useful agencies is the Medford Branch of the Metropolitan Chapter of the American National Red Cross, organized April 23, 1917, at the Armory, with the following officers:—

Chairman, Mrs. Charles Holyoke.

Vice-chairman, Miss E. Josephine Wilcox.

Secretary, Miss Harriette McGill.

Treasurer, Sidney Gleason.

It started under favorable circumstances with four hundred Medford members who had been engaged in Red Cross work. Others rapidly became interested and now its membership is one thousand plus. Headquarters are established at the library annex on High street, in front of which floats the familiar badge of the original society, a red cross on a white ground, chosen out of compliment to the Swiss Republic, where the first convention was held in 1863, their colors, a white cross on

a red ground, being reversed. Attendants are on duty every afternoon, and much work is given out and the finished articles received by the Sewing Committee, Mrs. Lyman Sise, chairman. Some of the Red Cross groups already busily employed are:—

Woman's Christian League (W. M. Cong. Ch.), Mrs. W. E. Farr, chairman.

Tufts College Auxiliary, Mrs. A. H. Gilmer, chairman.

Woman's Alliance (Unitarian), Mrs. Charles Sawyer, chairman.

Sesame Club, Miss Miriam Clark, chairman.

Catholic Woman's Club (W. M.), Miss Kate Duane, chairman.

Watchful Circle (King's Daughters, S. M.), Mrs. C. L. Carpenter, chairman.

Sarah E. Fuller Circle (King's Daughters, S. M.), Mrs. G. S. T. Fuller, chairman.

Grace Guild (Episcopal), Mrs. Julia Hadley, chairman.

Mystic Congregational Church, Miss E. Josephine Wilcox, chairman.

Trinity M. E. Ch., (W. M.), Mrs. Herbert A. Weitz, chairman.

Union Congregational Church (S. M.), Mrs. Frederick Blandford, chairman.

Baptist Church (W. M.), Mrs. Jennie Lougee, chairman.

Hillside Universalist, Mrs. G. F. Harvender, chairman.

Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and many individuals are also engaged in the work. Since May 8 a total of 1,305 finished articles have been sent to the Red Cross rooms in Boston.

Mrs. Lincoln F. Sise has charge of the educational work. One class in first aid has finished the course and are prepared to receive their certificates. Other classes in first aid and home nursing are being formed.

Unlike the other organizations mentioned in this article, the Red Cross admits men to its membership, but the women's part in it is a large and important one. Following the recent proclamation of President Wilson, naming the week of June 18, 1917, as Red Cross Week to raise a fund, the women of the local branch were busy placing Red Cross boxes in the churches, stores and places of amusement, which received a generous response. One young lady conceived the idea of drafting her pet

dog "Cinnamon" into Red Cross service. Stationed in Medford square, the pockets on his attractive blanket marked with the Red Cross drew many dollars from cheerful givers while passing by.

The graduating class of the Lorin L. Dame school donated money which had been collected for their refreshments of ice-cream. A group of young tennis players arranged a tournament and from its proceeds turned \$10.00 into the fund. Many incidents of personal effort and self-sacrifice made to aid in the appeal to Medford for the Red Cross War Fund might be related.

Treasurer Herman L. Buss of the Campaign Committee reports for the Medford Branch \$4,516.30.

In telling the story of what the women of Medford are doing in the present war crisis it is safe to say that the half has not been told, for no doubt other local societies, community groups, church circles and individuals in the quiet of their homes are also worthy of record for a liberal share in the great struggle for a democracy embracing the freedom of the world.

ELLA J. PRESCOTT FULLER.

A POSSIBILITY REALIZED.

Eight years ago this quotation appeared in the July REGISTER —

Flying chariots in fields of air
with this observation:—

The realization to these I willingly leave to the people of the future. Terra firma is good enough for me. There are possibilities in airships and submarine boats, however. Perhaps the Historical Society, fifty years (or less) hence, may consider them.

It occurred that on the very day on which that July, 1909, REGISTER was issued the daily press told the story of Bleriot's flight over the English channel, thus early realizing the conquest of the air.

The "possibilities in submarine boats" have developed rapidly and their consideration forced upon the attention of the world. Twice the merchant under-sea boat *Deutschland* made the passage across the Atlantic to our shores, returning with valuable cargo, and awakening in thoughtful minds the query, "What next?" The answer was not long delayed. The ruthless use of the U-boats in the war by the Germans, and the torpedoing of unarmed vessels and without warning, has forced our nation into the World war, now three years in progress. And so it comes that we wait anxiously some new and opportune invention to overcome the deadly menace that in those few years ago seemed but a possibility. From whence shall it come, from air or sea?

MEDFORD LOCAL NAMES.

"Every town rejoices in some euphonious local names. Medford has Sodom, Ram-head, Labor-in-Vain, No Man's Friend, Hardscrabble." *Brooks' Historical Item, 1816.* Ram-head hill is the site of the Lawrence tower; Sodom, or "Sodom-yards," once the scene of brick making (West street), is now covered with dwellings; but Labor-in-Vain is as yet unoccupied, having always been a salt-marsh, but not always an island "in the river of Misticke."

AN OLD-TIME DEED.

Heirs of John Winthrop to Benanuel Bowers. About 4 acres of Marshland, Bounded, westerly by a line beginning at the mouth of a little creek and running from the said creek to a salt pond and from there to a stake down by the river side; and on all other sides by the Mistick river, together with a right of way through the farm to the highway.

Feb. 22, 1670.

Recorded in Book 8, Page 357, June 15, 1683.

This is Labor-in-Vain point as it was before the canal or highway was cut through, making the point an island

as it is at the present day. The little creek was that part of Two-penny brook through the salt marsh. The salt pond was in the line of the canal or highway.

J. H. H.

TREASURE TROVE.

Rev. William Bently of Salem kept a diary for many years, making note of many interesting events and occurrences. Here is one that "seems like picking up money":

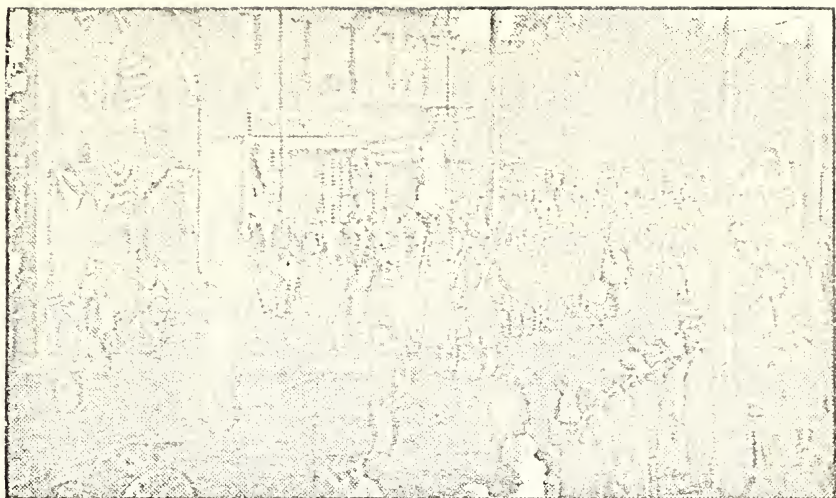
In removing a stone wall in Mystic or Medford in 1783, there were found under it a large collection of brass pieces, nearly square, mixed with the smallest coins of Europe, the whole $\frac{1}{2}$ peck. A few round ones have a fleur-de-lis stamped on each side of them. The figures on the others were confused, but represented no character. The stone had lost all appearance of having ever been moved and there is no recollection of the currency of such pieces which appears to have been of use.

Dr. Bently made his record in 1787, as something unusual and of especial interest because of the circumstances and nature of the find. We wish he had told more.

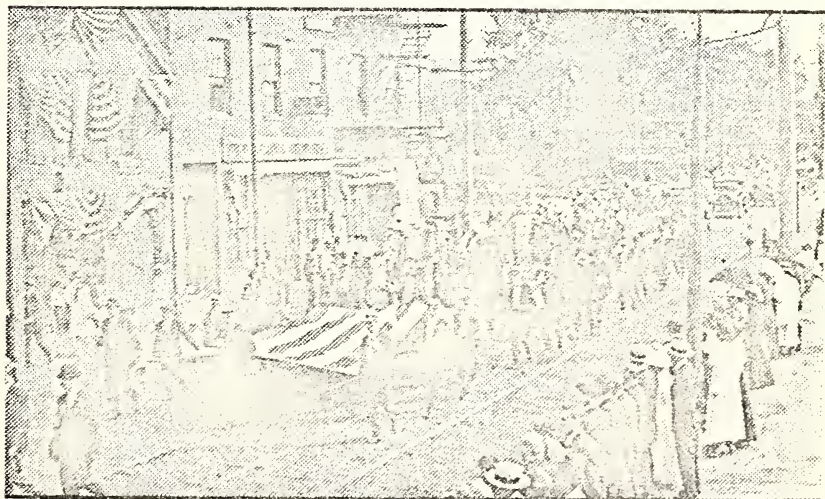
OF PRESENT INTEREST.

Our present issue is a double number, bringing the REGISTER up to date. Because of the Editor's construction cares of the new building, it has been deferred. In our frontispiece we present a view of our new home, this by courtesy of the Medford *Mercury*, which paper, and also the *Messenger*, have shown the same, with appreciative remarks. Another view will be found on the cover page design, including the flagstaff and Old Glory.

As we go to press we realize that war conditions prevail and a whole lot of Medford history is in the making. Medford responded in the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross Fund, on Registration Day, and just now is published the list of "selectmen" who may fill Medford's first quota in answer to the call to the colors. Company E is encamped on the armory grounds, awaiting orders, and all these things are but the beginning.



CO. E ON MAIN STREET.



OLD GLORY IN THE ESCORT.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1917.

No. 4.

NOTES EPISTOLARY AND HORTICULTURAL.

ELIZA M. GILL.

THE sources from which the facts were drawn for the statements herein embodied were the papers deposited by the late Horace D. Hall with the city clerk for safe keeping as the property of the Medford Historical Society, and the interleaved copy of Brooks' History of Medford, belonging to the late Caleb Swan.

The former is a collection of at least three hundred papers, comprising deeds, copies of wills, bills, accounts, memoranda, letters of a business or social matter covering a period of more than a hundred years, containing nothing of civic interest, but showing the business life of the Hall family for several generations.

The book, or second source, rich in manuscript notes and printed matter of historical and genealogical interest, was found among the effects of the late James Gilchrist Swan, a nephew of Caleb Swan, and was given to our Historical Society by a grandson of the former about twelve years ago. The first owner's notes run from 1855 to 1871. The second owner added to these notes in 1886 and 1888. Much of this data and matter from the Hall papers have been incorporated at various times in the papers of the REGISTER.

In 1793 The Revd. Mr. W^m Wells came from England to Boston. He lived in the house afterwards of Mr. Eben^r Hall in Medford near the bridge.

He sometimes preached for Dr. Osgood. He imported a number of apple trees from England for his farm he had bought in Brattleborough, but they came too late in the spring and he had them sold.

Mr. Benjamin Hall bought some, and he set them out in his garden, a little South of his Summer house. The trees are there now in Dr. Swan's garden.

The above is a portion of what Caleb Swan sent for confirmation to two well-known residents of Medford, desiring their opinion on the subject. We give the replies he received; then another note of Mr. Swan's, evidently a copy of his acknowledgment of their receipt.

The Rev. Wm. Wells left England for this country in the year 1793 or 4, disgusted with the civil and religious persecution of that time, which resulted in the riots of Birmingham and the mobbing of Dr. Priestly, a friend of Mr. Wells, who also came to this country. Mr. Wells brought with him a wife and eight children, five sons, Wm., Eben, Hancox, Alfred and Howard, and three daughters, Martha, Mary Ann and Hannah.

He thought that this new country afforded a better prospect for the eligible settlement of his numerous family, than the old world offered. He came here with letters of introduction to the Rev. Dr. Morse of Charlestown, and his family lived in this town Medford the first year after their arrival, while the father was exploring different parts of the country, with a view of obtaining a parish as well as a farm, both of which he found in Brattleborough, Vt. He often preached in Medford and formed a friendship not only with my father, but with many of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, which continued through life.

His son Hancox was for some years a clerk in the store of Mr. Jona. Porter, Medford, and afterward became a distinguished merchant in Hartford, Conn. Eben was a farmer and excellent citizen in Brattleborough. Wm. the oldest was first a bookseller, the eminent Firm of Wells & Lilly, Boston, and upon failing in business removed to Cambridge, where he kept a classical school of a high order and died a few years since in a good old age. His wife was daughter of Kirk Boott* of Boston. Alfred and Howard the

* Kirk Boott was an Englishman, an eminent merchant of Boston, who lived more than a hundred years ago in Bowdoin square. Part of his estate is now the site of the Revere House. He had a very fine garden and is said to have had the first orchids in New England. He had several children, Kirk, Francis, William, Mrs. William Wells, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Edward Brooks, John Wright Boott.

Francis was a physician and botanist of note who spent most of his time in England. His brother William was a botanist of local fame. The former, born in Boston, 1792, died in London, 1863. The latter, born in Boston, 1805, died there, 1887. He spent much time in summer in Medford studying its flora. He was accustomed to pass Sundays and Wednesday nights at the home of his relative Francis Brooks, whose father, Edward, oldest son of Peter Chardon Brooks, married Eliza Boott, 1821.

two youngest sons, died in comparatively early life. Martha the eldest daughter had received a superior education to her sisters, under the patronage of a wealthy aunt in England, to whom she soon returned after remaining a short time with her family here. She married Mr. Freme a rich merchant who lived near Liverpool and her house became the resort of American travellers. Having no children, she came back to this country after the decease of her husband, and as her father and mother were then dead and her two sisters had remained single women, she purchased the old family mansion, added to it and beautified it in every way, and made it a home for herself and sisters. She was the Lady Bountiful of the town, and enjoyed an old age of the highest respectability and comfort until the occurrence of the terrible catastrophe which destroyed her life. She was, however, the only victim of the conflagration in the year 1849, Sunday, May 20. The other members of the family barely escaped in their nightdresses. All the first generation are now in their graves but many descendants remain, who are, I believe without exception, distinguished for their goodness and intelligence.

I never heard the history of the apple trees before, but I make no doubt of its truth. Mrs. Wells was quoted for many years by the matrons here as a model of thrift and economy. She was greatly shocked at what she regarded as the wastefulness of our habits, in regard to food and other items of housekeeping.

Mr. Wells had been settled in a parish in England, by the name of Bloomingdale, I think. After the death of his wife, when he was past 70 years old, he revisited England, and went to his birthplace which he had left when only ten years old even the inscriptions on the tombstones, he said, had been obliterated by the humidity of the climate, and every thing was strange to him. These notices, my dear Sir, will I hope meet your wishes.

Truly yours, L. OSGOOD.

MR. SWAN—My Friend, I wish I could answer all the questions; but I cannot. William W. graduated at Har. College in 1796. James lived to old age in Hartford. Had one son and 3 daughters.

The son of old Mr. W. at Brattleboro' was a farmer on the homestead. Had a family. Three daughters lived at Brattleboro'. Two unmarried. One married Mr. Freme of Liverpool, and was burned in the house at Brattleboro', the only death by fire.

With respect and esteem

Yrs truly

CHAS^S BROOKS.

C. Swan begs Miss Osgood to accept his thanks for her very

full account received last summer of the Rev^d Mr. Wells formerly a resident of Medford.

The only wonder is that she ever came to the Knowledge of so many incidents connected with his history. It increased my regrets of which I have told Mr. Brooks that the History of Medford had not been written 30 years sooner when Governor Brooks and Doctor Osgood, and others could have furnished so many items of historic interest.

Thursday Dec. 15, 1864.

From the second source of material some letters came to hand that quite unexpectedly supplemented the accounts given by Miss Osgood of the Wells family. The first is addressed to Benjamin Hall, Esq., Medford, near Boston, dated Birmingham, Cheshire, July, 1781, and subscribed Eliza Worthington, late Loughes. She thanks him for having procured for her stock to the amount of \$1,144 in the Union Bank of Boston, and asks to have the amount, with interest, remitted to her, in care of her nephew, J. J. Hancox, who is with a firm of merchants in Liverpool which she names. She writes Mr. Hall she is enclosing her letter in one to her nephew, William Wells of Boston, and has been made happy that day by the receipt of a letter from America, and expresses the hope of seeing her niece, Martha Wells, in England in a short time. Mrs. Worthington was probably the rich aunt alluded to by Miss Osgood. The letter abounds in those dignified and gracious expressions of courtesy common to the letter writers of that time.

At the top of another large half sheet of heavy linen paper the following is written: —

DEAR SIR,

Inclosed I send you bank securities for fifteen hundred Dollars. You will please to transfer 143 script, or 1144 Dollars, to my sister Mrs. E. Loughes and send the remainder with those you have in your hand already, when convenience suits, to Brattleboro.

I left my family well last week, and intend to set off for Vermont again tomorrow. With respectful Comp^{ts} to your family and friends I remain your obliged and humble Sev^t. Wm. Wells.

Hartford June 20 1797

To Mr. Benjⁿ Hall, Sen^r

Medford

near Boston.

In the center of this same half sheet, which we must notice if only for its very beautiful writing, like copper-plate, are eleven lines of writing unlike that at the top, and through the text four oblique lines in ink have been drawn. The writer speaks as having been informed by his father of a bill of £100, remitted through Mr. Hall to James Hancox of Birmingham, which he fears lost or delayed, as it had not been heard of so late as 4th April (no year given), and asks for information concerning it, and concludes by saying his brother and sister join him in "respects to you, Mrs. Hall, and the rest of our Medford friends." Subscribed James H. Wells.

There is another letter from William Wells to Benjamin Hall, Sr., dated Brattleboro, May 3, 1802, in which he thanks his friend for past business favors which he says have been conducted to his entire satisfaction, and that he has given his son William, in Boston, power of attorney to receive interest as it becomes due at the Union Bank, as he is not willing to longer trouble Mr. Hall with this trifling concern. He asks assistance for his son, in the way of advice, should he need it, and further says that in the affair of the interest of Mrs. Worthington's scrips it was a misapprehension of his altogether.

Probably the elder Wells sent the letter he had written to Mr. Hall to his son, who added the explanation which closed the transaction satisfactorily to all, and then forwarded the sheet to Mr. Hall.

A scrap of paper in the Hall collection contains a memoranda of trees bought in New York, and shows the purchase of three early Red Rareripes, three late Red Rareripes, two Beurre Colmars and two Bon Chrétien's. The Rareripes were peaches of American origin, very highly esteemed, and were planted as follows; The early varieties, "one on the Bank, one by Dr. S[wan] fence near the grape vine, one by the cherry tree east." The late ones, "near the west side of the Barn, one in the alley near the grape vine."

The others were pear trees. The Beurre Colmars were planted on the east side of the garden and the Bon Chrétiens on the north. The Bon Chrétien is the pear now found in all American gardens called Bartlett. It was originated in England, propagated by a London grower by the name of Williams, and sent out by him. Its original name was lost soon after imported here in 1799. It was propagated and disseminated by Enoch Bartlett of Dorchester. When the trees fruited they were supposed to be seedlings and were given the grower's name, Bartlett.

Mr. Manning of Salem, an eminent authority, felt that the fruit was identical with an English variety, and the statement he made at that time to that effect he was afterwards able to prove, but it was too late to restore the original name. Till 1830 all trees that had been propagated were from scions in Bartlett's garden, but after that time they were largely imported.

In the early part of the nineteenth century there were several nurserymen in New York who sent out catalogs. It is interesting to look over their catalogs, so different from the large illustrated ones of today, many of which have elegantly embossed covers and are works of art. The early ones were very simple in their makeup, there were no illustrations and some were merely a single sheet or broadside.

Prince's Nurseries, Flushing, Long Island, called the Linnean Botanic Gardens, were then well known. His catalogs give a list of imported trees, and also one of trees obtained from people in the United States, and as we find the Bartlett listed in the latter, from Boston, and the Bon Chrétien in the former, we may fairly assume Mr. Hall's trees were imported stock, quite likely obtained at Prince's. Probably the Bartlett pear found a home in Medford in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Though we have a local horticultural society established in 1913 (January 22), interest in the culture of

fruits and flowers in this city antedates it by many years. "Horticulture had a cordial reception in the early days of Medford, even back as far as the building of the house of Matthew Cradock."

The grounds of the Royall estate were known far and wide, and mention has been made in the REGISTER of fine gardens of a later date belonging to well-known families that were justly celebrated. Some exist today, and in many small gardens fine flowers and fruits have been grown for many years by those who have been unknown save locally, and yet have been deeply interested in gardening.

Medford has had honor conferred upon her by two well-known residents through their interest in horticulture. Captain Joshua T. Foster* produced an excellent peach called Foster Seedling, and Charles Sumner Jacobs originated a fine apple named Jacobs Sweet. These fruits originated in Medford, were extensively grown at one time and were highly esteemed. Change is the fashion of the day, and they have been superseded by others, yet for real merit they were unsurpassed. The secretary of our State Agricultural Board writes me some nurserymen today carry the Foster peach, and that he knows of several persons who are still growing the Jacobs Sweet.†

The peach attracted great attention at the exhibitions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and won many prizes, both for the originator and others who grew the trees. It was a very attractive looking fruit, and specimens were sold at a dollar each. More plates of this variety were exhibited than of any other, it is said,

* For an account of Capt. J. T. Foster see Usher's History of Medford, page 487.

† The Massachusetts Horticultural Society offers this year (1917) a first and second prize for plates of twelve specimens of Jacobs Sweet at an exhibition to be held in conjunction with the American Pomological Society and the New England Fruit Show. Charles Sumner Jacobs lived at the junction of Salem and Washington streets, where Dr. J. C. D. Clark now lives. The estate was then larger and had a small garden. The tree was on the Washington street side near the fence line.

either because it was so popular, or because the season favored its growth.

This seedling peach tree came up about 1857 and the apple about 1860. The fruit of the latter is of good size, "yellow with a handsome red cheek."

At the time when these fruits were so prominently before the public Medford was also well represented at the exhibition of our State Horticultural Society by the following — Mrs. Caroline B. Chase, Mrs. Elsey Joyce, Mrs. Ellen M. Gill and Francis Theiler. The ladies were genuine lovers of flowers and enthusiastic and successful growers. Fifty years ago they were prize winners at the weekly exhibitions of the society and were known for their skillful arrangement of floral designs. The last, at an advanced age, is still * enjoying the cultivation of flowers, and her zeal is undiminished. Mr. Theiler had the German love for flowers and was the first trade florist here, carrying on the business for many years.

Pasture hill indicates by its name the purpose for which it was early used, and until a late time herds of cows might have been seen grazing there. Today the prophecy is fulfilled made by Charles Brooks — "The hill is mostly rock, and will afford, in coming years, a most magnificent site for costly houses."

Statements made in the REGISTER, Vol. III, No. 2, p. 85, April, 1900, Vol. XV, No. 3, p. 65, October, 1912, and the account of the planting of fruit trees of which we have made mention, show the state of cultivation the south end of the hill was under at one time. The first change was made probably when the three Hall brothers built their houses just at the foot of this round hill that comes down so close to the road (High street). They had gardens which were spots of beauty for many years, and another Hall built his home there soon after, and these four houses, two now standing, were dignified and attractive dwellings for years.

When the first building for the high school was erected

* At the time of writing this, May, 1914.

in 1845, a portion of the hill was cut away and reinforced with granite blocks, but it was many years before the great change was made that so materially altered the face of nature and changed the Hill pasture, as it is called in old deeds, into a residential section. Hillside avenue was laid out through the Magoun land, then came Governors avenue, with its branching avenues, a little to the east of the former, the time for the first being approximately 1880 and for the latter 1890. This caused the removal of the Benjamin Hall house, later known as Dr. Swan's house, and in 1906 the Richard Hall house was taken down and on its site the brick building for the use of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company was erected.

A later generation of Halls built their homes under the east slope of the hill, and in all five generations of this family made their homes at the base of the Hill pasture. The hill fell within the bounds of that large tract of land belonging to Jonathan Wade (*REGISTER*, Vol. VII, No. 3, p. 49, July, 1904), and the earliest paper in the Hall collection bears the date 1689 and is the division of the Wade estate. A portion was deeded to Andrew Hall in 1743, and later the whole came into the possession of this family.

Large holdings of land by a few fine old houses whose equipments spoke of all the comforts and elegancies known to early days, spacious grounds around them where each one lived the seclusion of the Englishman in his castle, told of the ancestry of Medford's early families and gave the aspect of old England to this New England village. With a but slowly increasing population this quiet rural atmosphere prevailed for many years.

Those who never knew Pasture hill in the old days have missed a charming picture, for as we see it today, crowned with houses, with a broad avenue laid out below, though a fine sight, it has no likeness to the hill of sixty years ago. There was a quietness and seclusion as you reached it by way of Brooks lane that was very attrac-

tive, and the old road at its foot that led through the woods to Stoneham was the place for a meditative stroll.

Let us close our literary ramble through an old book and a box of older papers with two gleanings, from the former a manuscript note, from the latter a newspaper clipping, as they touch topics of today's interest, though not horticultural.

George L. Stearns is an orator in Town meetings, and it is said speaks very well. He spoke at the meeting in the Unitarian Church Sunday, July 2, 1865 for the negroes to vote. He had been in the army with the rank of Major and was some time at Nashville, Tennessee.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, says the root of the great error of our day is, that woman is to be made independent and self-supporting — precisely what she never can be, because God never designed she should be. Her support, her dignity, her beauty, her honor and happiness lie in her independence as wife, mother and daughter.

The above is dated in pencil, August 6, 1867.

NATHAN WAIT'S RIGHT OF WAY.

The history of the Middlesex canal has been so ably treated by two members of the Historical Society (see Vol. 1, p. 33, and Vol. 7, p. 1, also map of canal within the limits of Medford, Vol. I, p. 38) that it would seem as if the subject was nearly exhausted. But an agreement entered into by the proprietors of the canal by their agent, James F. Baldwin, and Nathan Wait of Medford, has recently been placed in my hands with a request that I should locate some of the places referred to in the said agreement. The agreement is as follows, viz.: —

Know all men by these presents. That the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal by their Agent James F. Baldwin in consideration of a relinquishment by Nathan Wait of Medford of his right to a bridge across the Middlesex Canal in Medford, which was formerly a swing bridge, and stood near the house of Abraham Touro Esq. and also all right to pass and repass across and through said canal where said bridge stood, have granted and conveyed and do by

these presents grant and convey unto the said Nathan Wait, his heirs and assigns, a right to pass to and from his land through the said Proprietors land on the southerly side of said canal in Medford, from the passageway or lane (which leads southerly from the canal where said bridge stood) to the great road running from Medford Bridge over Winter Hill in the usual passage way from the great road to the Basin (through the landing or Basin lot so called) and from the Basin on the south side of the canal to the lane aforesaid. Also the privilege of taking gravel from the abutment of the old swing bridge to repair the passageway hereby conveyed in such manner as not to injure the bank or trunk of the canal. . . .

This agreement was dated July 15, 1820, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds January 1, 1855. The first passageway or lane referred to in the above agreement is what was formerly known as Brick-yard lane, and it extended from South street, near the residence of Mr. Touro (which stood on what is now the corner of South street and Touro avenue and was demolished a few years ago, his house-lot being bounded easterly by Brick-yard lane), across the canal southerly into the brick yard. The lane existed prior to the laying out of the canal. That portion of the lane that extended from South street to the canal, or to Summer street, as now laid out, has been closed, and the portion south of the canal was known in recent years as Oak street until it was widened and renamed Brookings street. The clay lands were on each side of the lane, the greater portion being situated on the easterly side between Summer and George streets. These brick yards were formerly known as the Sodom yards,* and are now mostly covered with houses. The swing bridge was the connection between the north and south portions of the lane after the construction of the canal and until the agreement before mentioned was signed. There is nothing to indicate the mechanism of this bridge. The canal was thirty feet in width, and the bridge must have been wide enough for the passage of a cart and long enough when weighted

* In Vol. XX, p. 63, these yards were erroneously located on West street.

on the inshore end to counterbalance the portion that extended over the canal. I recollect the abutment of the bridge on the south side of the canal, but did not then know what its use had been.

The right to pass and repass through the canal land granted to Mr. Wait was on the south side of the canal over a passageway thirty-two rods in length and one and one-half rods in width from Brick-yard lane to the basin lot parallel to the canal. The location of the canal was laid out seven rods in width and the way was a part of the location. The basin was an enlargement of the canal for the storage of ship timber floated down from the back country for use in the ship-yards. Some of the timber was transported to the yards over land, and some was floated by the way of the branch canal to the river, and thence by the river to its several destinations. There was another way on the westerly side of the basin lot seventeen and one-half rods in length and one and one-half rods in width that connected with the way above mentioned, and a way thirty-four feet in width on the southerly side of the basin lot. This way was fifty-six rods in length and terminated at the great road (Main street) running from Medford bridge over Winter hill. Both of these ways were included in Mr. Wait's right of way.

The Cradock schoolhouse stands on the location of the basin. The annexed plan drawn from deeds shows the location of these several ways. Summer street, formerly Middlesex street, was laid out over the southerly portion of the canal location and did not include all the trunk or water course of the canal, and thus made possible the house-lots on the northerly side of the street.

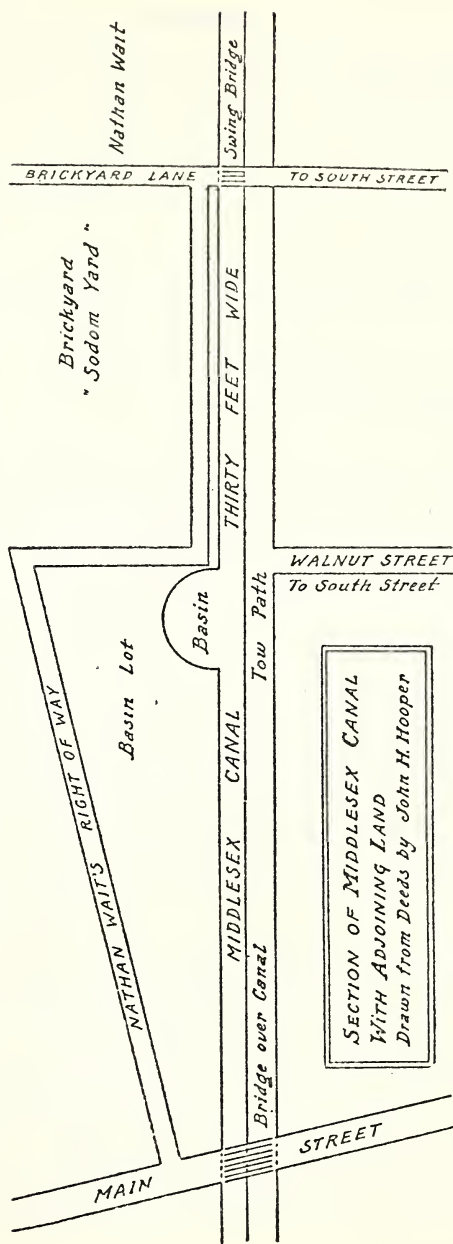
It originally extended from Main street to Brick-yard lane, and when constructed the right of way of Mr. Wait's heirs and assigns became obsolete. In the summer season a party of Penobscot Indians used to camp on the basin lot and make and sell bows, arrows, and baskets, and occasionally a wandering party of gipsies would

camp there, trading horses and telling fortunes. The lot was also used as a burial place for deceased animals. It was, in fact, for many years a veritable no-man's land.

I wonder if any of my readers ever heard of the shipwreck that once was said to have occurred on the canal, possibly on the very section under consideration. I remember hearing of it when I was younger, it made considerable sport at the time. It was celebrated in verse, and was sung to a Medford audience by the clown of a circus that came to town. There were several verses, but I can recall only one, the rest were in a similar strain :

The chamber-maid she
ran on deck
And loudly she did
bawl,
"There goes my bed and
bedding
In the Middlesex Ki-
nawl."

JOHN H. HOOPER.



BOTTLED HISTORY.

We read sometimes of bottled records cast up by the sea; here is one that sixteen years later came to light after no journeying, but once in peril of destruction by fire, addressed to the Medford Historical Society. The following is self-explanatory:—

September 9, 1917.

DEAR SIR:

I was shingling on a job in W. Medford; under a chimney flashing I found this letter which is enclosed. It was sealed in a bottle.

The Finder

Signed R. J. DUTRA
27 Garrison Ave.
W. Somerville
Mass.

The "letter" the finder mentions was rolled in a separate paper, on which was written:—

Will the finder kindly send the enclosed paper and this wrapper (after reading) to the Medford Historical Society and oblige the writer.

[Name here.]

West Medford, May 25, 1901.

The street railway track in Boston Ave. was laid this week.

The above was visible through the glass of the bottle, attracting the finder's attention to the following enclosure:

This house (the two-story 32 ft. portion) was the L, or wing of the tavern belonging to the Middlesex canal, and formerly stood between the present Arlington and Tontine streets and fronting on the present Boston avenue.

The writer first made its acquaintance in May, 1870, when he made extensive repairs upon it; the first work he did in Medford. At that time there were but fifteen houses on this side the railroad, between High street and the river, and but two beyond the river on the slope of the hill. The course of the canal was plainly visible, and the ruins of the aqueduct over the river still remained, though the gates and timber of the lock had been removed.

The old tavern was removed from its former location in May, 1889, to its present sites. This portion is undoubtedly older than its larger main house, and sat upon a separate foundation of trench wall, but no cellar. Under the present kitchen was a well, some

of the curved bricks of which are in the base of the present chimney. It had a large fire-place, brick oven, and set boiler for laundry work. These were removed in 1870, and an ordinary chimney built in their place and under that in the second story. Before the removal of the house all the chimneys were taken down and the bricks used in rebuilding. The old chimney stood in the place where the patch of planed boards will be found. The shingles just now removed were of white cedar of fair quality and of the kind known in the market at that time as "shaved," *i.e.*, split from the wood and formed by hand with a draw-knife instead of being sawed. These were laid on the roof in 1870 in the month of June, thus making nearly thirty-one years of service. The shingles *they* replaced were of pine and made in the same way. The boards of the roof at the present show but three sets of nailing for shingles. It is safe to conclude that the original shingles lasted from forty to fifty years. In removing the shingles of 1870 at this time the workmen found one of those removed in 1870 in the cornice. It was much more worn by the weather during its service than its successor.

Near the present location of the house was a willow which was over four feet in diameter when removed in 1889 to make room for this and new buildings. The willow now in the adjoining lot is a sprout from its stump.

The Middlesex canal, which for fifty years was a waterway from the Charles to the Merrimac river, passed along the location of Boston avenue and was, at its construction, the greatest inland improvement of the country. Begun in the closing years of the eighteenth and opened in the early years of the nineteenth, we may contrast it with the means of travel and carriage of this present year of the new century, and wonder if the coming years will witness as much change, and as many improvements.

Just how old this house is we have no means of knowing, but it is probably much more than a century, and has not outlived its usefulness.

WEST MEDFORD, May 25, 1901.

[Name here.]

At the meeting of the Society on September 24, the above was read by Mr. Weitz, who was Secretary at the time of the writing in 1901, and the papers are deposited in the Society's archives. The writer was then a new member and willing to "do his bit" toward the preservation of Medford history. Knowing something of the old house and its connection with the old waterway, he placed this account of it where it would be readily found at the

renewal of the roof covering. He scarcely expected ever to see it again, much less to receive it officially, or editorially to make note of the same.

In our reprint, the name of the writer is for obvious reasons omitted, but at its reading the President remarked, "It seems like 'chickens coming home to roost.'" There was some delay in the completion of the work in 1901, during which time the railway track was laid near by, and so mention was made of the fact and a new date "25" written above the original "13".

As a matter of present record it is well to state that this house is located at right of the end of Canal street, numbered 81 and 83, and the "larger main house" referred to now at the left and numbered 84. This house was undoubtedly built many years before the canal's inception, as its manner of construction is much different from that of the larger house built in 1802, and which was built directly against this one without removing any of its exterior boards or clapboarding. This was found to be the case on their removal from their old site in 1889. It might be an interesting antiquarian study to ascertain what old Medfordite built and first lived in it.

A MEDFORD-MALDEN MOVIE.

Unlike the modern "movies" this was not a picture show, yet we of today would consider it spectacular, and were it filmed it would cover a stretch of about six miles. At its occurrence photography and even the daguerreotype was in its infancy. In 1843 the Baptist church in Malden built a new meeting-house on the present eligible site. The following year the old one was sold and moved from its location beside the cemetery on the Salem road, to South Woburn, which became Winchester in 1850. It was there used as "a leather shop of some kind." Some twenty years since Mr. Corey, the Malden historian visited Winchester and endeavored to locate

(but without success) the old building in which his mother had worshiped, and who told him of its being "drawn over to South Woburn with a large number of yokes of oxen." There had been two buildings in Winchester used as leather shops which would answer the description and had been demolished a few years before his visit. The probabilities are that it was the wooden portion of the Thompson shop, which stood nearly opposite the Winchester railroad station where is now Manchester field, rather than another on the road toward Montvale. Medford, by change in town lines, is now smaller, and the road the oxen and meeting-house traversed, shorter than in 1844. Building moving of that sort has, by the introduction of modern improvements, become a lost art, and in fact can only now be done in restricted areas and under close limitations. Could this moving picture be reproduced and show Salem and Pleasant streets and the square in Malden, and Salem and High streets and the square in Medford, and Upper Medford with its Purchase and Main streets, what a contrast to present conditions would be revealed. It would be a "moving scene" and "bring down the house."

Though the route through Medford was mainly level, yet at the last the oxen "brought down the [meeting] house" from the height of land in their journey, at present Winchester town line, over the slope of Black-horse hill in South Woburn. That oxen were used in the work indicates that it was loaded upon wheels and made more rapid transit than if by capstan, ropes and pulleys, with small rollers, such as are used with one horse as motive power. Still, it was quite a feat, and one rarely accomplished, and doubtless attracted much notice at the time, now seventy-three years ago.

Incidentally we note that recently (October 15) the Pacific Coast Borax Company's "twenty-mule team" passed up High street drawing a train of three big wagons and a tank as an advertising feature. There were but a quarter as many beasts of burden, and their

load took up but little of the road. With a hundred tinkling bells and their costumed outriders and drivers it was not as spectacular as must have been this old meeting-house moving over the same road, probably narrower then.

The Medford papers have noticed this latter event, but as a current incident the REGISTER preserves the following, copied from a Boston daily, which showed a view of

. . . the unique team (that fifty years ago used to haul borax from the mines in Death Valley) with its corps of attendants, including Borax Bill, Tarantula Pete (the orator of the team, who discoursed on borax mining, and gave a talk on the need of everybody who can buying a Liberty Bond), and Alkali Joe. The mules are directed by a "jerk line" 120 feet long, reaching from the head mule to the driver's seat. The wagons weighing 8000 pounds were used in the early days to haul borax from the mines to the railroads, 162 miles. In Death Valley the springs are 50 miles apart, so a 1200-gallon water tank was carried to supply water for men and animals. The present tour was organized to give the public an opportunity to view this novel historical spectacle.

SOME UNUSUAL MOVING SCENES IN MEDFORD.

We have in our "Medford Scrap Book" a picture of a moving event which occurred on February 18, 1908, when an irregular block of Milford granite was by a "horse battalion," carried from West Medford to Wildwood Cemetery in Winchester. It was something out of the usual course of events and worthy of permanent record in Medford annals. Brought by rail to Tutten's granite works, the inscription was there made in a somewhat unique manner by Medford artisans. The letters were deeply cut in the stone, broader at the back than at the surface and filled with lead; thus securely dove-tailed in. Weather conditions precluded transportation on sleds as intended, and the season was advancing. So four thick oaken wheels three feet in diameter, on one axle with surmounting timbers, formed a stout truck on

which the eighteen ton block was loaded. This carried the load, while others of the usual type were forward, to which five pairs of horses were attached. Under skillful direction all went well until on the shorter and more level way of Playstead road, it began to sink into a place softened by the noonday sun. Four more horses were procured and the way retraced to High street.

Then the journey was resumed, up hill and around the corner of Woburn, Wyman and Winthrop streets, over the line into Winchester, and lastly by a tortuous and upgrade road reaching Wildwood at dusk, where it was later deposited at the burial lot of Samuel J. Elder, twelve horses doing the work.

Probably there are few living today, that saw a locomotive hauled from West Medford to Malden, through High and Salem streets, by horse-power in the early forties. Though of the ordinary type of those early railroad days, and small as compared with present ones, it was then a novel sight, perhaps never since repeated. It was one of the early Boston and Maine Railroad, came down from Wilmington on the Boston and Lowell track—and taken across town to work on the "B. & M. extension."

We are used to the slow moving steam rollers, but one day the big motor boat *Najocks*, built somewhere inland near Salem street, became stalled in its journey to the Mystic, and the friendly aid of Medford's steam roller enabled it to complete its overland trip. Doubtless others of smaller size have, like ducks, taken to water; but this was unique as to motive power.

One more, this mostly by water. At the time of the dismantling of the plant of the Steam Heating Company on Atlantic Avenue in Boston, the manager of the Chemical Works in the Somerville *appendix* on Boston Avenue, bought an iron tank some ten feet in diameter

and about as tall, and a Medford man who quite often tackled like unpromising jobs undertook its delivery there. An unobserved pipe hole being left unplugged, it sank when rolled into the dock. On being pumped out it floated, and "three men in a boat" started to tow it across the water front to the Mystic. It however tilted at such an angle as to take too much wind and they were glad to get a passing steam tug to "hook on to it," paying three dollars therefor. Once in the sheltered channel of the river they towed their big "tomato can" up stream and under various bridges (waiting some times for the tide to ebb a little) as far as the Mystic Water Works pumping station. There they rolled it ashore in the slack of two ropes, and then overland like a big barrel, to the Chemical Works alongside Medford line. It was there used till the discontinuance of the works. It was bought cheaply enough and the courageous mover more than earned his money, but he did the difficult job successfully.

ANOTHER MEDFORD MYTH.

The rum of Medford though no longer made bids fair to be everlasting — at least the memory of its production. A Vermont town history published only three years ago devotes some space to the building of the local meeting-house, and to the contract for the framing and raising of the same for "180 in wheat" at the current price; and closes with these words.

Ten gallons of rum to be allowed exclusive of above price.

It also records the "balancing of Zibe Tute on his head at the end of the ridgepole, swallowing the contents of his flask and descending head downwards to the ground."

Next follows the Medford myth we refer to.

NOTE.—Ten gallons of rum for building a meetinghouse in St. Johnsbury may be considered a modest allowance; for a similar job in Medford it took five barrels of rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, a case of lemons and two loaves of white sugar.

Medford we infer, could afford to be liberal with her own peculiar product.

While we have no doubt that the "peculiar product" was here used "to make the tackle run smoothly" on that occasion, we feel that the historian of that Vermont town owes it to Medford to furnish "documentary evidence" of the correctness of his statement.

In writing of the raising of the meeting-house in Medford (July 26 to 27, 1769) our historian says:

"there was no one hurt."

Our fathers did not put themselves into that condition that invites catastrophies.

and quotes from authentic record of *another town* (four years later) practically the above invoice, and adds,

A natural consequence followed—two-thirds of the frame fell: many were hurt, and some fatally.

We have searched in vain for authentic record to verify the Vermont historian's fling at old Medford, published by his town. We commend a *more careful* reading of our own historian's *comment*. Until thus verified, we must consider it another Medford myth.

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Since the above was written we have received from the author alluded to the following:—

I could never have suspected that my quotation from the *Boston Transcript* would be construed to "reflect upon the good people of Medford." I was emphasizing the contrast between "the good old times" of that period, and the sober new times of today when distilleries are made into garages.

The above was accompanied by the more than column article, from which this rum, lemon and sugar quotation was taken. In that article, Beverly, Danvers, Dunstable, Medford, Northampton, Pittsfield and Windsor are alluded to under the title of "The Puritanic Present," and the writer thereof credited practically the whole to *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*. As the Vermont historian gives his quotation from the *Transcript* and not

from Mr. Brooks, we are led to infer that he may not have read the latter. But evidently some other had, and none too carefully, and as "her own peculiar product" was famous, Medford got all that was coming to her. We have in years past heard people in the cars of northern trains stopping at West Medford, at the conductor's call of "Medford—West Medford," remark, "This is where they make Medford rum, isn't it?"

But until it can be verified by credible evidence that such fatality as is named really occurred at the raising of Medford's meeting-house, we must consider the same, and *Wine and Spirit* inspiration of the *Transcript* article, as added to our list of Medford myths.

MEDFORD IN WAR TIME.

On Sunday afternoon, August 12, the Lawrence Light Guard was given a public farewell, prior to its departure for camp at Framingham, which was on Thursday. The various military and patriotic organizations, with the city government, employees and fire department turned out as escort over about seven miles of Medford streets, ending their march at Medford common, where the soldier boys were addressed by the mayor. The local papers have given full accounts of the same. To these for details we refer our readers. By courtesy of the *Mercury* our frontispiece is a timely illustration of this Medford event.

Our boys got safely over and are now "somewhere in France." Here's hoping they come safely back, but we know they will do duty well and help win the war.

The "select men" from Medford have also gone to the cantonment at Ayer and are in training. The people are responding to the calls for aid in the Red Cross, the Library Fund and recreation help. On the two Liberty Loans Medford did its duty well. Here and there, all about the city, the red service flag with its white center and one or more blue stars indicates that

from that Medford home some one has gone to the colors or is doing duty in the war service. The churches have Old Glory by the altar or "just below the cross," and their service flags displayed with impressive ceremonies. The Scouts are busy. Camp Fire Girls in one church gave its flag with twelve stars, singing "God bless, God keep our men," and older hearts were stirred as in '61 while the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung.

This is but one instance; there are others probably equally impressive and with more names recorded and honored, and we watch the daily news columns with a tense yet hopeful feeling.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We wish to call attention to our advertising pages and to Medford and other tradesmen who can supply our readers. Our printer has displayed them clearly. That's *Miller*. He prints the REGISTER and will do your work in first-class shape.

Irish the optometrist will aid in reading, if your vision is defective, and with *Moore's* "Won't Leak" you can write a clean order or letter to anyone.

If *Drs. Richardson* or *O'Donnell* do your dentistry you will keep your health and be ready to plant a garden with *Burpee's Seeds that Grow*.

Your house will want good floors of *Miles' Finish*, and *Leavens'* furniture, colonial or modern.

The wool that the *Hallowell* firm sells is the real thing, and when made up will clothe you warmly, but your hats and gloves you can get of *Leahy*, and be ready to ride in one of *Teel's* autos. He has a fine display in that new store for you to select from. Some store, isn't it? *Hervey* has a new store, too, and always was the quality grocer.

Curtis specializes in "Old Royall House Coffee." Of course Medford people want that, and will use *Hampden Cream*, for sugar is scarce, though one advertiser is *Sugerman*. The ladies will be sweet on him, for he's a "Ladies' Tailor."

For your laundry work *Crystal Blue* is the real thing, if Sawyer's; but if you have it done out, *Tel. Rox. 283* for daily delivery.

Page & Curtin will sell you stoves (oil, gas or coal), do your plumbing, and no end of other things. *Dyer* will install your heater, but it will need coal to run it, and *Cowin* will have that for you.

Volpe has fruit of all kinds, vegetables ditto, first-class, too.

If you need medicines the *Smith Drug Store* and *Washington Square Pharmacy* have everything. Beside, there's *Bowers*, who adds kodaks, and will develop for you.

The *Medford Theatre* will furnish amusement, and *Fash* your ice cream afterward.

If you need storage facilities the *Boulevard Warehouse* has them, and the *Medford Trust Company* a strong-box for your valuables, including the Liberty Bonds you bought (or ought to have). It will be a pleasure to note the time-by the new illuminated clock as you go in to make your deposit in the savings department that is paying good interest. Then there are the cathedral chimes every quarter hour that make Medford musical.

Don't forget *Miss Orne's* prize offer, nor the *Mayor's* compliments.

And if all these haven't (or have) enabled you to live happily, why then send for *Gaffey*, who will do his best for you, but we advise you to try and keep trying all the others. There are three others that can assist him, but we suggest you make a preliminary visit to them, they are good to get acquainted with. They are the *Medford Flower Store*, and *Rauskolb*, whose gold-leaf will give luster to your name on your monument, for the *Tuttens* can "put one over on you."

Don't forget to tell these friends where you saw their ad, also be sure to tell others about them and the goods they furnish. Nearly all are Medford people. Why not boost Medford, and help them do it too?





